Songs of Yale

1ST TENOR

THE GLEE CLUB
FRANKLIN & MARSHALL COLLEGE
Lancaster, Penna.

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SONGS OF YALE

Compiled and Edited

By

MARSHALL BARTHOLOMEW, '07s

Director of the Yale Glee Club since 1921

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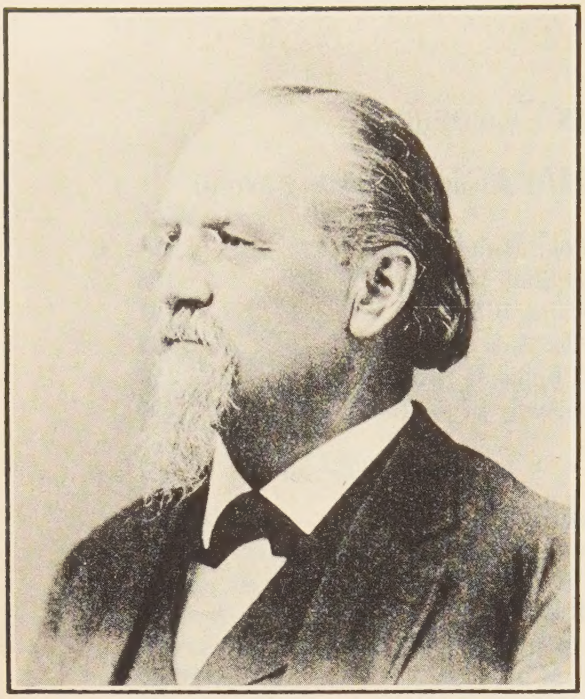
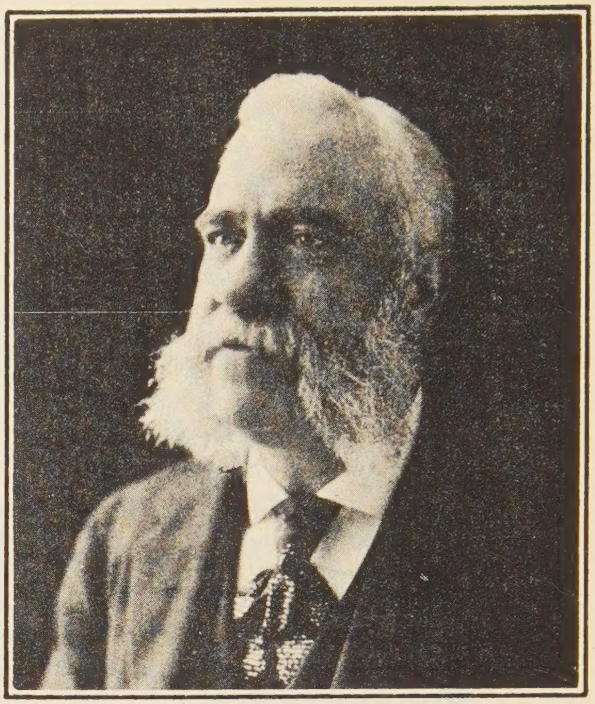


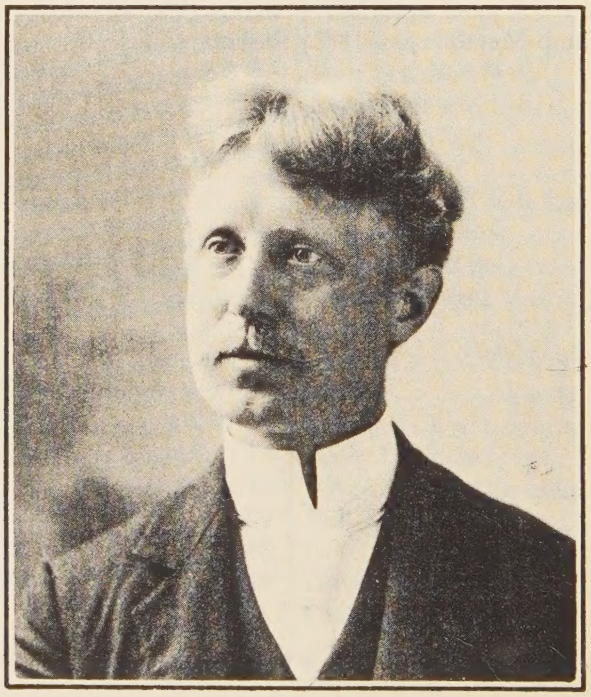
GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL

Gustave J. Stoeckel, born in Bavaria in 1819, came to America in 1848 and soon afterwards settled in New Haven. In 1855 he was appointed organist of the College Chapel and instructor in vocal music. From that time until his retirement, in 1894, his connection with Yale was unbroken, and to him we owe many of our most loved and most enduring songs, among them "'Neath the Elms," "The Pope" and "Switzer Boy."



THOMAS G. SHEPARD

Thomas G. Shepard became director of the Yale Glee Club in 1873 and continued in this capacity until his death in 1905. In a period of college-music famous chiefly for its mediocrity, the best of Shepard's compositions are conspicuous by their excellence. Such songs as "A Song for Old Yale," "Little Knot of Blue," and "Brave Mother Yale," to mention only a few, have already sung their way through three generations at Yale and show no indication of losing their popularity. Shepard's genial personality and his outstanding ability as a director established in the Glee Club a spirit which those of us who knew him can never forget.



G. FRANK GOODALE

G. Frank Goodale, '89, was appointed director of the Glee Club to succeed "Tom" Shepard in 1905 and continued in this capacity until 1921. He compiled and edited the book of Yale Songs published in 1918.

SONGS OF YALE

Alma Mater

J. K. Lombard, '54

Thos. G. Shepard

Allegro con brio

f Melody

1. A song for old Yale, for brave old Yale, Who hath stood in her glo - ry long; Here's hon - or and fame to her rev - 'rend name, And the mem-'ries that round it throng. There's a thrill in the word that the heart hath stirred, Though
2. In soft south - ern climes and arc - tic rimes, By riv - er and vale and dell, Where wan-der - ers roam and man finds home, There her myr - i - ad off - spring dwell; And the cho - rus of praise her sons all raise Comes

f

dim.

mp

mp

mp

mp

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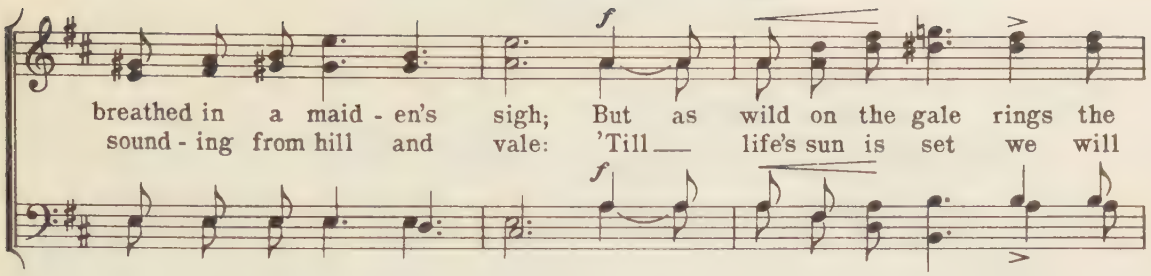
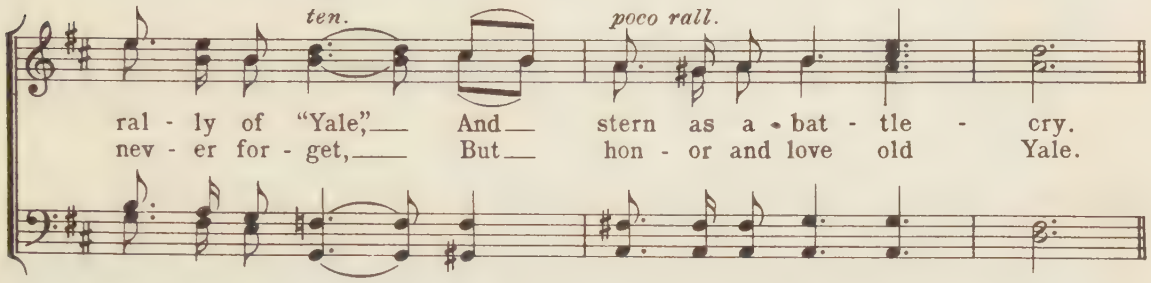
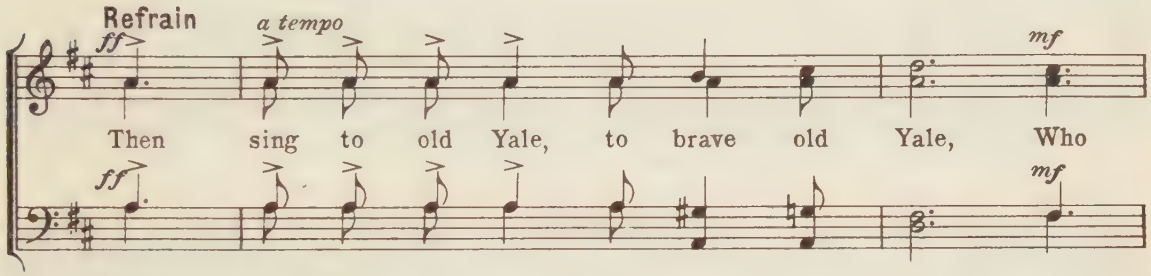
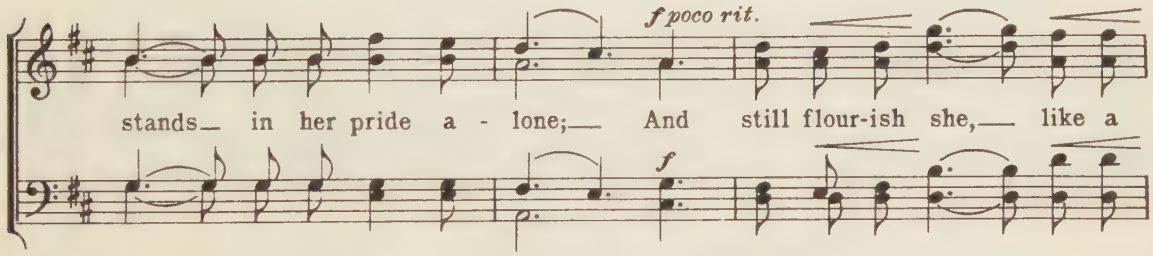
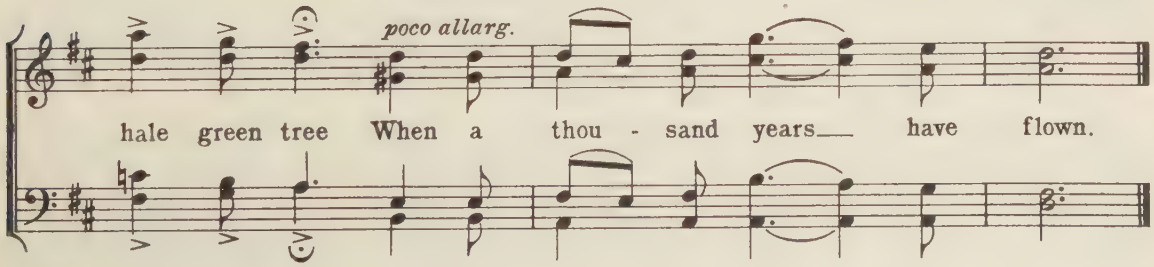

f
breathed in a maid - en's sigh; But as wild on the gale rings the
sound - ing from hill and vale: 'Till life's sun is set we will
f


ten.
poco rall.
ral - ly of "Yale," And stern as a - bat - tle - cry.
nev - er for - get, But hon - or and love old Yale.


Refrain
ff
a tempo
mf
Then sing to old Yale, to brave old Yale, Who
ff
mf


f poco rit.
stands in her pride a - lone; And still flour-ish she, like a
f


poco allarg.
hale green tree When a thou - sand years have flown.

Bright College Years

H. S. Durand, '81

Carl Wilhelm

Maestoso

f Voices in unison

mf

1. Bright col - lege years, with plea - sure rife, The short - est, glad-dest
2. In af - ter years, should trou - bles rise, To cloud the blue of

Piano

f *mf*

mp

years of life; How swift - ly are ye glid-ing by! Oh, why doth time so quick - ly
sun - ny skies, How bright will seem thru mem'ry's haze, Those hap - py, gold - en, by - gone

p

mf *cresc.*

fly? The seasons come, the seasons go, The earth is green, or white with snow, But time and
days! Oh, let us strive that ev - er we May let these words our watch-cry be, Wher-e'er up-

mf *cresc.*

poco rit. *f*

change shall naught a - vail To break, to break the friendships formed at Yale.
on life's sea we sail: "For God, for God, for Coun - try, and for Yale!"

poco rit. *f*

Bright College Years

H. S. Durand, '81 — Carl Wilhelm

Maestoso

f Melody — *mf* — *p*

1. Bright col - lege years, with plea-sure rife, The short-est, glad-dest years of life; How
2. In af - ter years, should trou-bles rise, To cloud the blue of sun - ny skies, How

f — *mf* — *p*

mp

swift - ly are ye glid - ing by! Oh, why doth time so quick-ly fly? The
bright will seem, thro' mem-'ry's haze, The hap - py, gold-en, by - gone days! Oh,

poco a poco cresc. — *sempre cresc.*

sea-sons come, the sea-sons go, The earth is green or white with snow, But time and
let us strive that ev - er we May let these words our watch-cry be, Wher-e'er up-

To break, to break the friendships
"For God, for God, for Coun-try,

poco allarg. — *ff*

change shall naught a - vail, To break the friend - ships formed at Yale.
on life's sea we sail: "For God, for Coun - try, and for Yale."

poco allarg. — *ff*

Mother of Men*

Brian Hooker, '02 — Seth Bingham, '04

Melody

1. Moth-er of Men, grown strong in giv - ing, Hon-or to them thy lights have led; Rich in the toil of thou-sands liv - ing, Proud of the deeds of thou-sands dead. We who have felt thy pow'r and known thee, We in whose work thy gifts a - vail,— High in our hearts en-shrined, en-throne thee, Moth-er of Men, Old Yale.

2. Spir-it of Youth, a - live, un-chang-ing, Un-der whose feet the years are cast, Heir to an age-less em-pire, rang-ing O - ver the fu - ture and the past; Thee, whom our fa-thers loved be - fore us, Thee, whom our sons un-born shall liv - ing, Proud of the rang - ing O - ver the thy gifts a - un-born shall hail,— Praise we to - day in stur - dy cho - rus, Moth-er of Men, Old Yale.

vail, High in our hearts en - shrined, en - throne thee,
hail, Praise we to - day in stur - dy cho - rus,

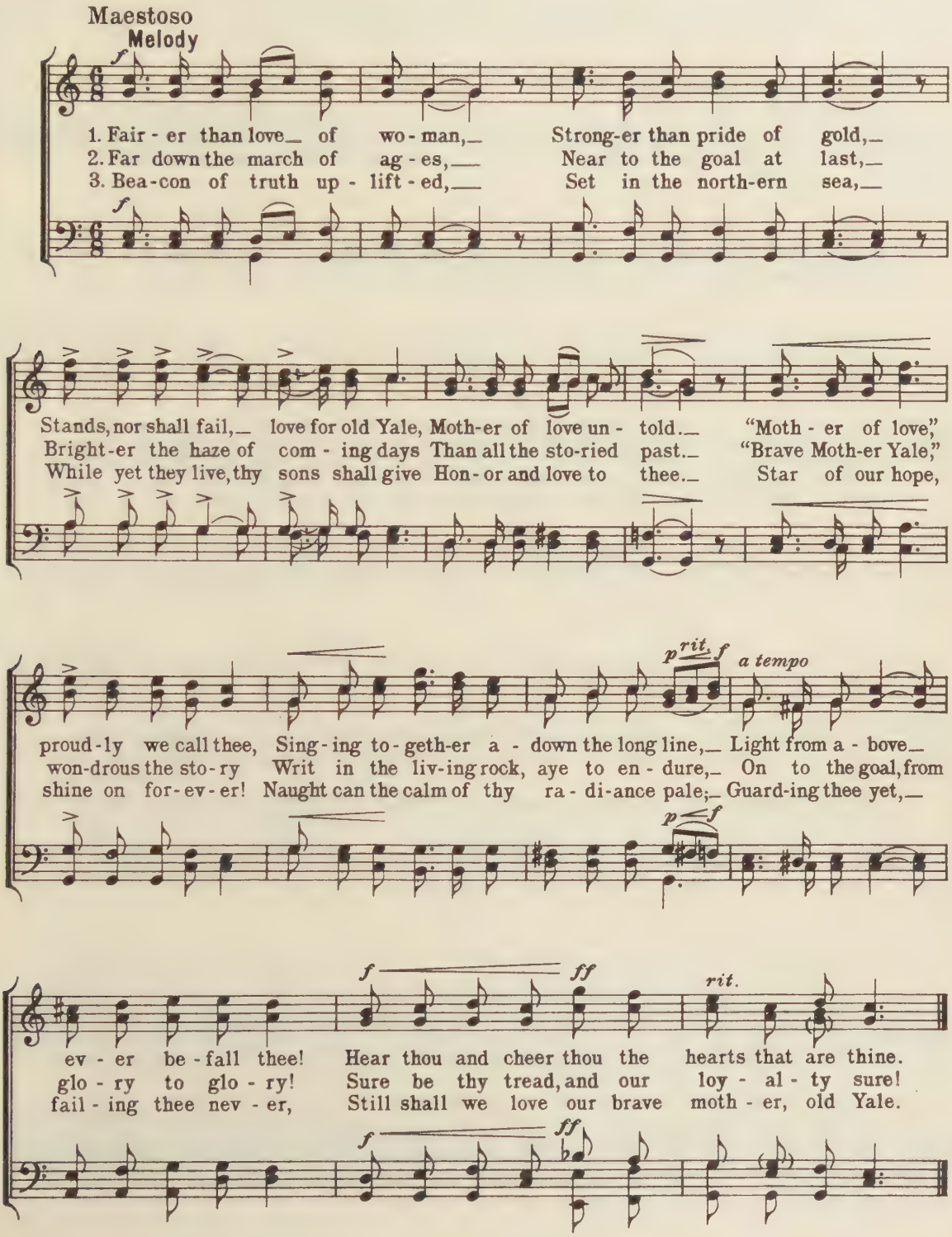
* By special permission.

THE OLD FENCE

THE OLD CAMPUS

Brave Mother Yale

Charles Edmund Merrill,'98 — Thomas G. Shepard



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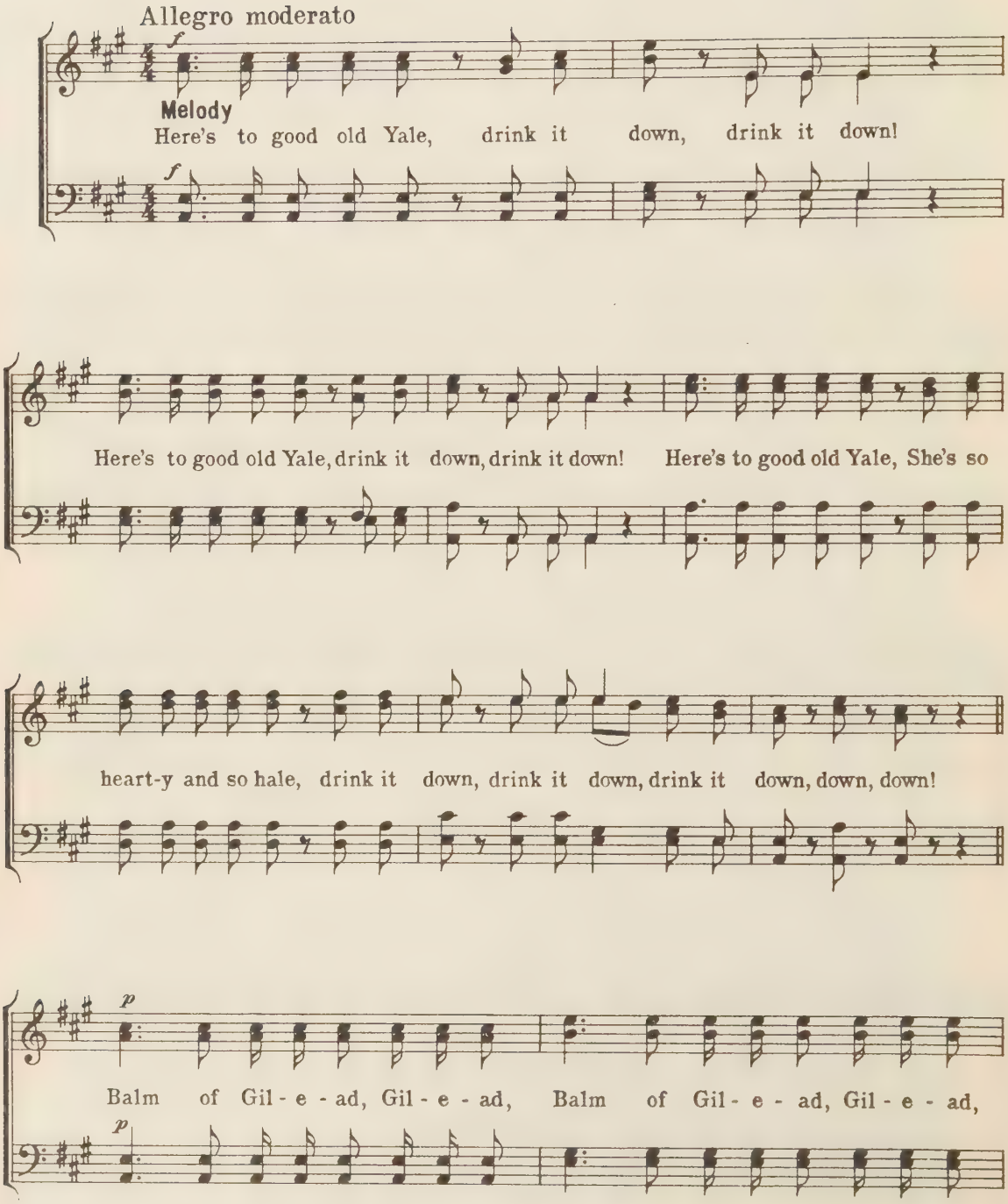
Bingo


Allegro moderato
f
Melody
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down!
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down! Here's to good old Yale, She's so
heart-y and so hale, drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down!
p
Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,

mf

Balm of Gil - e - ad, 'Way down on the Bin - go farm. We

mf

won't go there an - y more, we won't go there an - y more, we

won't go there an - y more, 'Way down on the Bin - go farm.

pp *f* *rit.*

Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go,'Way down on the Bin-go farm.*

pp *f*

* *(Spoken)* B-I-N-G-O, my poor Fresh!

Eli Yale

Con spirito

mf Solo — *mp* Chorus

Melody in 2nd Tenor

1. As Fresh - men first we came to Yale, Fol de rol de
2. As Soph - o - mores we have a task; Fol de rol de

mp

Solo — *p* Chorus

rol rol rol! Ex - am - in - a - tions made us pale. Fol de rol de
rol rol rol! 'Tis best per-formed by torch and mask.

p

sempre p

rol rol rol! E - li, E - li, E - li Yale, Fol de rol de

rol rol rol! E - li, E - li, E - li Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees.
Chorus

4 In Senior year we act our parts
In making love and winning hearts. *Chorus*

5 And then into the world we come,
We've made good friends, and studied— some.
Chorus

(Adagio)

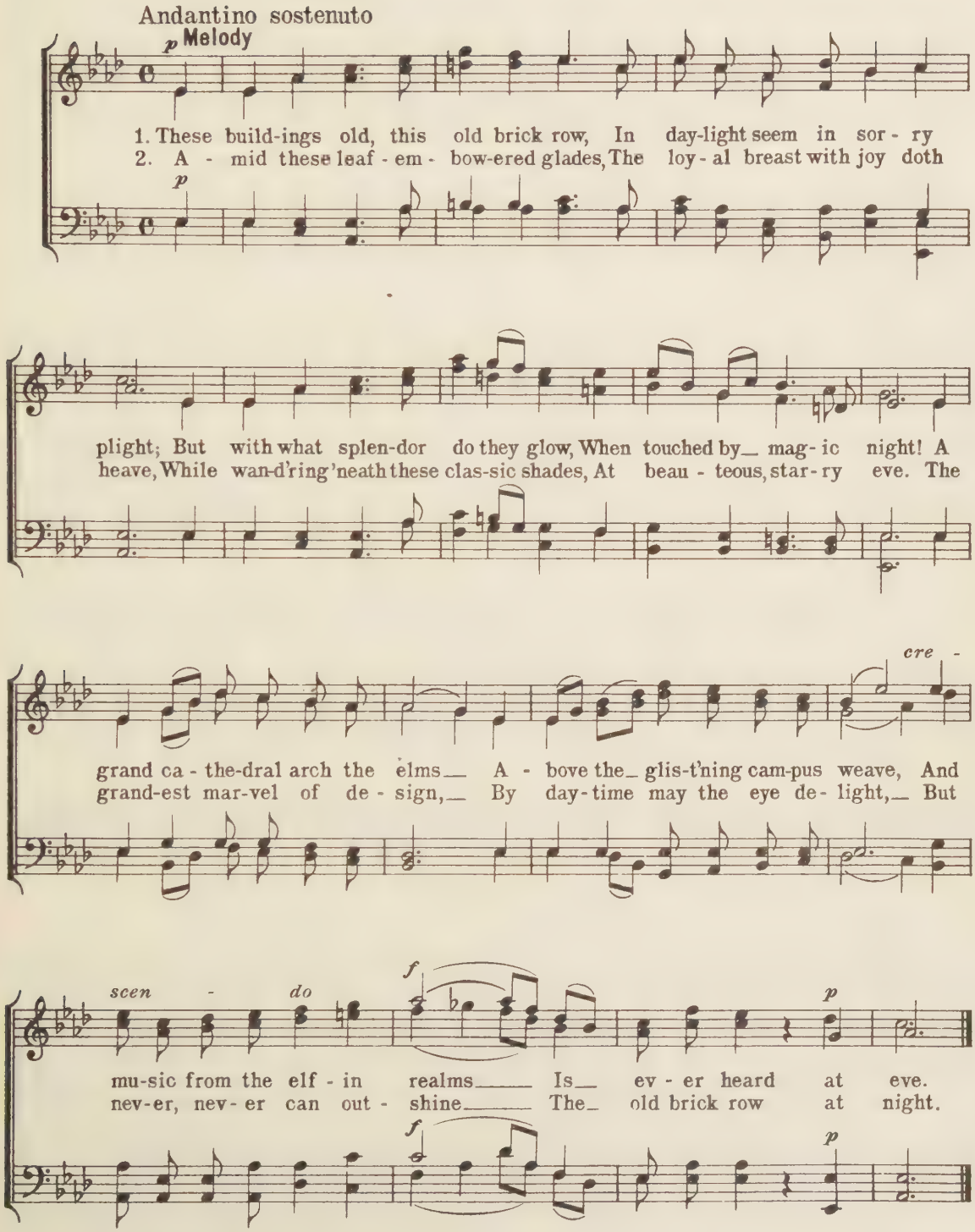
6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid old Yale farewell. *Chorus*

(Repeat Chorus Molto Allegro)

CONNECTICUT HALL, 1752

The Old Brick Row

E. H. Buel, '83 — Thos. G. Shepard



'Neath the Elms

H. Baldwin, '71

Arranged by
Gustave J. Stoeckel

Allegretto

1. Winds of night a - round us sigh - -
2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - -

pp Melody

* 1. Winds of night a - round us sigh - ing, In the elm - trees mur - mur
* 2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - ing, Pure and soft as maid - en's

pp

1. Winds of night a - round us sigh - -
2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - -

ing,
ing,

low, In the elm - trees mur - mur low, In the elm - trees mur - mur
eyes, Pure and soft as maid - en's eyes, Pure and soft as maid - en's

ing,
ing,

Let no rud - er sounds re - ply - -
Sweet the hour when your re - turn - -

low, Let no rud - er sounds re - ply - ing Break our hap - py voic - es
eyes, Sweet the hour when your re - turn - ing Bids our mer - ry songs a -

Let no rud - er sounds re - ply - -
Sweet the hour when your re - turn - -

ing, Break our hap - py voic - es, flow, Tra la la la!
ing, Bids our mer - ry songs a - rise, Tra la la la!

pp

flow, Break our hap - py, hap - py voic - es, flow, Tra la la la!
rise, Bids our mer - ry, mer - ry songs a - rise, Tra la la la!

pp

ing, Break our hap - py voic - es, flow, Tra la la la!
ing, Bids our mer - ry songs a - rise, Tra la la la!

* 1st Tenor and 2nd Bass *legato,* 2nd Tenor and 1st Bass *staccato* and always *pp*

Tenor Soli *mf*

Tra la la la, tra la la la.

p

'Tis a jol - ly life we lead, Care and trou - ble we de - fy; Let the

Tra la la

short-lived hours speed, Running smooth-ly, quick-ly by; Till the dark-ness fades a -

la, tra la la la.

way, And the morn-ing light we hail, We will sing with cheer-ful hearts Songs of

1. *p* 2. *rit.*

home, Tra la la la! Tra la la la!

mf *p*

home, songs of home, and of Yale, and of dear old Yale, Tra la la la! Yale, Tra la la la!

home,

mf *p*

Moderato espress.

mp **Baritone Solo**

Lis - ten! faint - ly chim - ing, O'er the riv - er's plac - id

pp

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

pp

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,

breast, Eve - ning bells are ring - ing, Call - ing us to

simile

simile

poco rall.

rest, Call - ing us to rest.

Tenor Soli

mf a tempo

Tra la la la la la la la la

poco rall.

la la la la la la la la la!

a tempo

pp

See, the

pp

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

full moon, ris - ing, weaves Robes of light o'er tow'r and hall, Thro' the

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

slow-ly lift-ing leaves Sil-ver lan-ces flash and fall, Loud-er

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la!

mf *cresc.*

yet the cho-rus raise, Friend-ship lasts when youth must fail; Jol-ly,

elms,

f

jol-ly are the days 'Neath the elms, 'Neath the elms of dear old Yale, 'Neath the

elms,

f

accel. *ff* *rit. molto*

elms of dear old Yale, of dear old Yale, of dear old Yale.

ff

Little Knot of Blue

Dr. Samuel Minturn Peck — Thos. G. Shepard

Moderato con moto ben legato

p Melody

1. She hath no gems of lus - tre bright To spar-kle in her
2. I met her down the shad - owed lane Be - neath the ap - ple -

p

hair; No need hath she of bor - rowed light To make her beau-ty rare; Up - on her
tree; The balm - y blos-soms fell like rain Up - on my love and me, And what I

cresc.

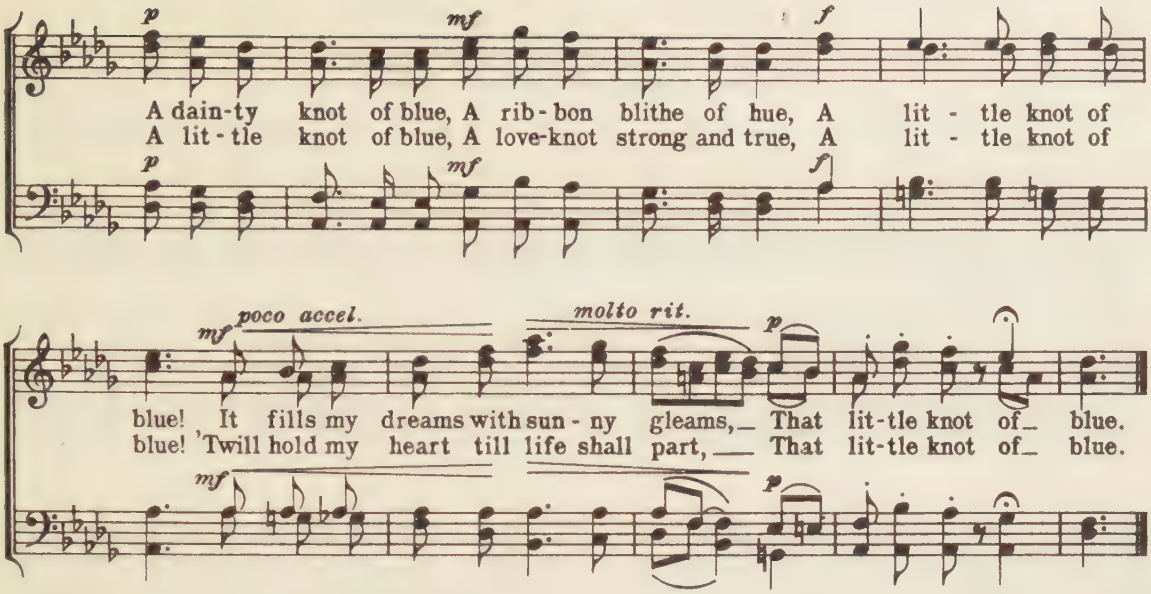
shin - ing locks, her shin - ing locks of gold, Are dai - sies wet with
said, and what I said, and what I did That morn, I nev - er

dew; And peep - ing from her lis - some throat A lit - tle knot of blue.
knew, But to my breast there came and hid A lit - tle knot of blue.

non rit.

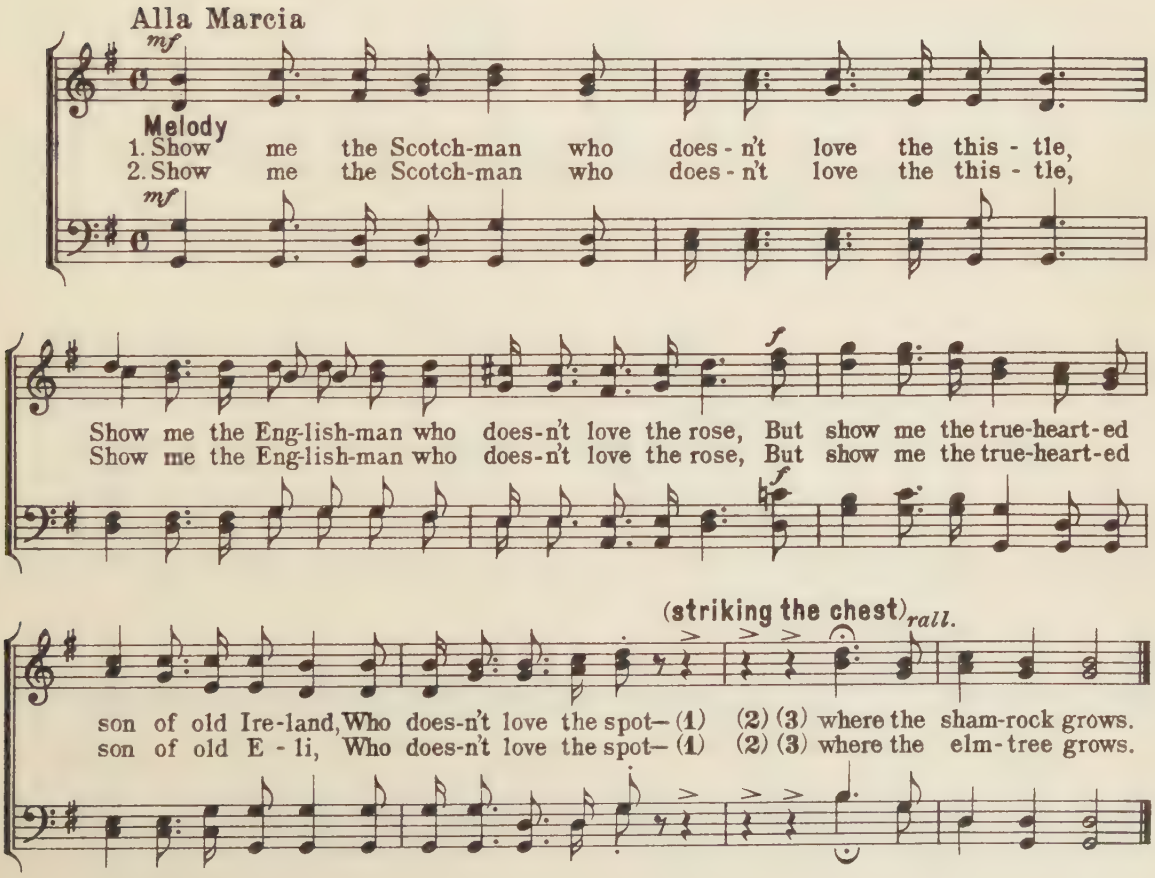
p

And peep-ing from her lis - some
But to my breast there came and



Where the Elm-Tree Grows

The Scotchman



Lux et Veritas
Reunion Song

Arthur L. Griffiths, '01 — Leonard M. Thomas, '01

Melody

1. Fair mem-o-ries of col-lege days, Of friend-ships strong and hale, Bid us with grate-ful hearts to praise Thy Light and Truth, O Yale; O Moth-er Dear of loy-al men, Reared 'neath the elm-trees' shade, We come to thy loved halls a-gain, To thee our pledge is made, To thee our pledge is made.

2. Dear col-lege days, now past so long, How rich is mem-'ry's tale Of friend-ship's i-deals, cul-ture's song, Thy gift, O stur-dy Yale; O build-er great of man-ly men, Taught 'neath the elm-trees' shade, We come to thy loved halls a-gain, To thee our pledge is made, To thee our pledge is made.

Refrain

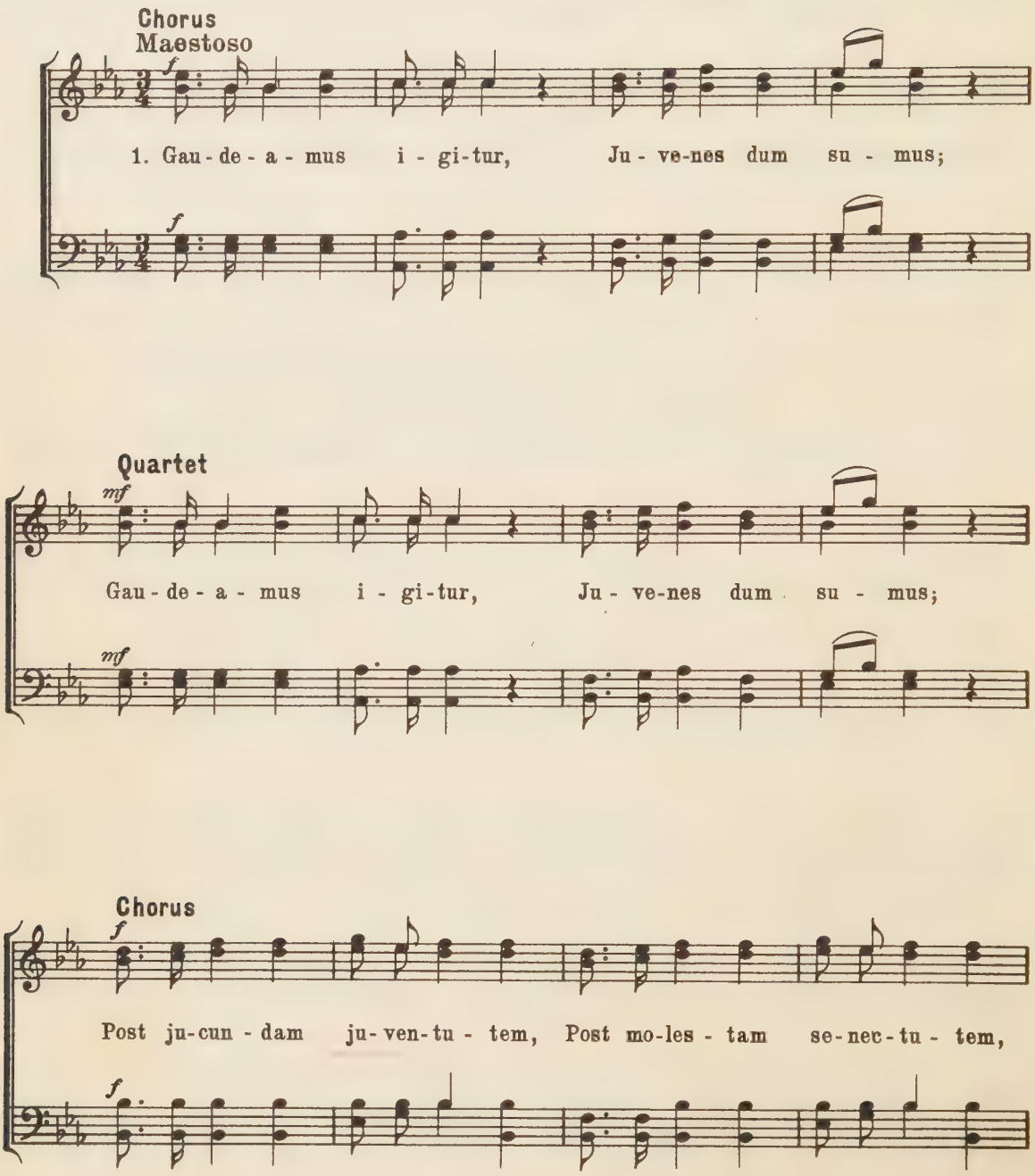
So cheer we Yale, thy shield are we, Our song we raise to thee.

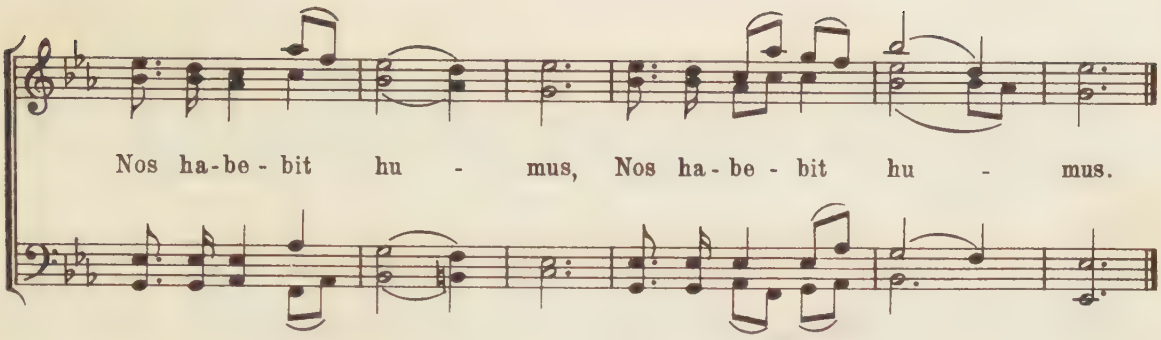
OLD FAVORITES

Gaudeamus

Poem composed about 1700

18th Century
German Melody





2.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ.

6.

Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7.

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

8.

Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusquo successerunt
In commune forum.

9.

Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones,
Sparsos congregavit.

86143

Integer Vitae

Horace, Ode XXII

Friedrich F. Flemming
(1778-1819)

Andante

Melody

1. In - te-ger vi - tae sce-le-ris-que pu - rus, Non e - get
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter aes - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac -

Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis
tu - rus per in-hos-pi - ta - lem Cau - ca-sum, vel quae

gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
lo - ca fa - bu - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

3.
Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

4.
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5.
Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

6.
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

Integer Vitae*

Andante
Melody

1. In - te - ger vi - tae sce - le - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter aes - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac -

Mau - ris ja - cu - lis, nec ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis
tu - rus per in - hos - pi - ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quae

gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
lo - ca fa - bu - lo - sus Lam - bit, Hy - das - pes.

3.
Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

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Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
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Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

6.
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

* *Editor's Note:* While Yale tradition has hallowed the version of "Integer Vitae" with the melody in the 2nd Tenor, the above form of this international students' song is the one generally used throughout Europe.

Shall I, wasting in despair?

Words by G. Wither
(1588-1667)

Old English Air

Andante con moto, espress.

mp

Melody

1. Shall I, wast-ing in de-spair, Die be-cause a wo-man's fair?
2. Shall a wo - man's vir - tues move Me to per - ish for her love?
3. Great or good, or kind, or fair, I will ne'er the more de - spair;

mp

cre - scen - do *f*

Or make pale my cheeks with care, 'Cause an-oth - er's ros - y are?
Or her well de - serv - ings known Make me quite for - get mine own?
If she love me, this be - lieve,— I will die ere she shall grieve.

cre - scen - do *f*

faster *mf* *f* *ritard. e dim.*

Be she fair - er than the day, Or the flow'r - y meads in May, —
Be she with that good-ness blest Which may mer - it name of best, —
If she slight me when I woo, I can scorn and let her go; —

faster *mf* *f* *ritard. e dim.*

mp a tempo *ritard.*

If she be not so to me, — What care I how fair she be?
If she be not such to me, — What care I how good she be?
For if she be not for me, — What care I for whom she be?

mp a tempo *ritard.*

An arrangement by Marshall Bartholomew of this song is published in the Yale Glee Club Series, No. 12, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7413.)

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

Ben Jonson
(1573-1637)

Old English Air
Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Andante con moto, ben sostenuto

Melody

p

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine.
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee,

pp

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup and I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with-er'd be; But

espr.

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And sendst it back to me;
The thirst that from the soul Doth ask a drink di - vine;
But thou there-on didst breathe And sendst it back to me;

poco cresc.

The soul doth rise
Didst on - ly breathe

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.

This number is available separately in Yale Glee Club Series No. 12, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7418.)

Twilight

F. B. Kellogg, '83 — Thomas Koschat

Andante con moto, espressivo

p

1. When twi - light is spread - ing her shad - ows a - round, Or
2. With class-mates a - bout us, dear friends tried and true, Who

Melody

p

Lu - na's chaste beams make re - splen - dent the ground, And high clus-tered
soon must, with - out us, life's jour - ney pur - sue; With voic - es u -

cresc. *mp*

leaves throw their deep shade be - low, 'Tis then that our hearts with
nit - ed, the glad song we raise, Oh, ne'er can re - turn these

cresc. *mp*

dim. *mf* *dim. e rit.*

song o - ver - flow, 'Tis then that our hearts with song o - ver - flow.
bright, hap-py days, Oh, ne'er can re - turn these bright, hap-py days.

dim. *mf* *dim. e rit.*

Stars of the Summer Night

Henry W. Longfellow

Andantino
Melody
p dolce

Traditional

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon a - zure deeps,
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps,

p dolce

Hide, hide, your gold - en light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,
Sink, sink in sil - ver light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,

rall. *pp*

1-4. She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

rall. *pp*

3.
Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps

4.
Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumber light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Serenade

Percy Bysshe Shelley

L. D. Tourtellot Ex '86S

Andante espressivo

Baritone Solo

1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of

(humming)

night, When the winds are breath-ing low, And the stars are shin-ing

bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a spir - it in my

feet Hath led me, who knows how? To thy cham-ber win - dow, sweet!

2. The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
And the Champak's odours fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;
As I must on thine,
O! beloved as thou art!

3. O lift me from the grass,
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

YALE GLEE CLUB GROUP OF 1861

This is, as far as we know, the oldest picture of a Yale Glee Club group in existence. It was taken in 1861. Standing in the back is Albert Williamson, '61, to whose daughter, Mrs. Russell Jackson, we are indebted for the photograph.

ON THE FENCE IN THE SEVENTIES

Aura Lee

George R. Poulton

Andante con moto

Melody

1. As the black-bird in the Spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree,
2. In thy blush the rose was born; Mu - sic, when you spake;

Sat and piped, I heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee.
Thro' thine a - zure eye, the moon Spark - ling seem'd to break.

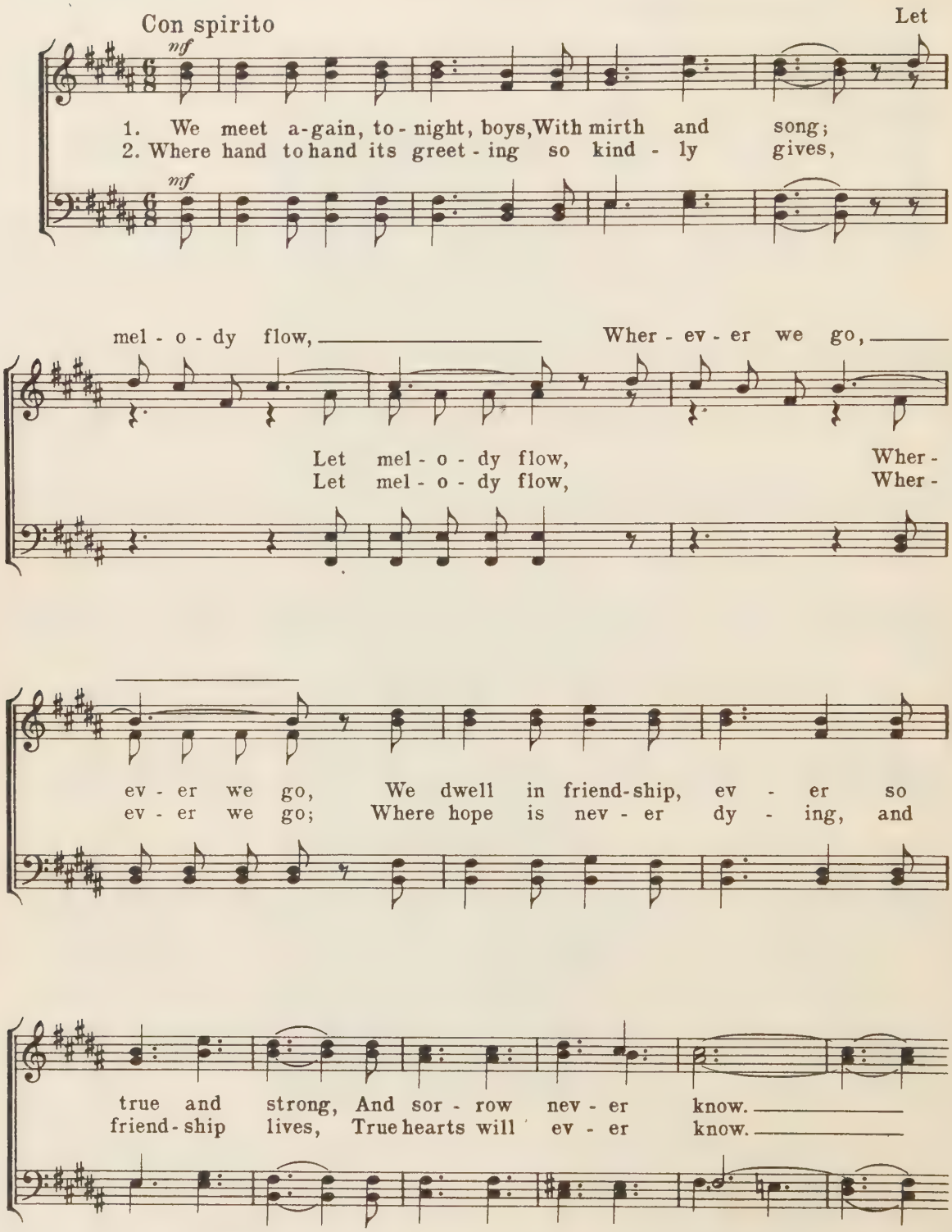
Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, Maid with gold - en hair,
Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, Birds of crim - son wing

Sun - shine came a - long with thee, And swal - lows in the air.
Nev - er song have sung to me As in that bright, sweet spring.

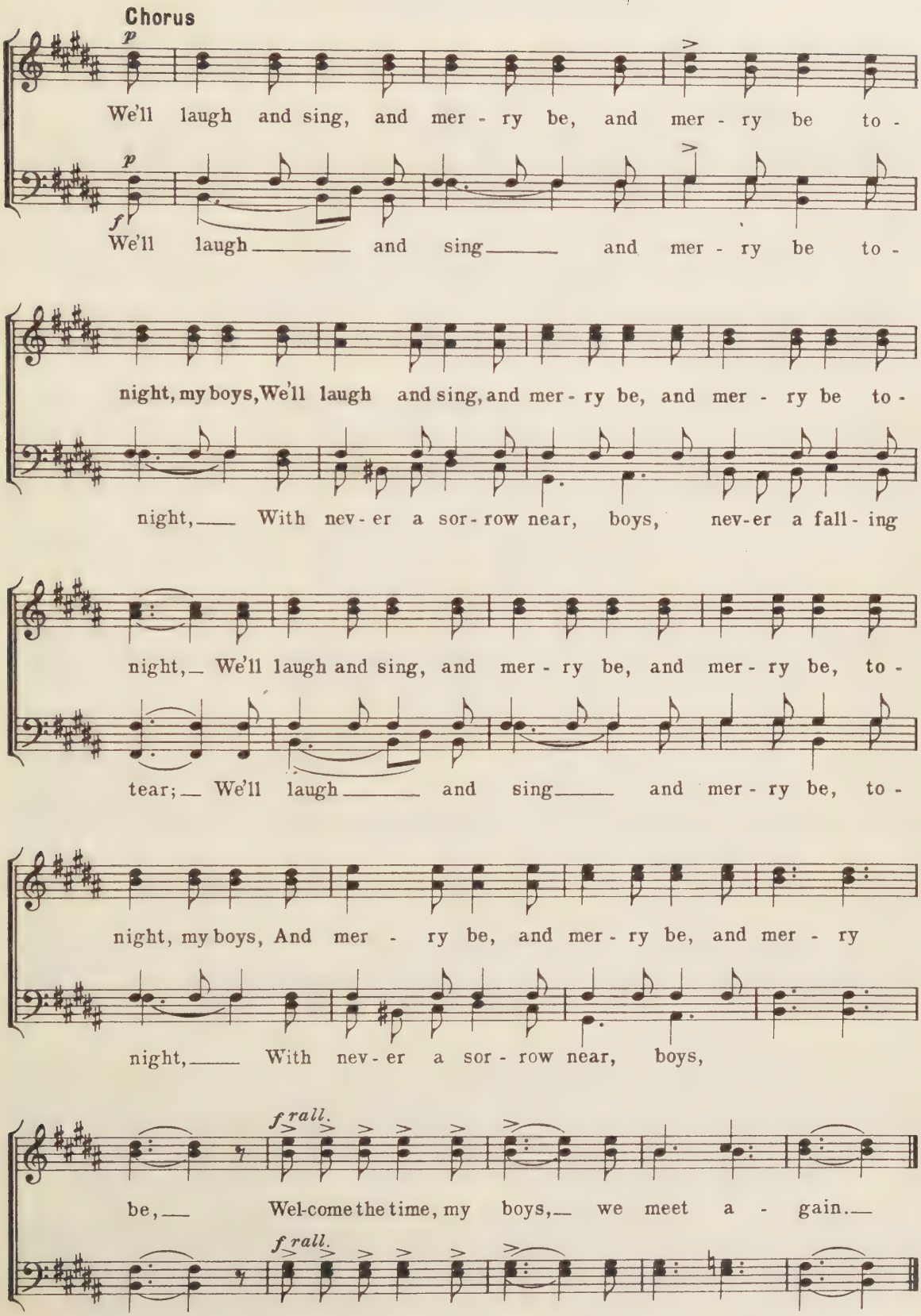
3. Aura Lee, the bird may flee,
The willow's golden hair
Swing thro' winter fitfully,
On the stormy air.
Yet if thy blue eyes I see,
Gloom will soon depart;
For to me, sweet Aura Lee
Is sunshine thro' the heart.

4. When the misletoe was green,
'Midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen,
Kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee,
Take my golden ring;
Love and light return with thee,
And swallows with the spring.

We meet again to-night



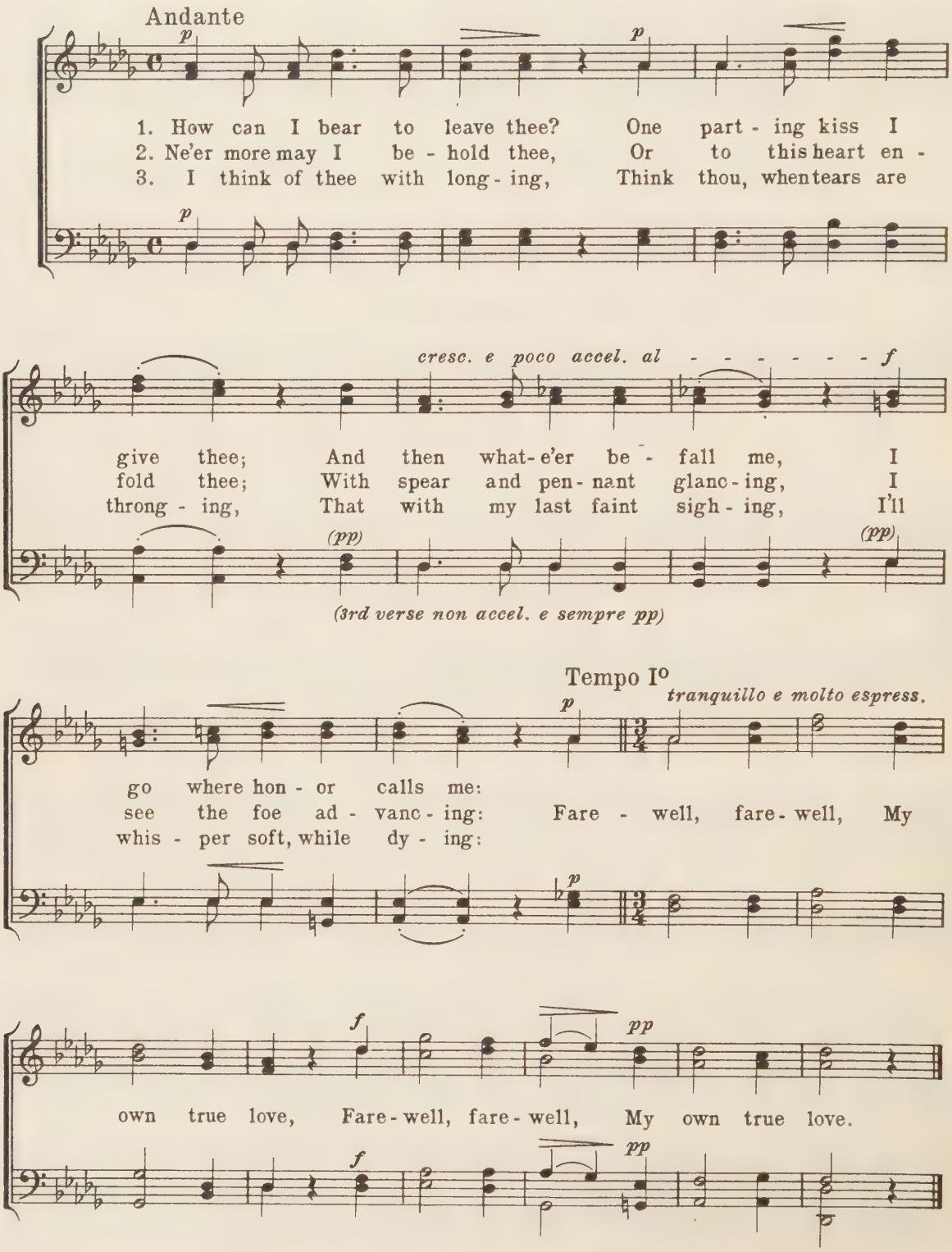
By permission of S. Brainard's Sons.


Chorus
p
We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and mer - ry be to -
p
f
We'll laugh and sing and mer - ry be to -
night, my boys, We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and mer - ry be to -
night, With nev - er a sor - row near, boys, nev-er a fall - ing
night, We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and mer - ry be, to -
tear; We'll laugh and sing and mer - ry be, to -
night, my boys, And mer - ry be, and mer - ry be, and mer - ry
night, With nev - er a sor - row near, boys,
f rall.
be, Wel-come the time, my boys, we meet a - gain.
f rall.

Soldier's Farewell

Translated from the German by
Louis C. Elson

Johanna Kinkel



The Pope

C. L. Noack (18th Century)
Translation by
Harry Forrequer (1837)

(Original musical setting by
Gustav J. Stoeckel
Yale Song Book Edition of 1862;
Present arrangement by
Thomas G. Shepard 1883)

Con spirito

Melody

1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, jol - ly life, He's free from ev - 'ry care and strife, care and strife, He drinks the best of Rhen - ish Rhen - ish wine, wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine! He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine, wine, He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine, best of Rhen-ish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine! He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine, best of Rhen-ish wine,

He drinks the best of
He drinks the best of
best of Rhen-ish

2. But he don't lead a jolly life;
He has no maid or blooming wife,
He has no son to raise his hope—
Oh no! I would not be the Pope.

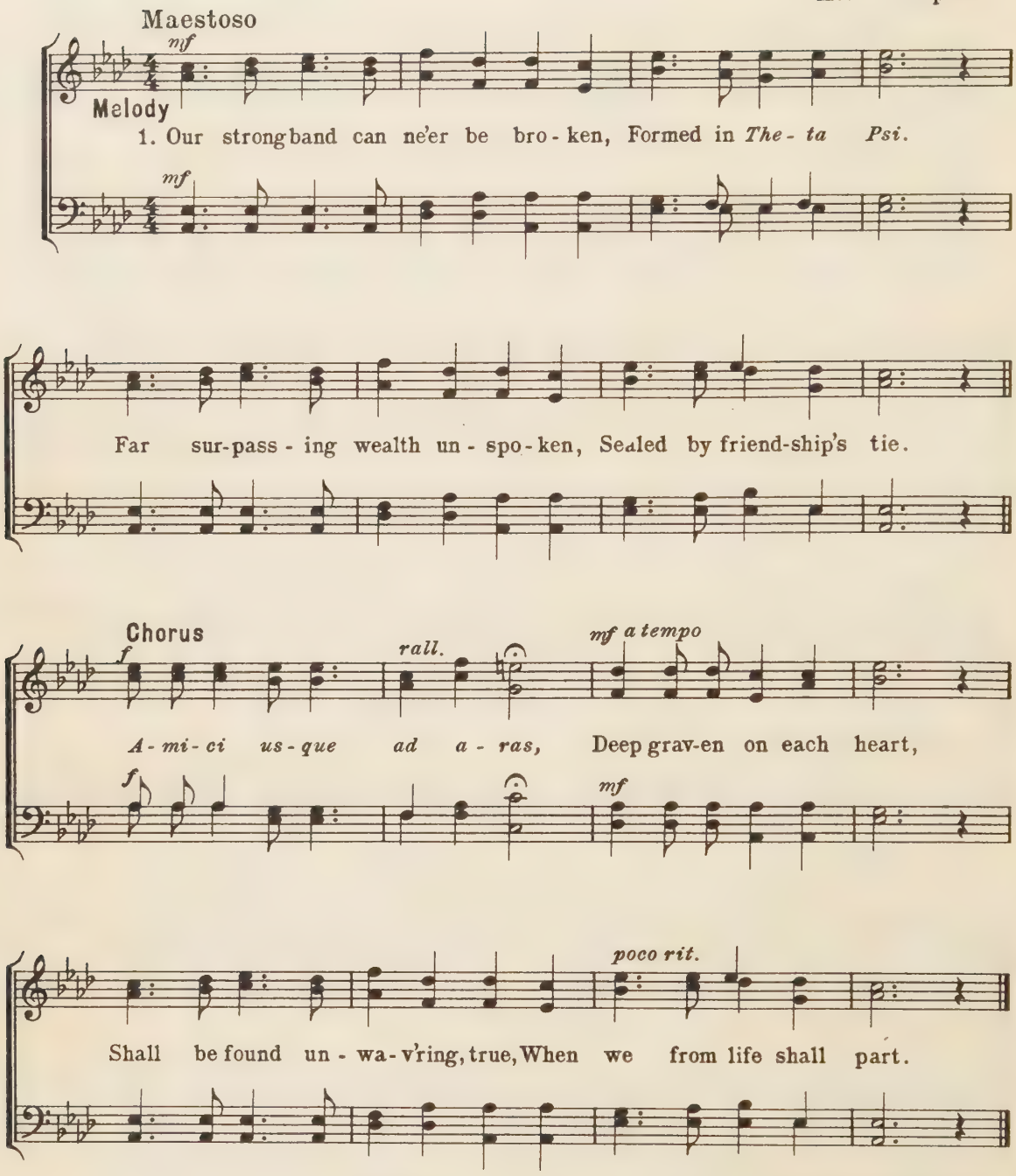
3. The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity,
His wives are many as he will—
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

4. But still he is a wretched man,
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine;
I would not change his lot for mine.

5. So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

Amici

Tune: "Annie Lisle"
H. S. Thompson



2.
College life at best is passing,
Gliding swiftly by;
Then let us pledge in word and deed,
Our love for *Theta Psi*.

Wake, Freshmen, Wake

Allegro

mf

Melody

1. The stars bright-ly glanc-ing, Be - hold us ad-vanc - ing, And
2. While some sad - ly pon-der, Still oth - ers will won - der Why

mf

kind - ly smile up - on us from on high; Our sum - mons a-wait-ing, With
we their doors in si-lence dead pass by; But, O for - tu - na - ti! O,

hearts loud - ly beat-ing, The Fresh-men trem-bling on their couch-es lie.
ter - que be - a - ti! Who hear the mys - tic call of Be - ta Xi.

Chorus

f

Wake! Wake! Fresh-men, wake! Wake while our song smites the sky, For

f

now, ere we leave you, We heart-i-ly give you A wel-come in-to Del-ta Be-ta Xi. Xi.

1. 2.

Raven

Allegro con brio

mf

Melody

1. Now, thro' the mid-night, naught else re-veal-ing, Save her quaint and mys-tic cry,
2. Some are in sad-ness, while the dark ra-ven, Croak-ing, by their win-dow flies,

mf

Fli-eth the ra-ven, sol-emn-ly deal-ing Fates of Phi The-ta Psi. *Caw.*
But glad-ly wel-come in-to the ha-ven, Un-to you now she cries.

Chorus

f *mf*

Phi The-ta Psi, *Caw,* Phi The-ta Psi, O fresh-men dream-ing, Wake to the mean-ing

f *mf*

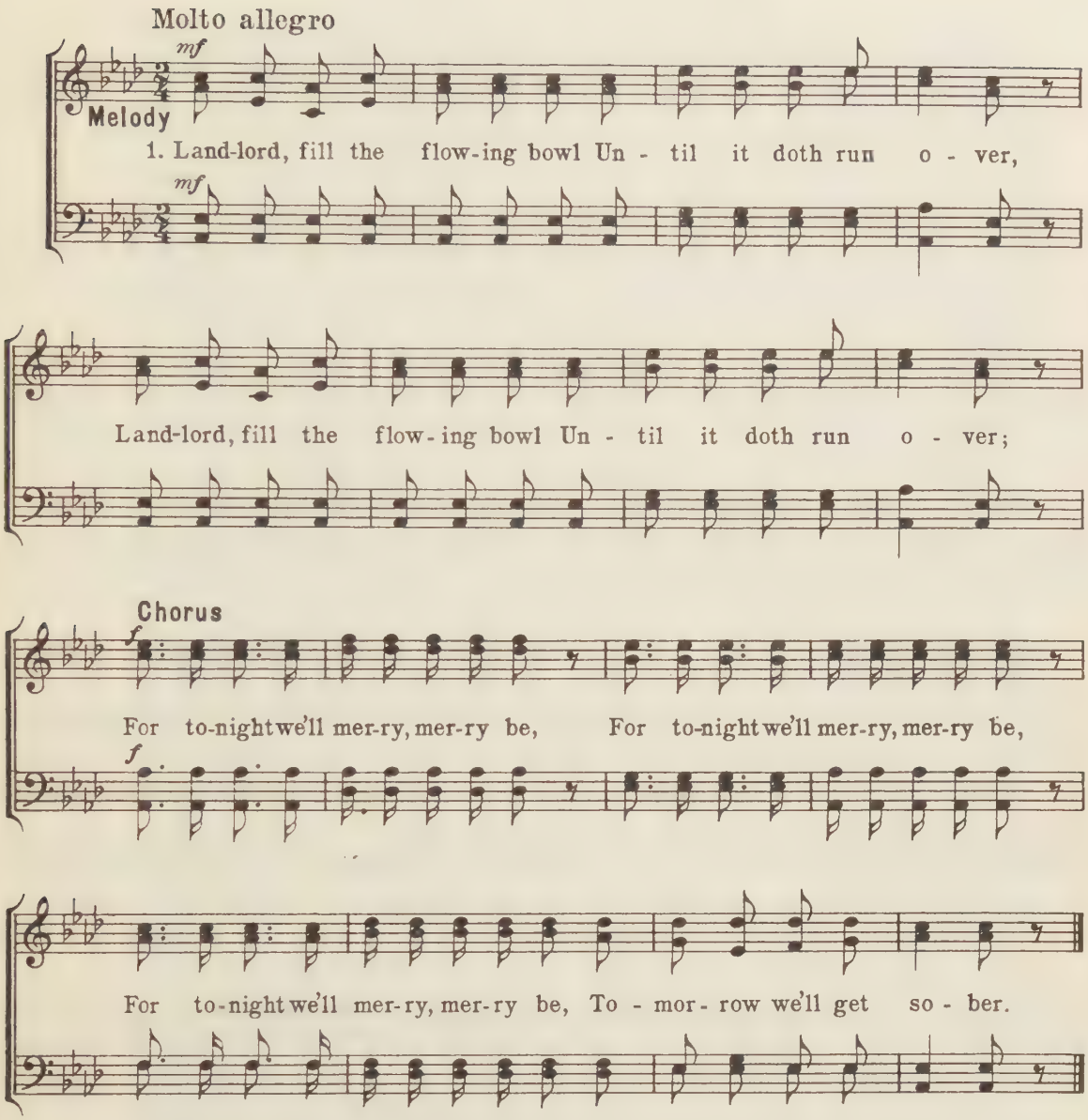
f

Of that ech-o-ing cry! *Caw.* Phi The-ta Psi, *Caw,* Ring out the cry, *Fresh!*

f

Heart-i-ly greet-ing, Stand we re-peat-ing, Wel-come to Phi The-ta Psi.

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl



2. The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
   And goes to bed right mellow, [*Repeat.*]
   CHO. Lives as he ought to live
   And dies a jolly good fellow.

3. The man who drinks cold water pure,
   And goes to bed quite sober, [*Repeat.*]
   CHO. Falls as the leaves do fall
   So early in October.

4. But he who drinks just what he likes,
   And getteth "half-seas over," [*Repeat.*]
   CHO. Will live until he dies, perhaps,
   And then lie down in clover.

My Comrades, When I'm No More Drinking

Moderato

mp

Melody

1. My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal - sy

mp

lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing: Be - lieve me, then my end is

nigh. But die I this day or to - mor - row, My tes - ta-ment's al-read-y

made; My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row, But with-out splen-dor or pa - rade.

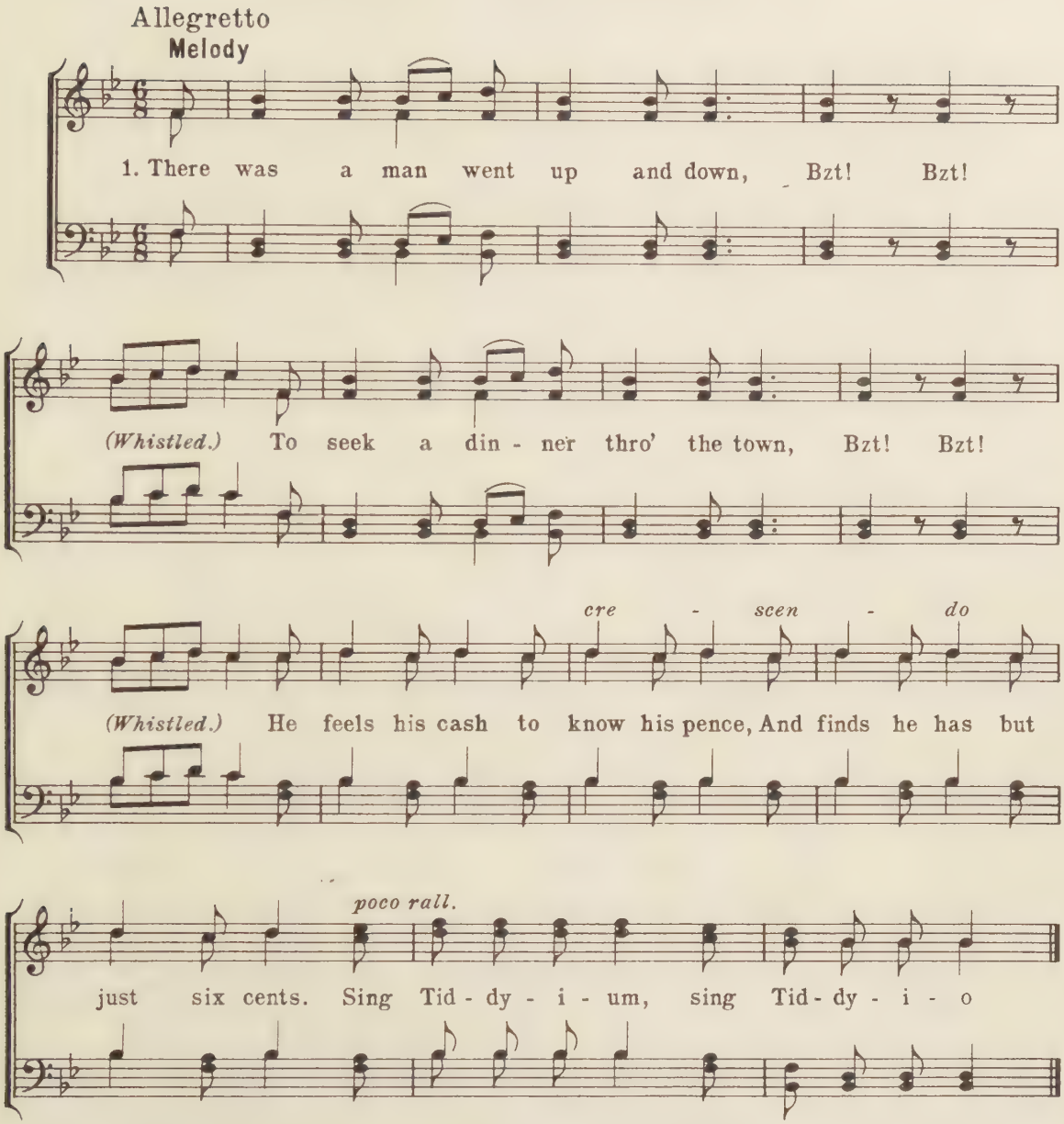
2.

(pp) And when me to my grave you're bringing,
Then follow after, man by man;
(mf) Let no sad funeral bells be ringing,
But tinkling glasses be your plan.
And on my tombstone be inscribèd,
(cres.) "This man was born, lived, drank and died;
(dim.) And now he lies here who imbibèd,
In all life's joy the purple tide."

STUDENT'S ROOM IN THE NINETIES

"JOLLY BOATING WEATHER"
An observation train at the Yale-Harvard Boat Race in 1907

Bzt! Bzt!



2. He finds at last, a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest grace;
The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

3. The cheapest viand of them all,
Is twelve-and-a-half cents for two fish-balls;
The waiter he to him doth call
And gently whispers, *(Spoken)* "One fish-ball."

4. The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
The waiter roars it through the hall—
"We don't give bread with one fish-ball."

Should fortune prove unkind

Allegretto con brio

Baritone Solo

1. Should for-tune prove un-kind, Should for-tune prove un-fair, A
2. Should the girl who owns your heart Prove faith-less and un-true, And

p la la la la la *simile*

la la la *simile*

cure I have in mind That will drive a-way all care, For-
bid you to de-spair, Don't let that make you blue, For-

all the joys of life Are noth-ing but a snare.
all will be for-got In a jo-vial glass or two.

Più mosso

f

So let your glass-es gai-ly clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!

f

a tempo

mp

mf **Melody**

For to-night we will be mer - ry, For to-night we will be mer - ry

mp

For to night we will be mer - ry,

As the ros - y wine we drink, the ros - y wine we drink; For to-night we

As the ros - y wine we drink, yes, For to -

will be mer - ry, For to-night we will be mer - ry, As the ros - y

night we will be mer - ry, As the

f molto allegro

wine we drink, the ro - sy wine we drink, So let our glass-es clink, clink, clink, clink,

f

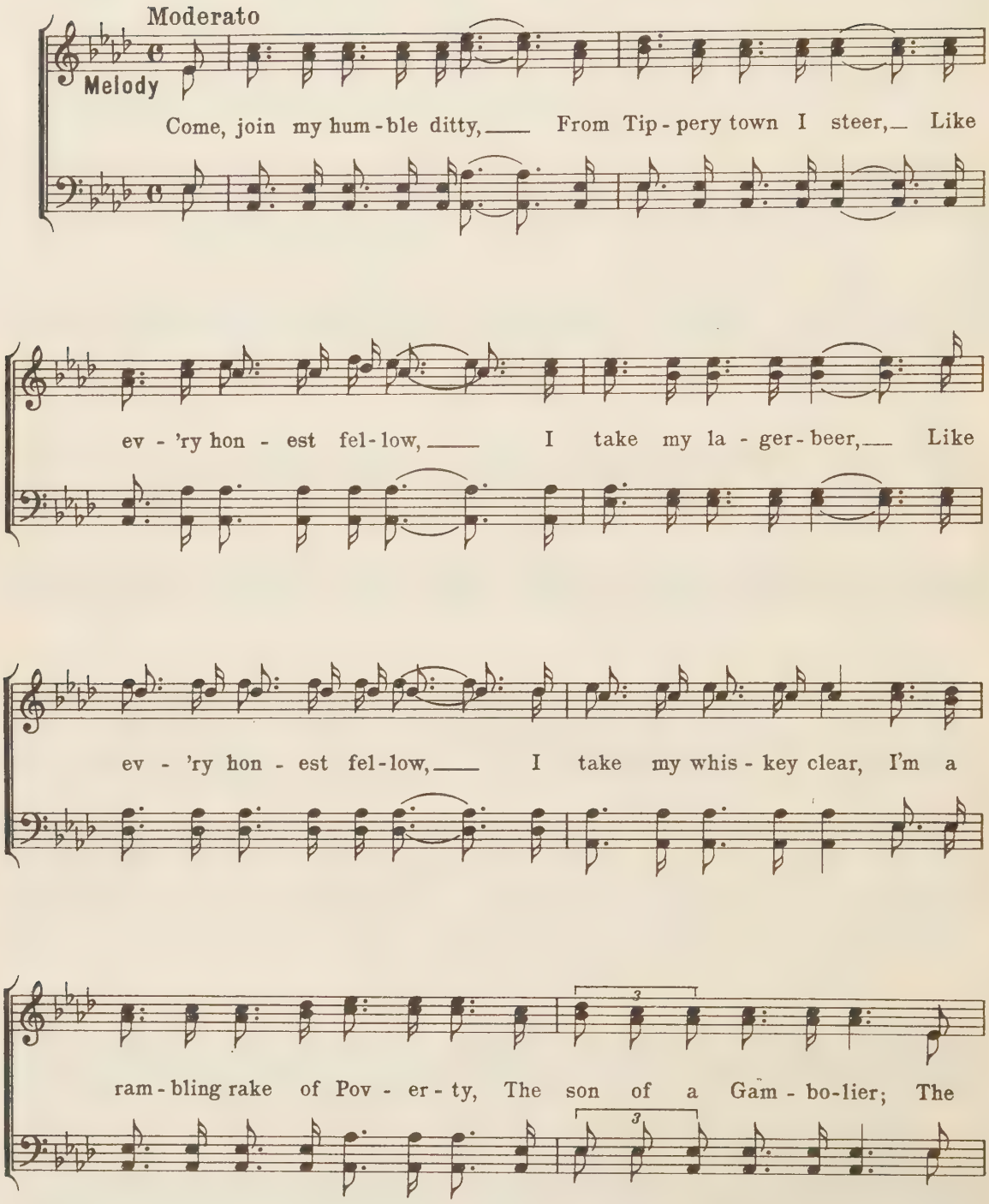
ros - y wine we drink,

ff *poco rit.* *f allarg.*

As the ros - y wine we drink, As the ros - y wine we drink.

ff *f*

Son of a Gambolier



son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam-bo-lier, The

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam-bo-lier, Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel-low, I take my whis - key clear, I'm a

ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gam - bo - lier.

2

I wish I had a barrel of rum,
And sugar three hundred pound,
The college bell to mix it in,
The clapper to stir it around;
I'd drink the health of dear old Yale,
And friends both far and near;
I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
And the son of a Gambolier.

3

And if it is a girl, sir,
I'll dress her up in blue,
And send her out to Saltonstall,
To coach the freshman crew.
And if it is a boy, sir,
I'll put him on the crew,
And he shall wax the Harvards,
As his daddy used to do.

Last Cigar

Moderato

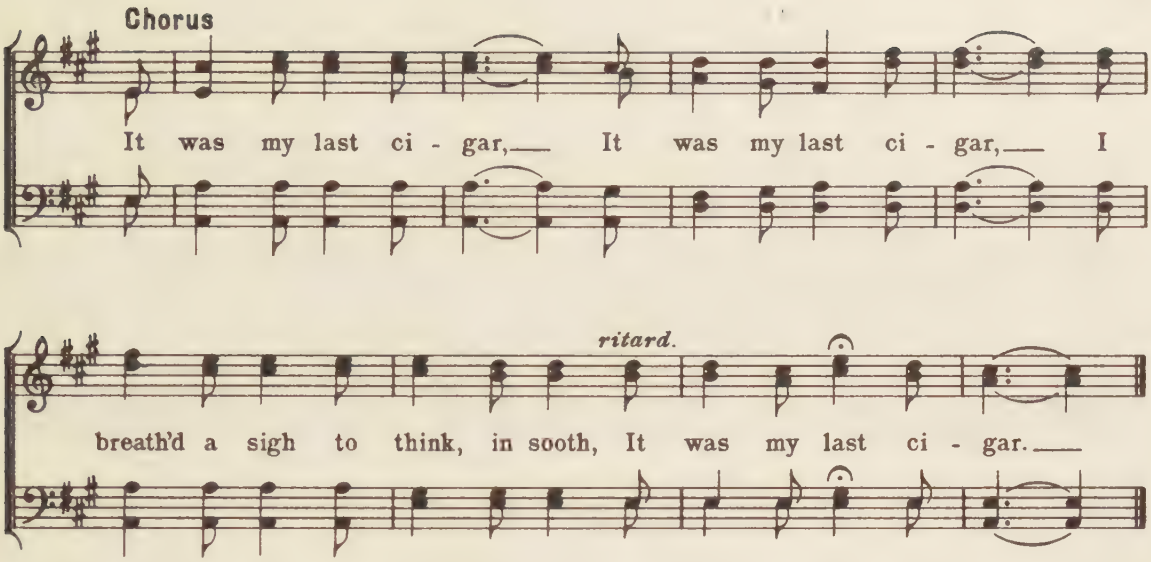
Melody

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles A glo - rious sum - mer day,— I sat up-on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way;— And as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air,— I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.—

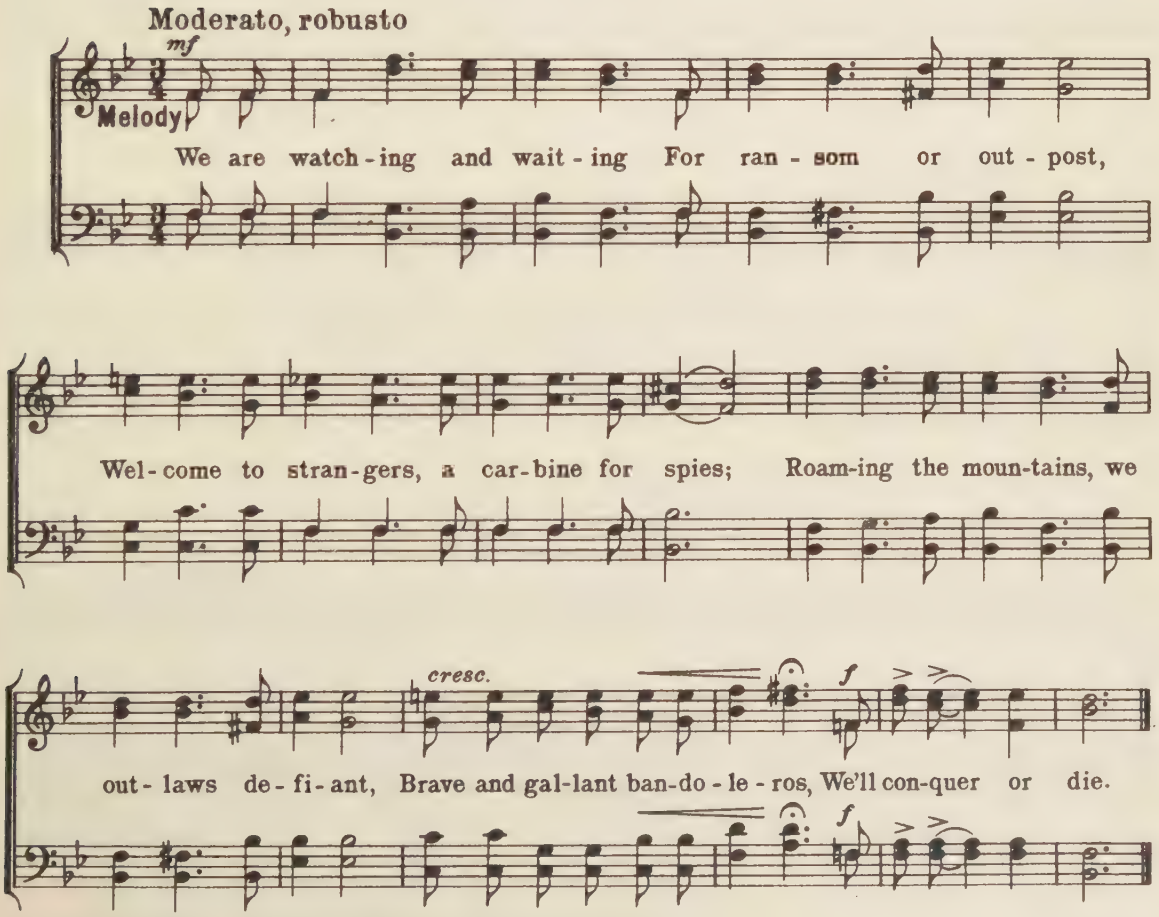
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail And looked down in the sea,— E'en there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly;— Oh, what had I, at such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling tear pro-claimed It was my last ci - gar.—

3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end,— I watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air,— I threw it from me— spare the tale— It was my last ci - gar.—

4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim,— I've watched a-bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope hath been;— But I've nev - er known a sor - row That could with that com- pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles I smoked my last ci - gar.—

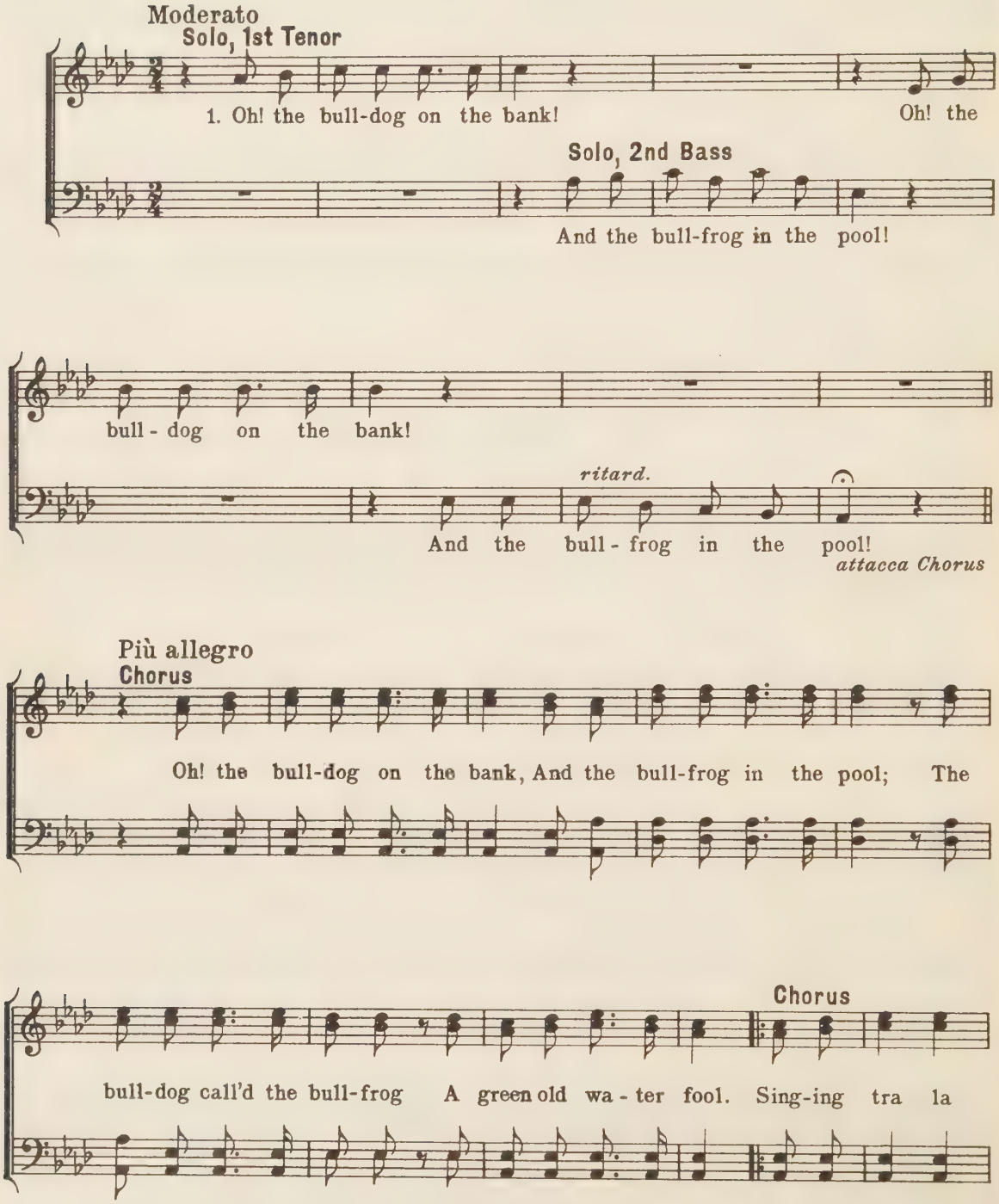


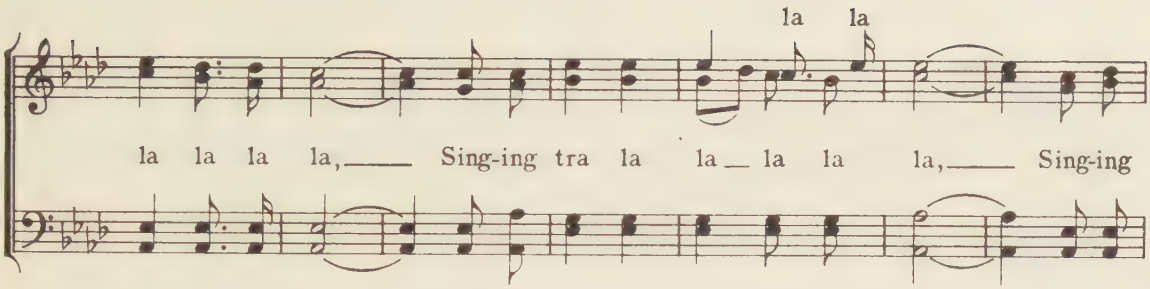
Bandolero

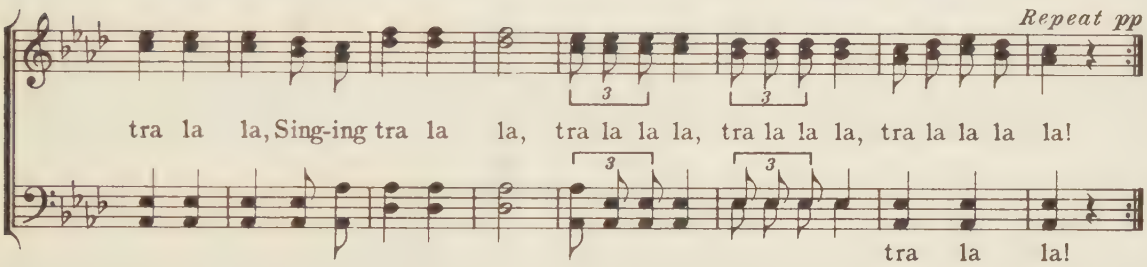


2nd time through: first 12 measures *pp*. Then sing last four *f*.

Bull-dog on the Bank







2

Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw,
The pollywog died a-laughing
To see him wag his jaw. *Chorus*

3

Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"
"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink." *Chorus*

4

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole,
And sent him off to school. *Chorus*

86148

My Evaline

Arranged by
A. E. Hall '24 M.

Slowly

My Ev - a - line, Say you'll be mine!

My Ev - a - line, Say you'll be mine!

My Ev - a - line, Say you'll be mine!

Whis-per to me, honey, you'll be mine! 'Way down yon-der in the old corn-field for

for you I'll pine.

you I'll pine. Sweet-er than the honey to the hon - ey-bee,

for you I'll pine.

poco cresc.

I love you, say you love me! Meet me in the shade of the

rit. Fast

p

old ap-ple-tree, My Eev - a, Iv - a, Ov - a, Ev - a - line! My Ev - a-

My Ev-a-line, Say you'll be mine! *sempre p*

line, Say you'll be mine! Whis-per to me, honey, you'll be

My Ev-a-line, Say you'll be mine!

mine! 'Way down yon-der in the old corn-field for you I'll for you

I'll pine.

pine. Sweet-er than the honey to the honey-bee,

I'll pine.

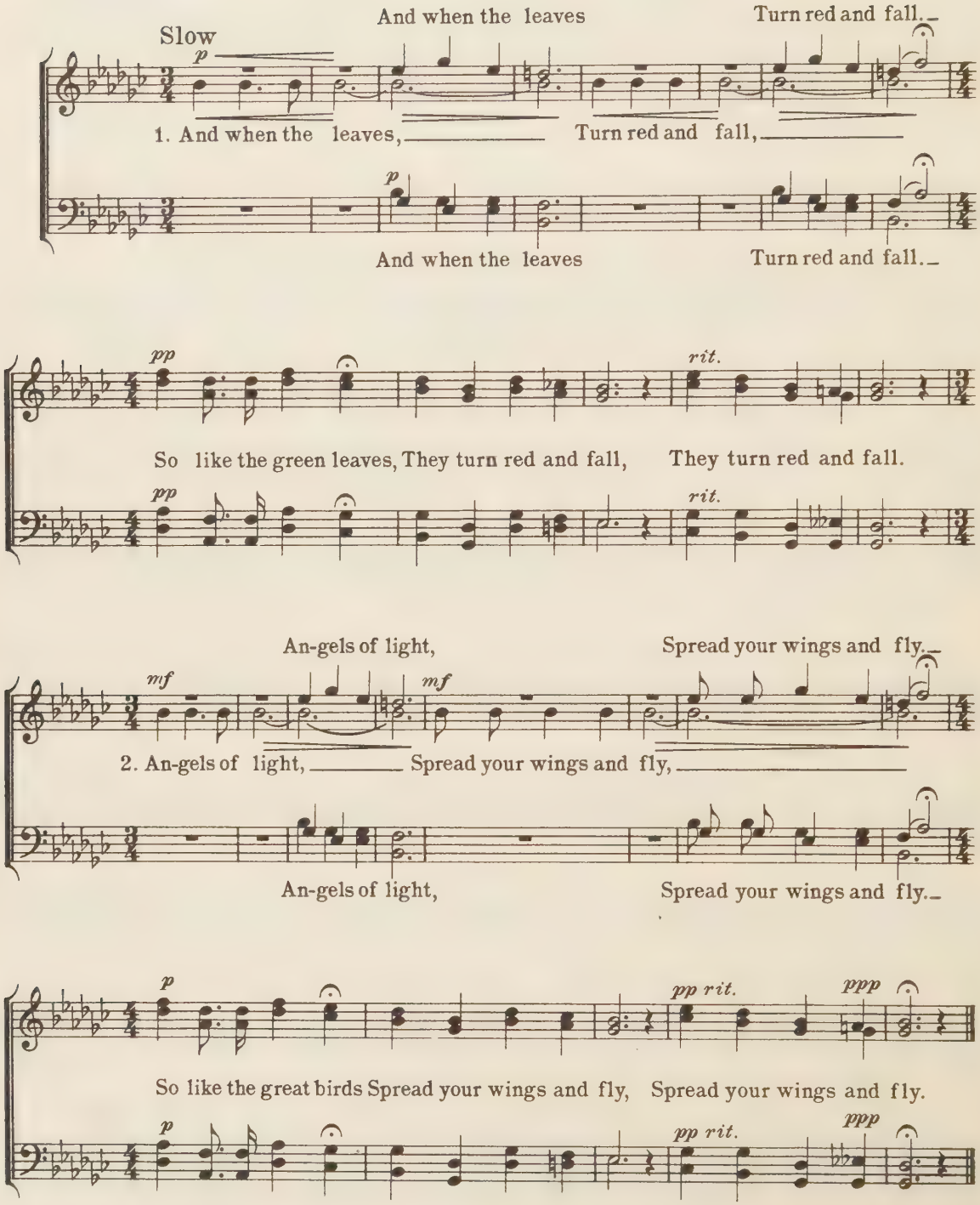
I love you, say you love me! Meet me in the shade of the

old ap-ple-tree, My Eev-a, Iv-a, Ov-a, Eev-a, *ac - - - - - - ce - -*

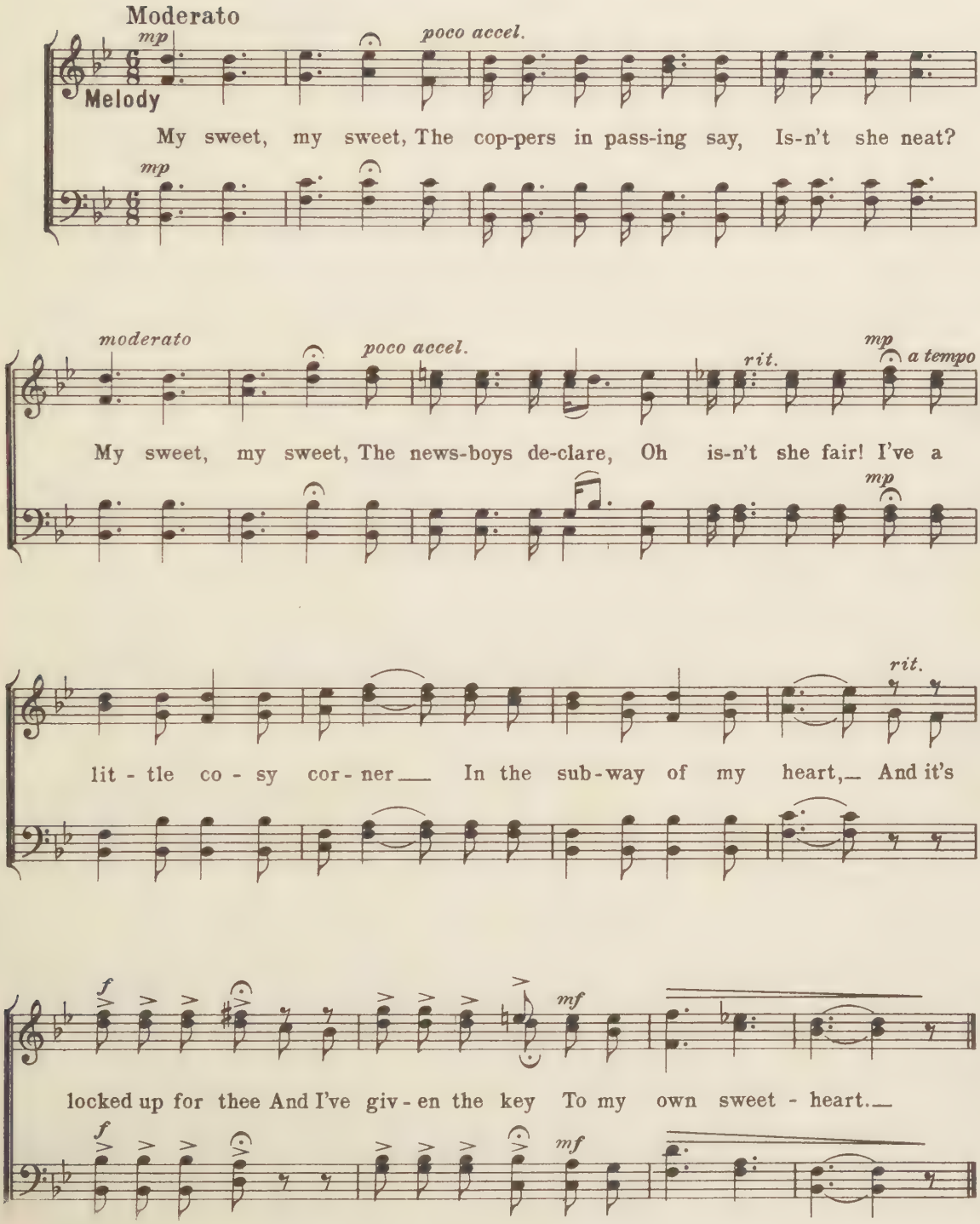
- - le - - - - - ran - - do *molto rall. e dim.*

Iv-a, Ov-a, Eev-a, Iv-a, Ov-a, Eev-a, Iv-a, Ev-a-line.

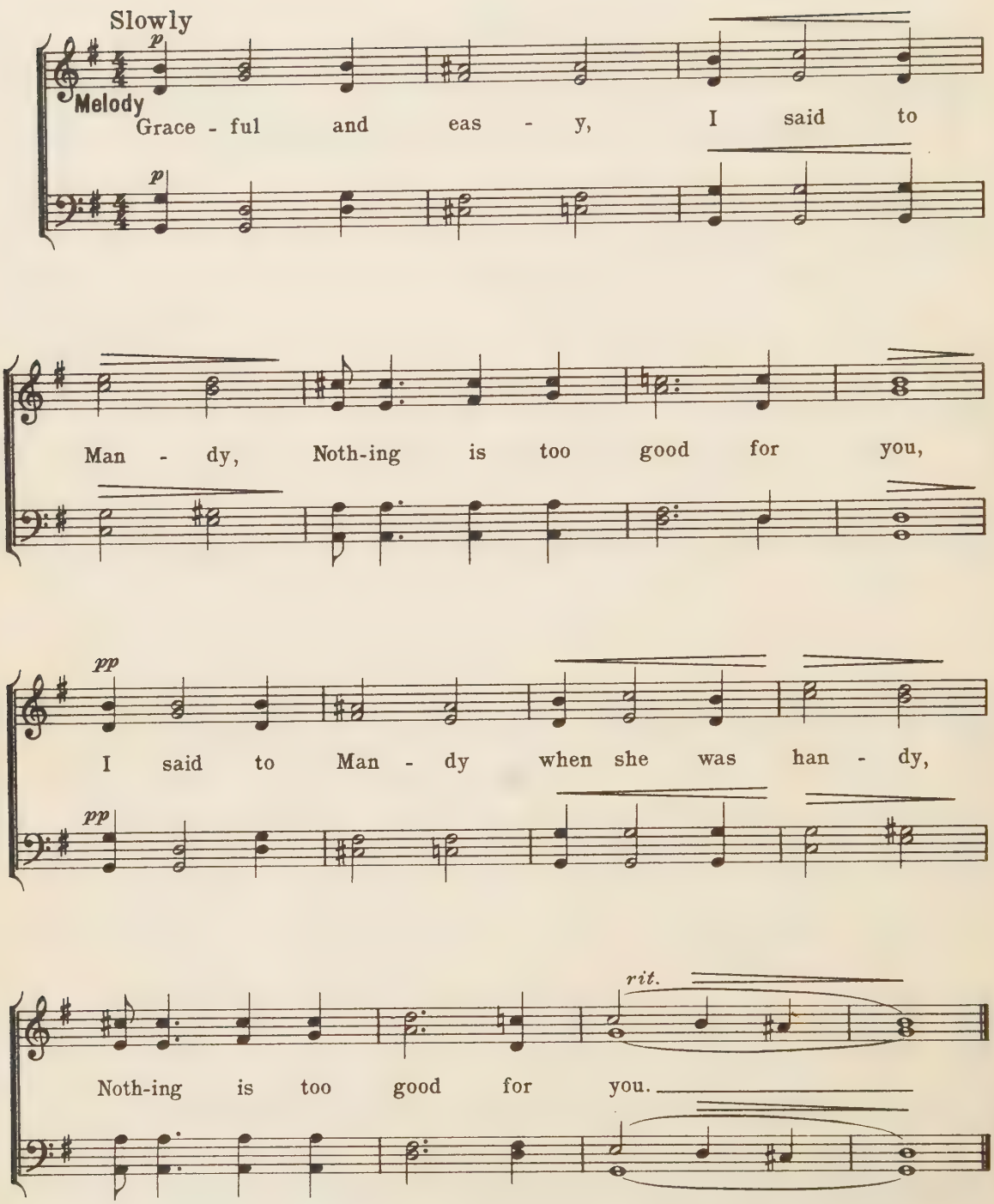
And when the leaves



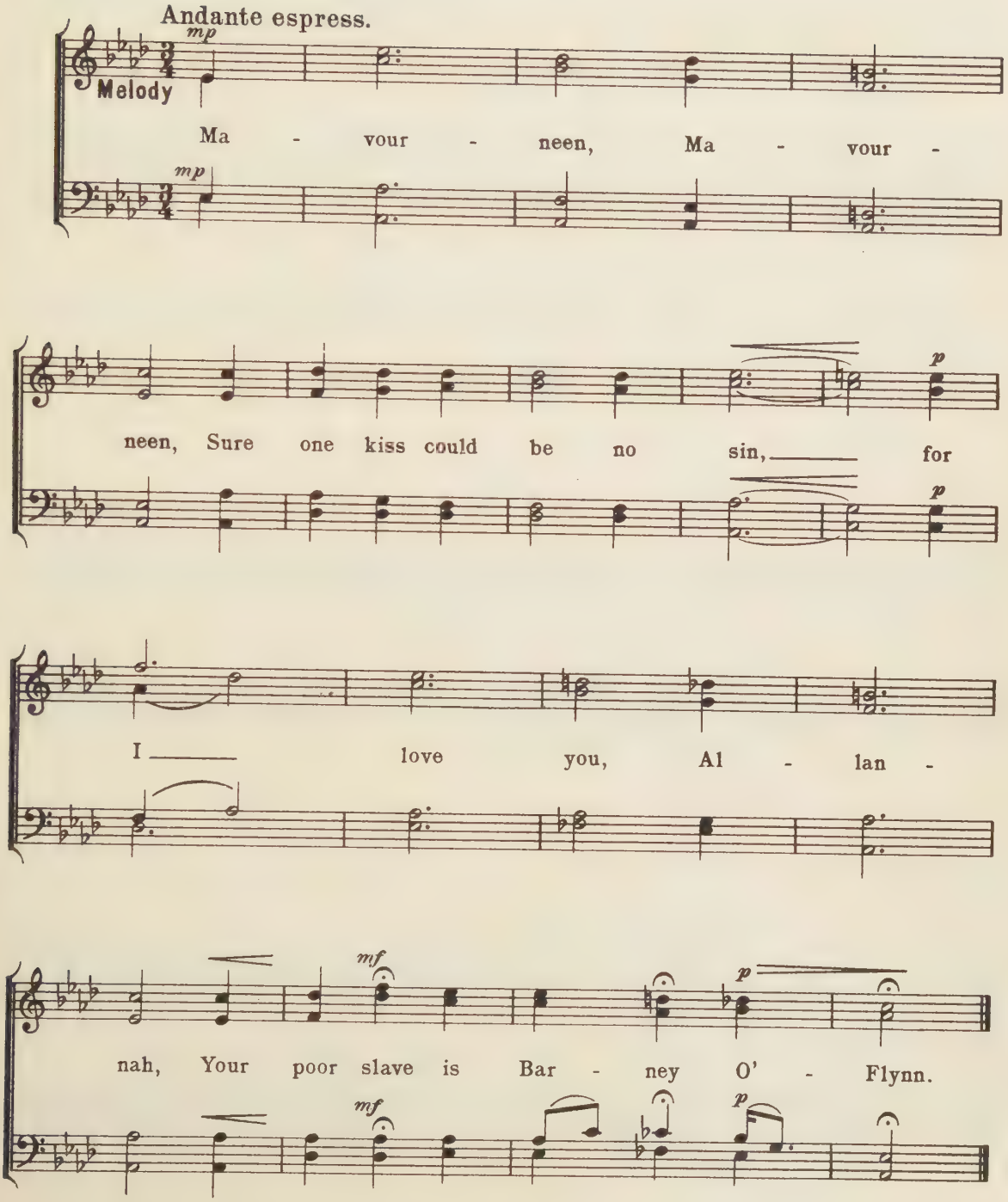
My sweet


Moderato
mp
poco accel.
Melody
My sweet, my sweet, The cop-pers in pass-ing say, Is-n't she neat?
mp
moderato
poco accel.
rit.
mp
a tempo
My sweet, my sweet, The news-boys de-clare, Oh is-n't she fair! I've a
mp
rit.
lit - tle co - sy cor - ner In the sub-way of my heart, And it's
f
mf
locked up for thee And I've giv - en the key To my own sweet - heart.
f
mf

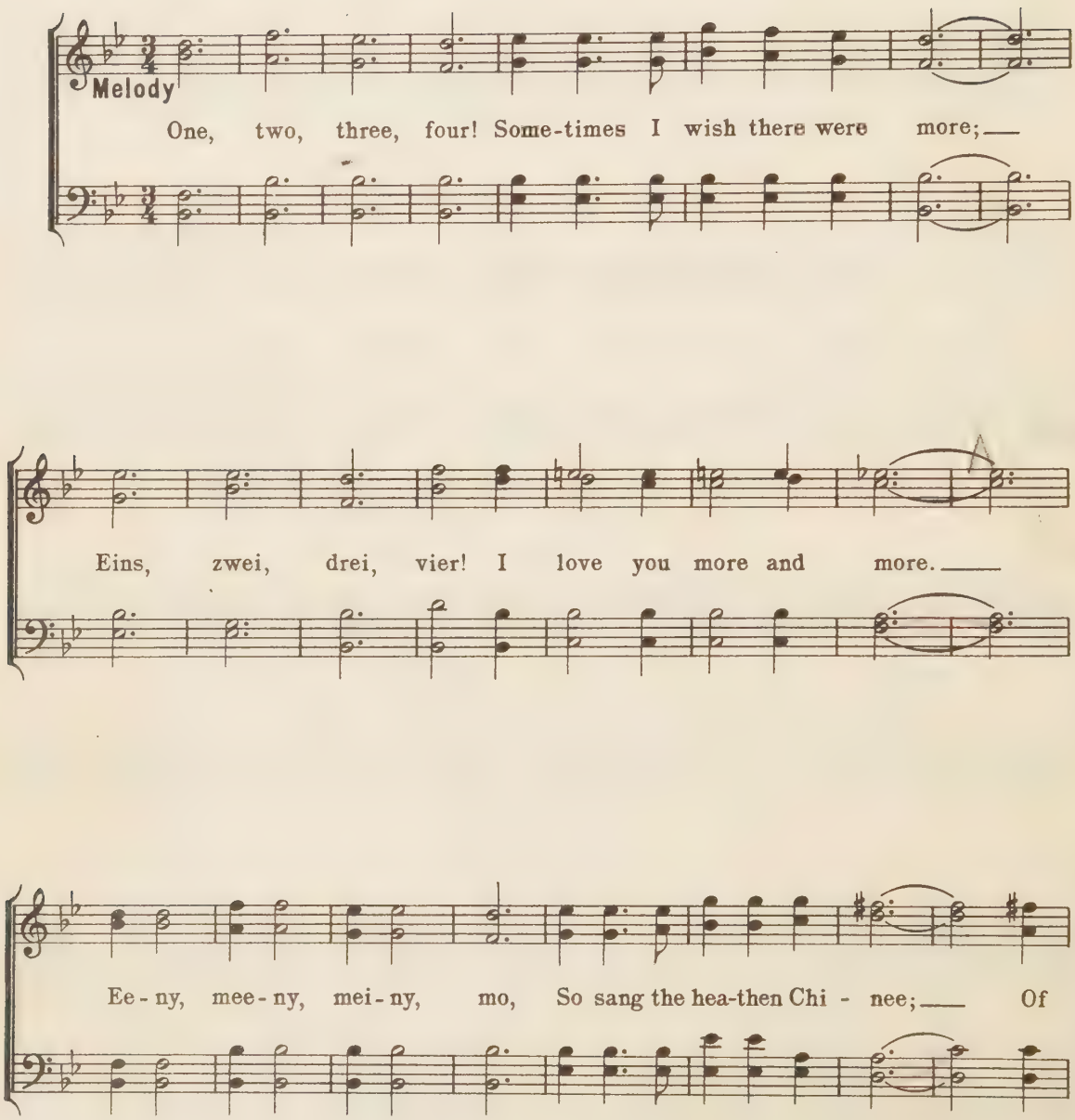
Graceful and easy

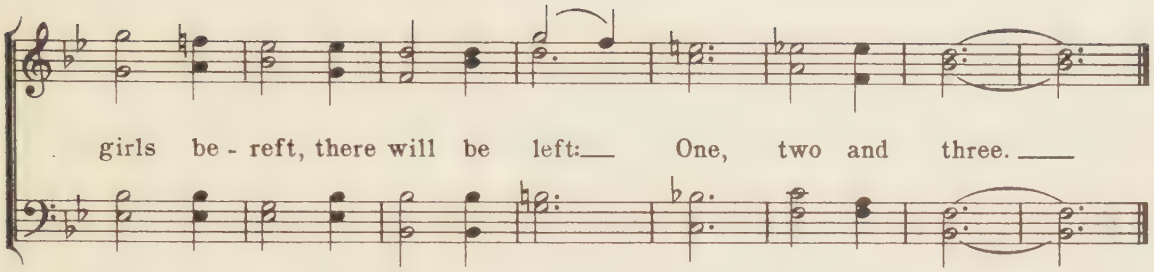


Mavourneen

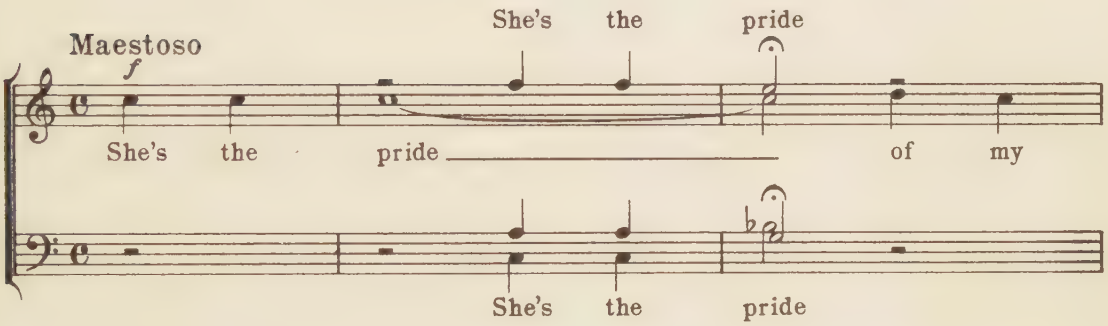

Andante espress.
mp
Melody
Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour -
mp
neen, Sure one kiss could be no sin, for
p
p
I love you, Al - lan -
mf
p
nah, Your poor slave is Bar - ney O' - Flynn.
mf
p

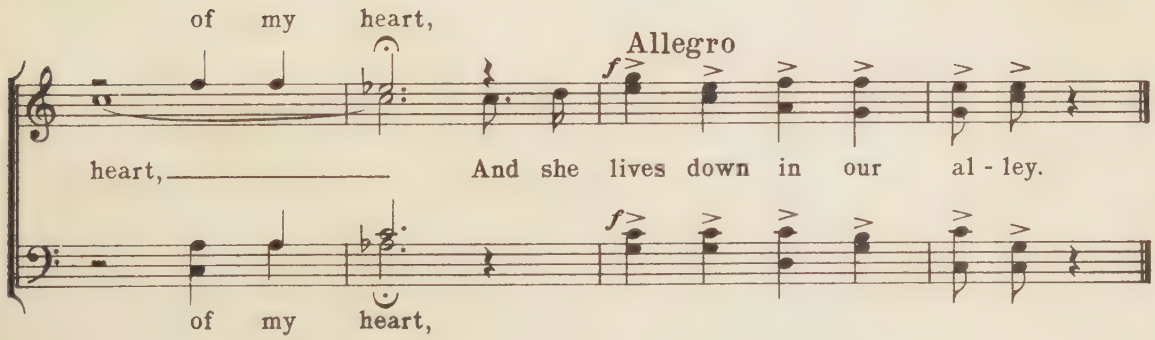
One, two, three, four





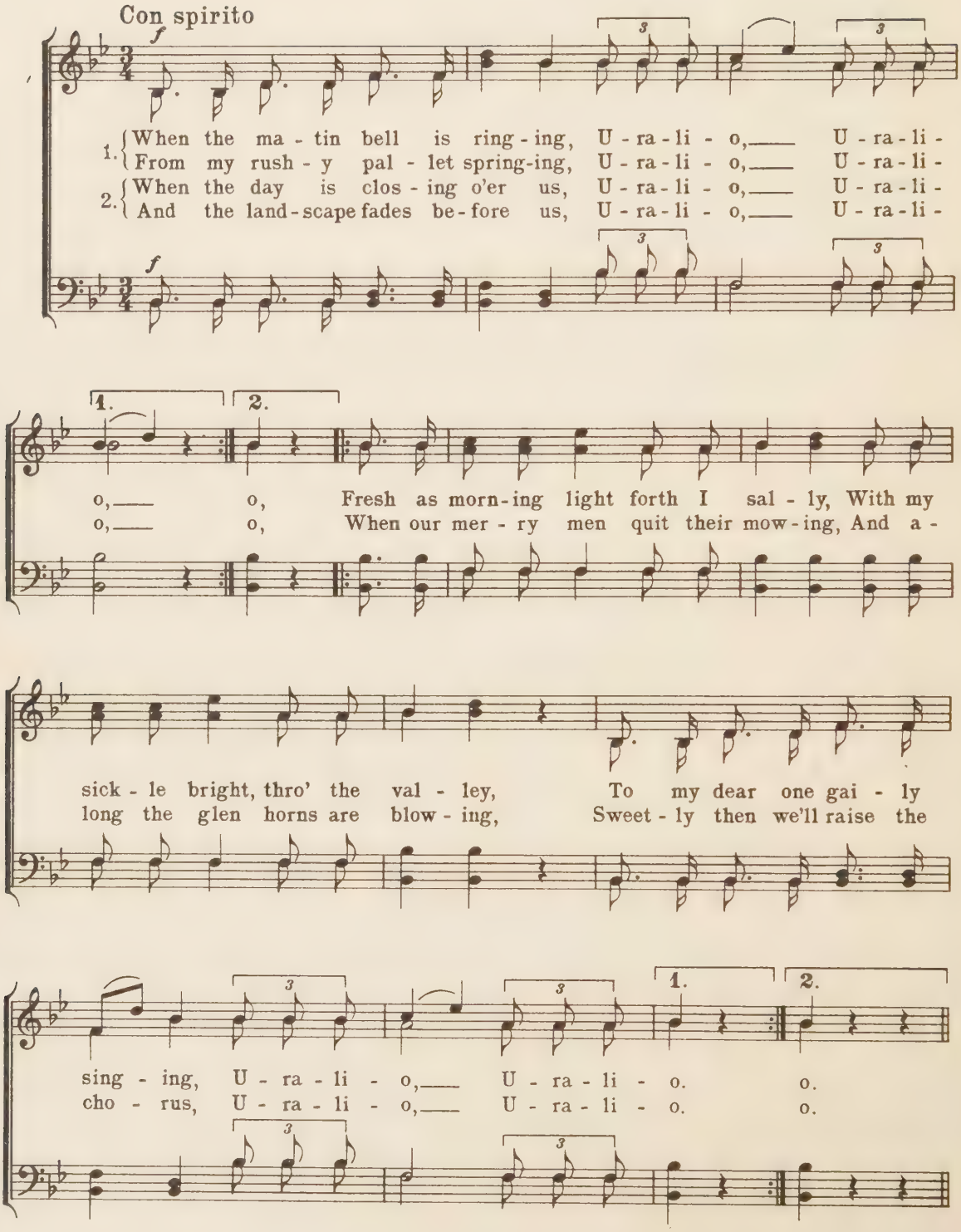
Sally in our Alley





YODELS

Matin Bell


Con spirito
f
1. When the ma - tin bell is ring - ing, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li -
From my rush - y pal - let spring-ing, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li -
2. When the day is clos - ing o'er us, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li -
And the land - scape fades be - fore us, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li -
1.
2.
o, o, Fresh as morn - ing light forth I sal - ly, With my
o, o, When our mer - ry men quit their mow - ing, And a -
sick - le bright, thro' the val - ley, To my dear one gai - ly
long the glen horns are blow - ing, Sweet - ly then we'll raise the
sing - ing, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li - o. o.
cho - rus, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li - o. o.

(Warble No. 1)

f

La la, la la, la la, la la, La la, la la la,

La la la la La la

La la, la la, La la, la la, la la, la la, la la la,

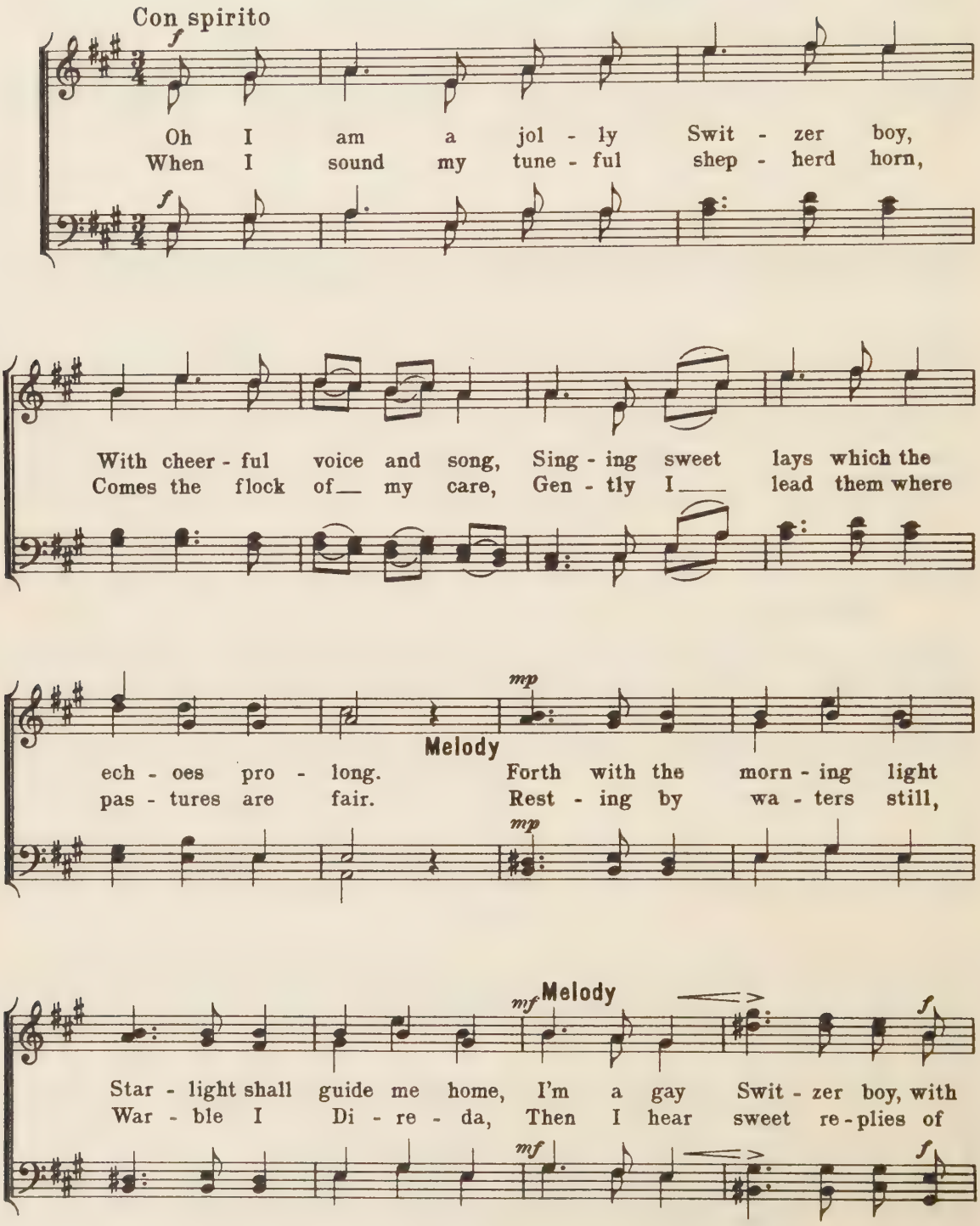
La la La la la la la

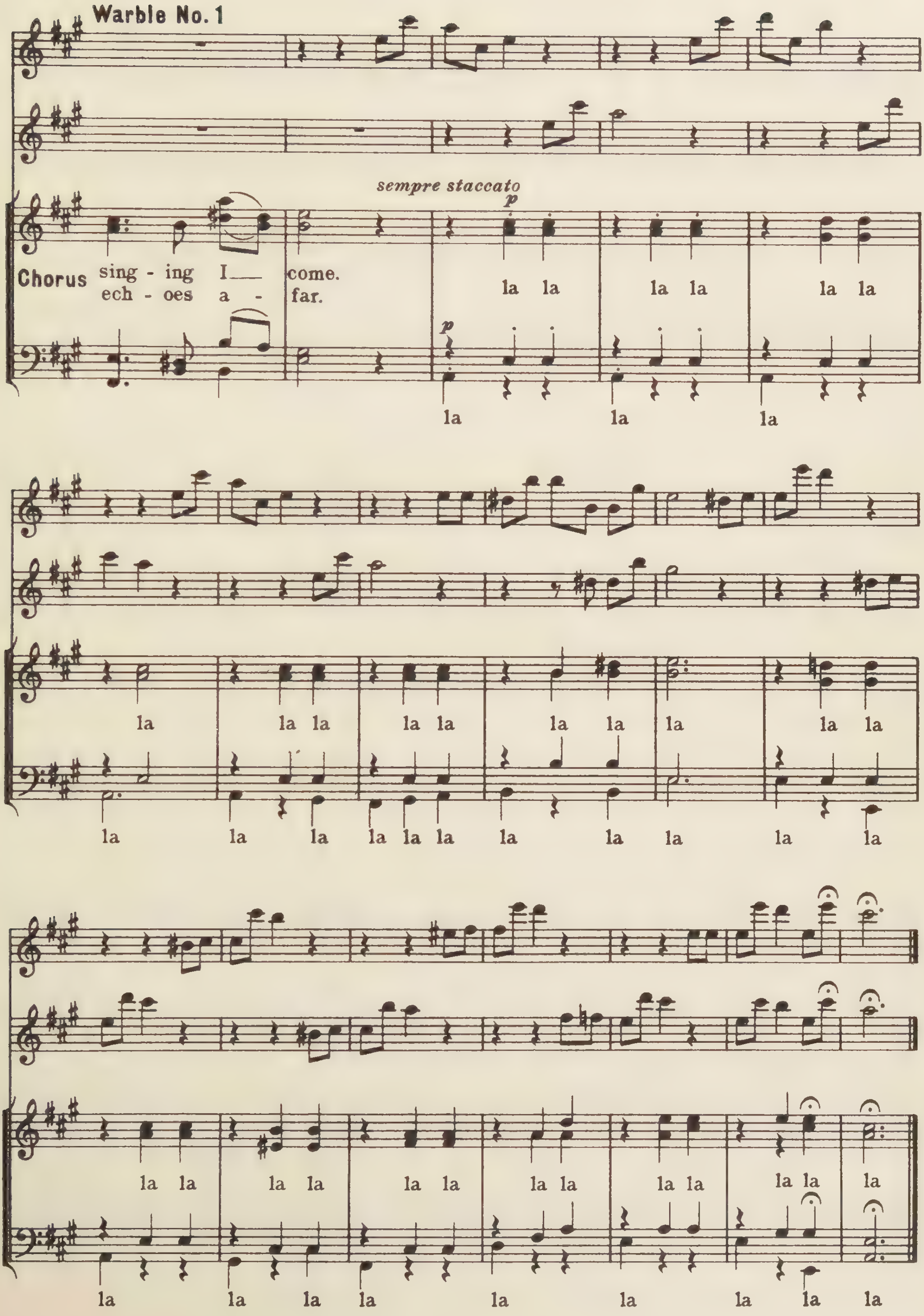
(Warble No. 2)

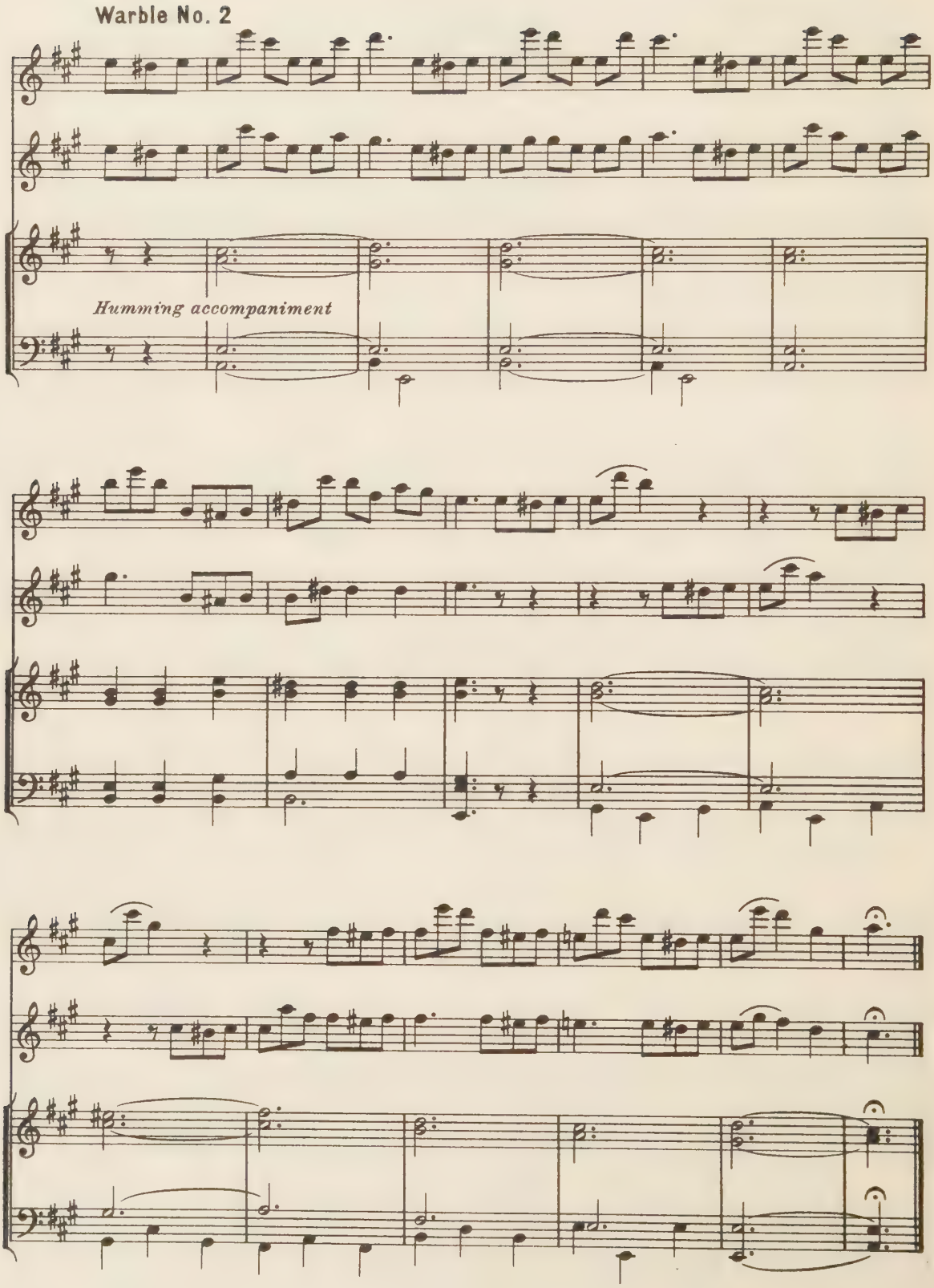
La la la la la la la

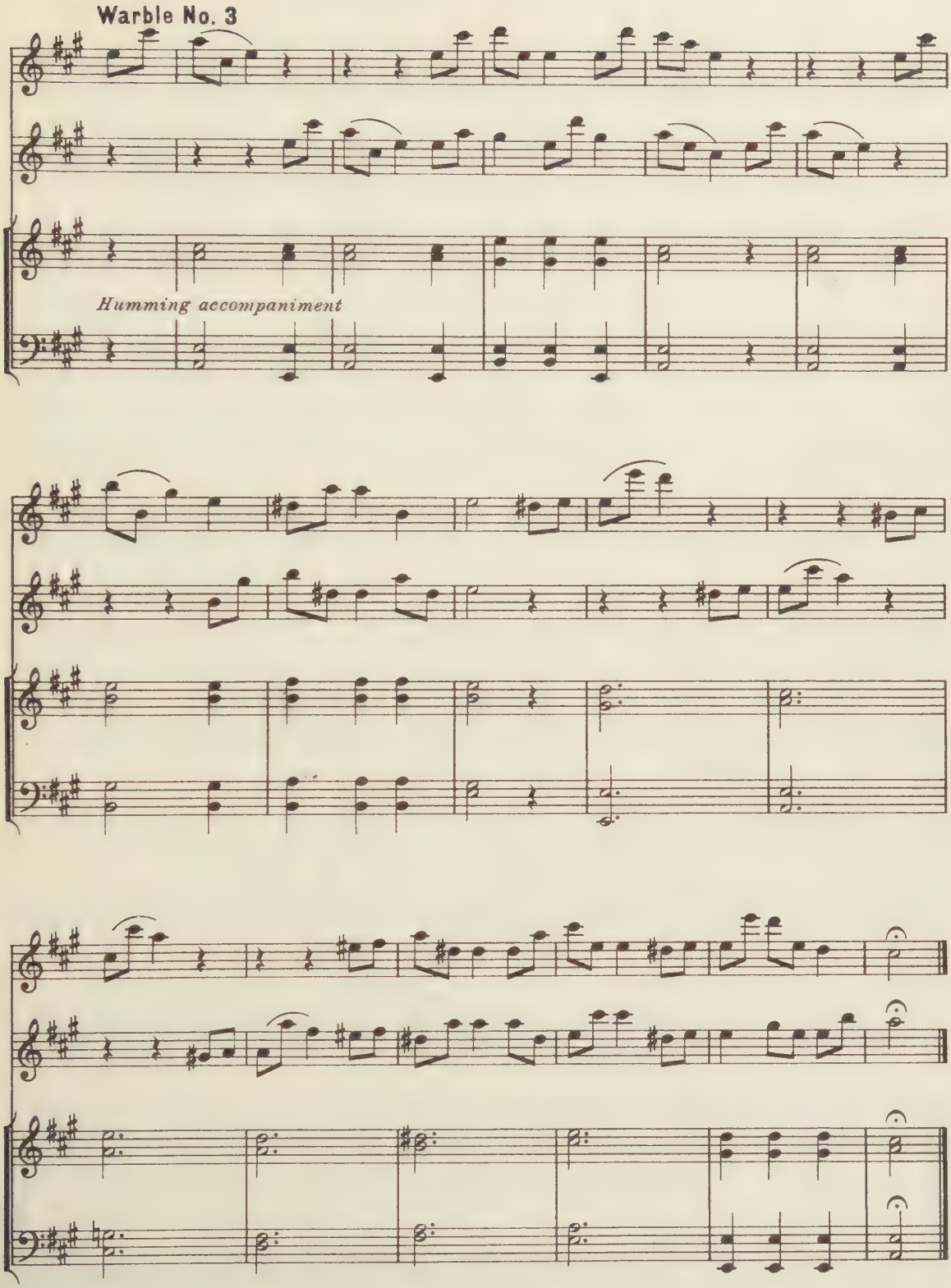
la, La la la la la la la.

Switzer Boy
(Double Yodel)




Warble No. 1
sempre staccato
p
Chorus
sing - ing I come.
ech - oes a - far.
la la la la la la
p
la la la
la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la


Warble No. 2
Humming accompaniment


Warble No. 3
Humming accompaniment

Come, Rally Tonight

Allegro moderato

f

1. Come, ral - ly to - night, my boys, sing of old Yale, Her fame is our
2. All hail to the friend-ship that binds us in one, Our hearts warm-er
3. As green as the i - vy when chill-ing snows fall, Those hearts in the

f

mf *rit.*

glo - ry, our love can-not fail, What-ev - er be-tide her, we're loy - al and
grow as the hap - py years run; Let sor-row's cloud ga-ther, we'll laugh as it
win-ter of life shall re - call The fair hours of youth, and with heart-i - est

mf

Warble

rit. *a tempo*

sure, We'll war - ble her prais - es while life shall en - dure.
lowers, Light - heart-ed and gay as this war - ble of ours.
praise, Shall bless thee, dear Yale, for their hap - pi - est days.

rit.

pp

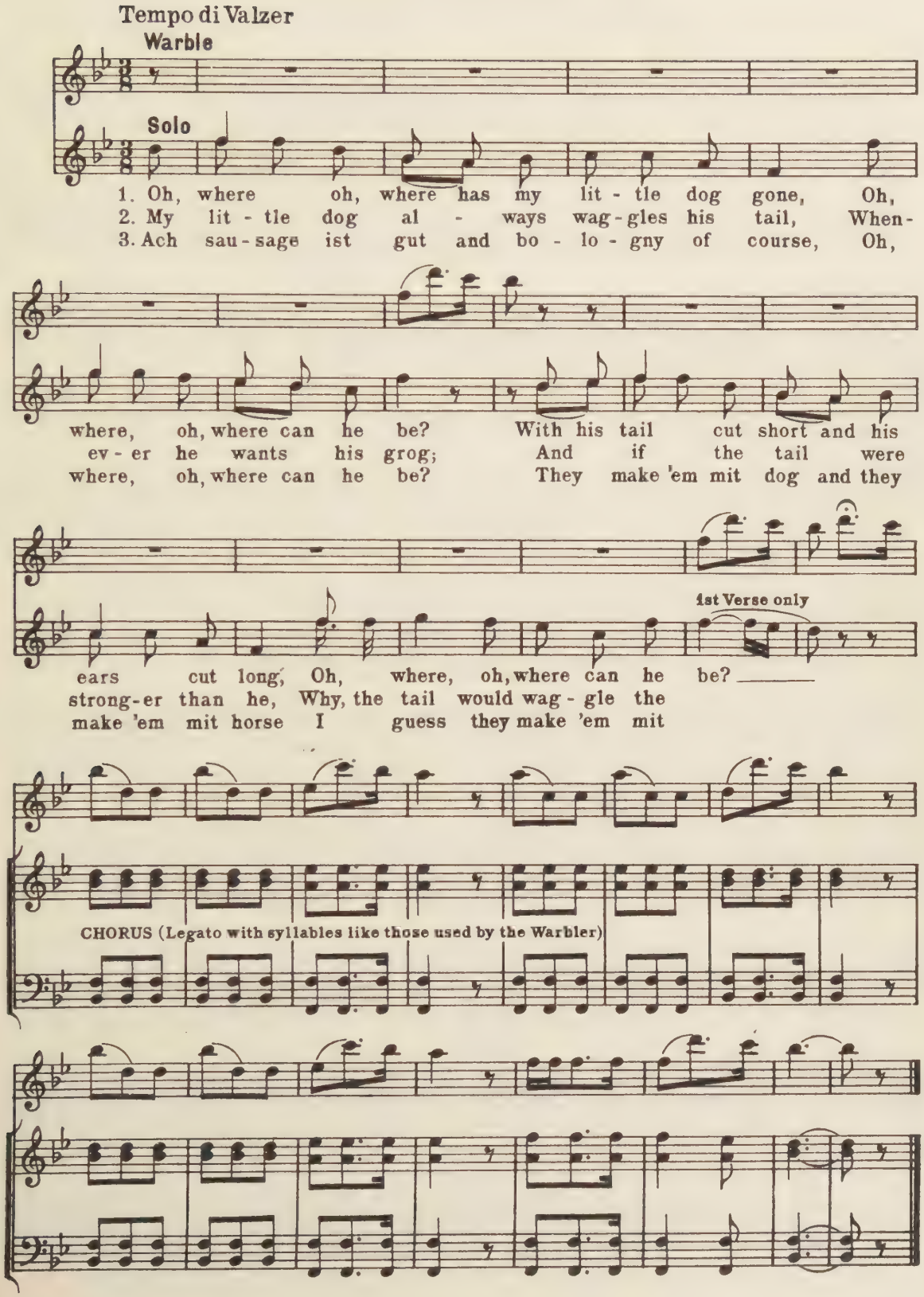
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

pp

pp

la la la la la la la la

Little Dog


Tempo di Valzer
Warble
Solo
1. Oh, where oh, where has my lit - tle dog gone, Oh,
2. My lit - tle dog al - ways wag - gles his tail, When-
3. Ach sau - sage ist gut and bo - lo - gny of course, Oh,
where, oh, where can he be? With his tail cut short and his
ev - er he wants his grog; And if the tail were
where, oh, where can he be? They make 'em mit dog and they
1st Verse only
ears cut long, Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
strong - er than he, Why, the tail would wag - gle the
make 'em mit horse I guess they make 'em mit
CHORUS (Legato with syllables like those used by the Warbler)

The Deitch Company

Alla Marcia

f

1. Oh when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,

Then you may know that the Deitch have come; For the

Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny, That ev-er came o-ver from

Refrain

mp *cresc.*

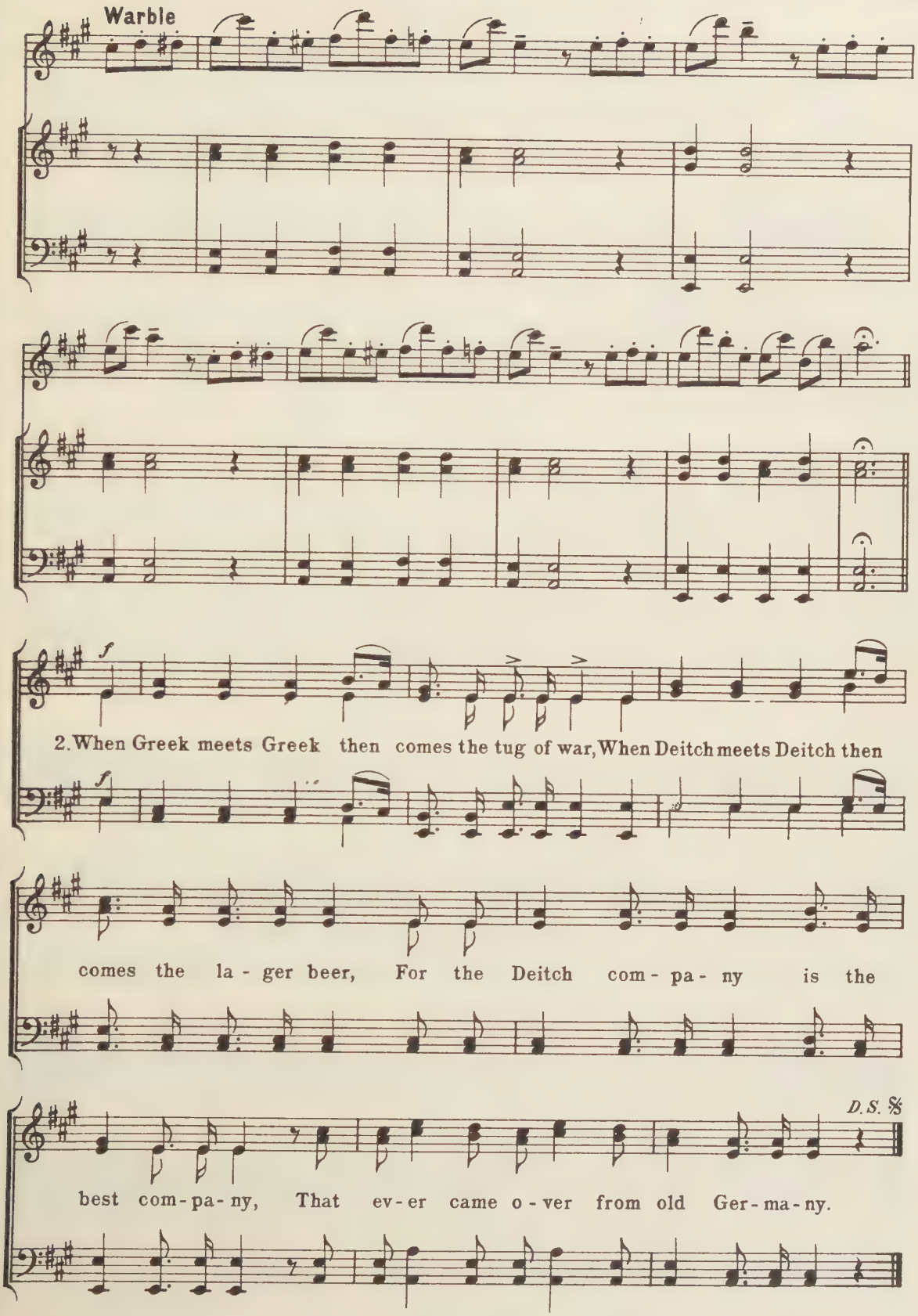
old Ger-ma-ny. Ho-ra, Ho-ra Ho-ra la la la la, Ho-ra, ho-ra,

mp

f *ff* *Fine*

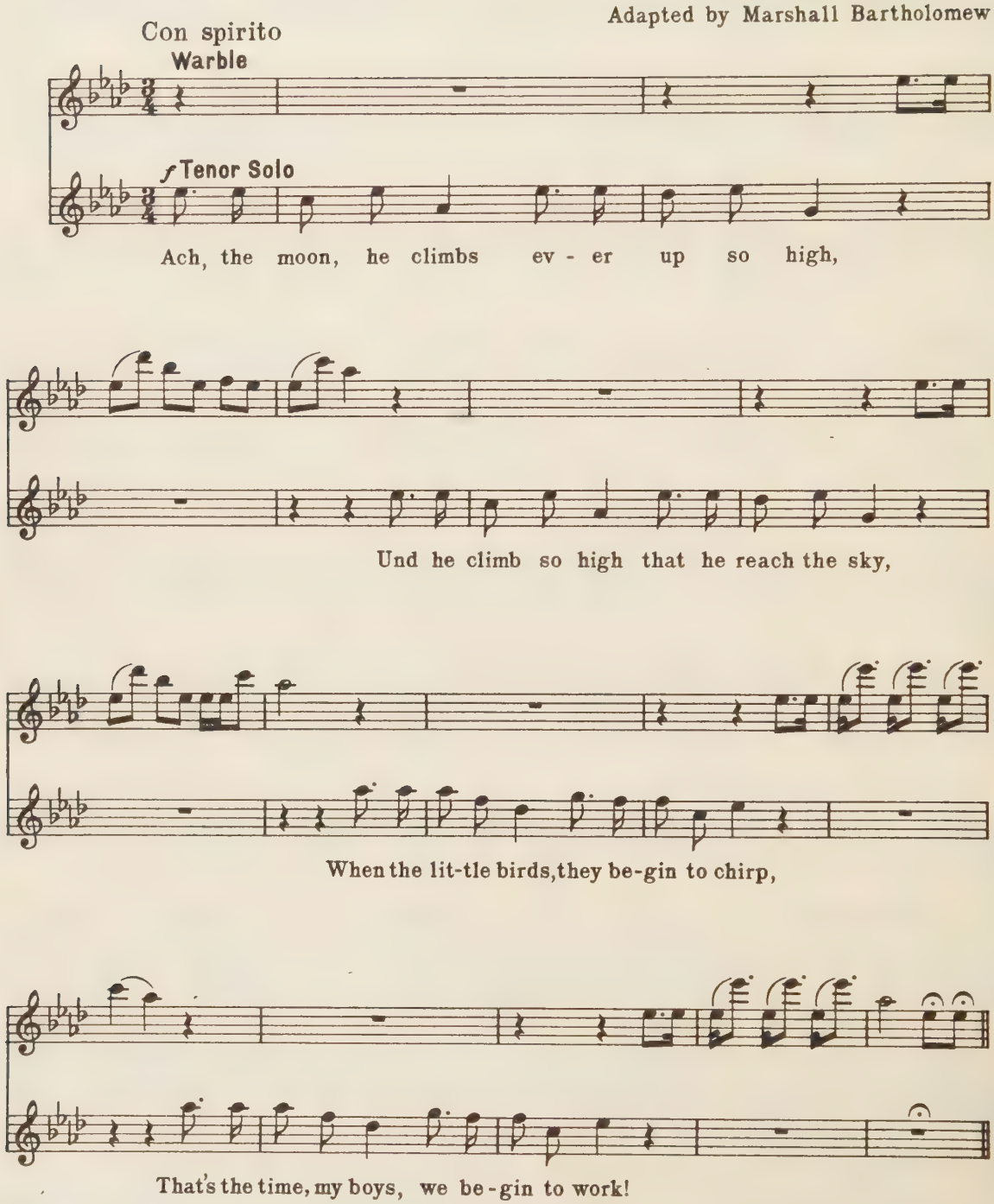
ho-ra la la la la Tra la la la la Tra la la la la Heis mine oys-ter raw.

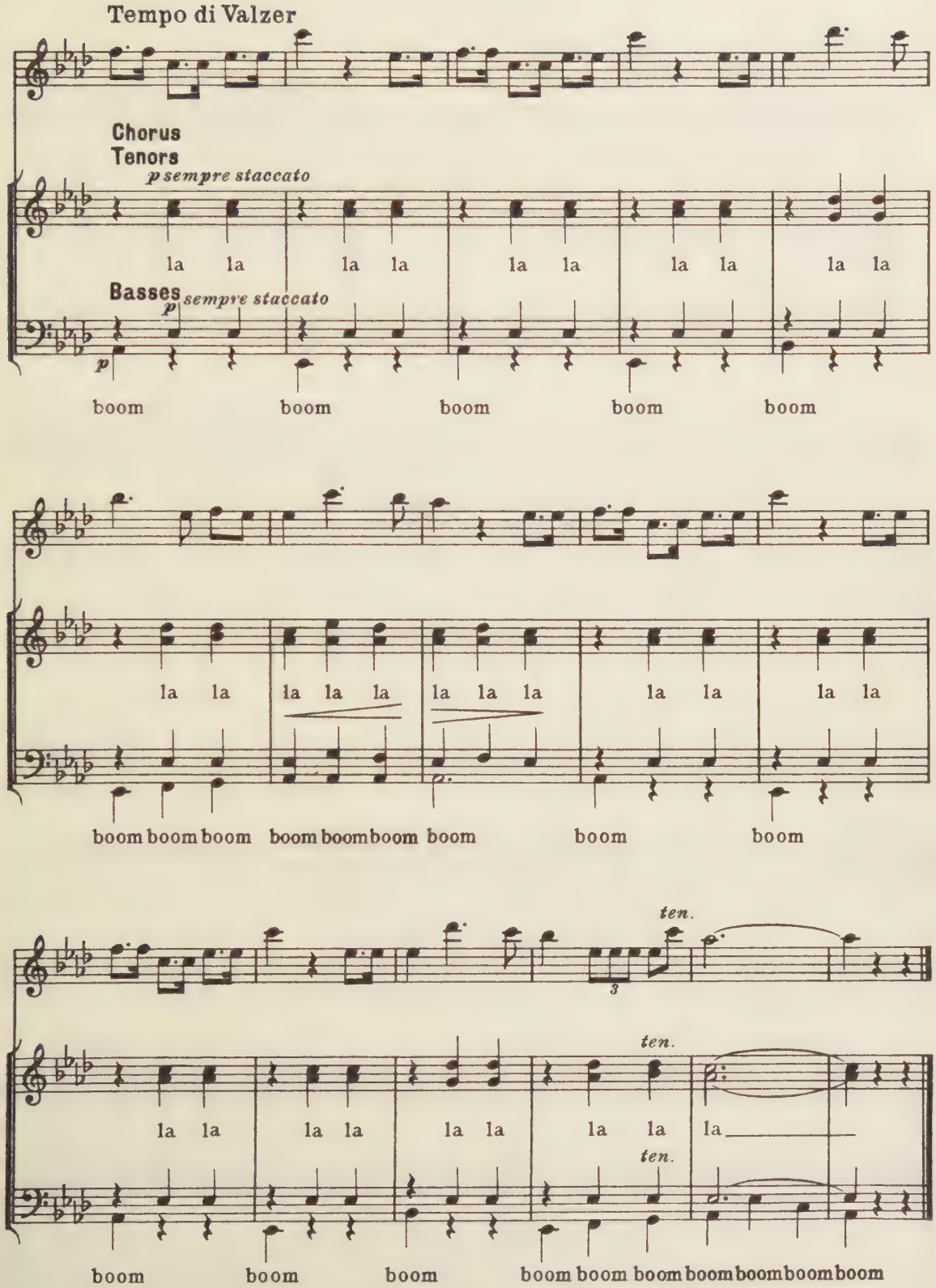
f *ff*


Warble
2. When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch then
comes the la - ger beer, For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the
D.S. %
best com - pa - ny, That ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - ma - ny.

Ach, the Moon Climbs High

German Folk-Tune
Adapted by Marshall Bartholomew




Tempo di Valzer
Chorus
Tenors
p sempre staccato
la la la la la la la la la la
Basses
p sempre staccato
p
boom boom boom boom boom
la la la la la la la la la la la la
boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom
ten.
3
la la la la la la la la la
ten.
ten.
boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom

Jolly Life

F. B. Kellogg, '83

Molto con spirito

f Solo — Warble

1. Up, my lads and sing! Let the ech-oes ring! tra-la la la la
2. While to-geth-er we Live this life so free, tra-la la la la

p

Chorus — La la la la la la

p La la la

Solo — Warble

la Care, we bid thee fly, To thy dun-geon hie! tra-la la la la
la And with mi-ser hand, Grasp its glid-ing sand, tra-la la la la

la la la la la la la la

la la la la

la tra-la la la la

la *mf* *p*

Heart and hand we stand, One u-nit-ed band,
la Let us hold as gold ev-'ry mo-ment told, la la

f *p*

Melody *p* la

la tra-la la la la la

mf *p*

"Am-i-ci" on high, Raise we loud the cry.
la And with song pro-long Friend-ship true and strong. la la la

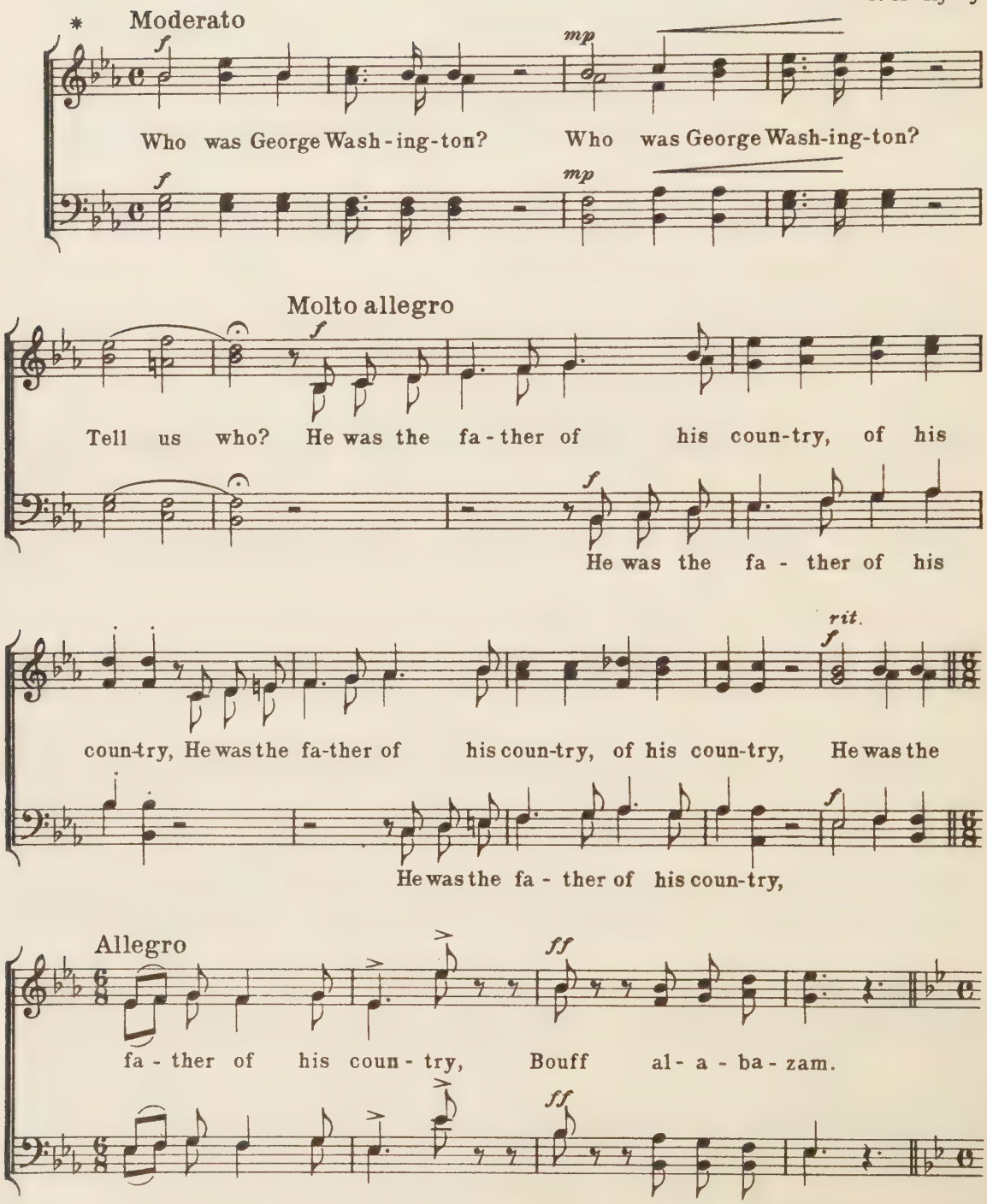
f *p*

p la

HUMOROUS SONGS

George Washington

J. H. Ryley



* For concert purposes best sing one half tone higher in E.

p legato

Who was George Wash-ing-ton? Who was George

p

The fa-ther of his coun-try.

cresc.

Wash-ing-ton? Who was George Wash-ing-ton? O

The fa-ther of his coun-try,

poco rit.

a tempo

tell us who?

p sempre staccato

The fa-ther of his coun-try, the

Who was George

fa-ther of his coun-try, the fa-ther of his coun-try, the

Wash - ing - ton?

p

fa - ther of his coun - try, the fa - ther of his coun - try, the

Who was George

fa - ther of his coun - try, the fa - ther of his coun - try, the

Wash - ing - ton?

fa - ther of his coun - try, the fa - ther of his coun - try.

f

poco rit.

accel.

Who was George Wash-ing-ton? O tell us who? The

f

Who was he? O

Con brio

first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his coun-try-men,

Allegro

Molto allegro

of his coun-try men;— The first in war, the first in peace, and the

And the

first in the hearts of his coun - try -

first in the hearts of his coun- try - men, Yes, the first in the hearts of his

men,——— The first in the hearts of his

coun - try - men, Yes, the

coun - try - men, in the hearts of his coun - try - men,

Vivace

Yes, the first in the hearts of his coun-try-men. **Dance** A - men.

Upidee

Allegro

Solo

mf

1. The shades of night were a - com - ing down swift,
2. O'er his high fore - head curled co - pi - ous hair,

Chorus

U - pi - dee, U - pi - da; And the snow was a - heap - ing up
U - pi - dee, U - pi - da; He'd a Ro - man nose and com -

Solo

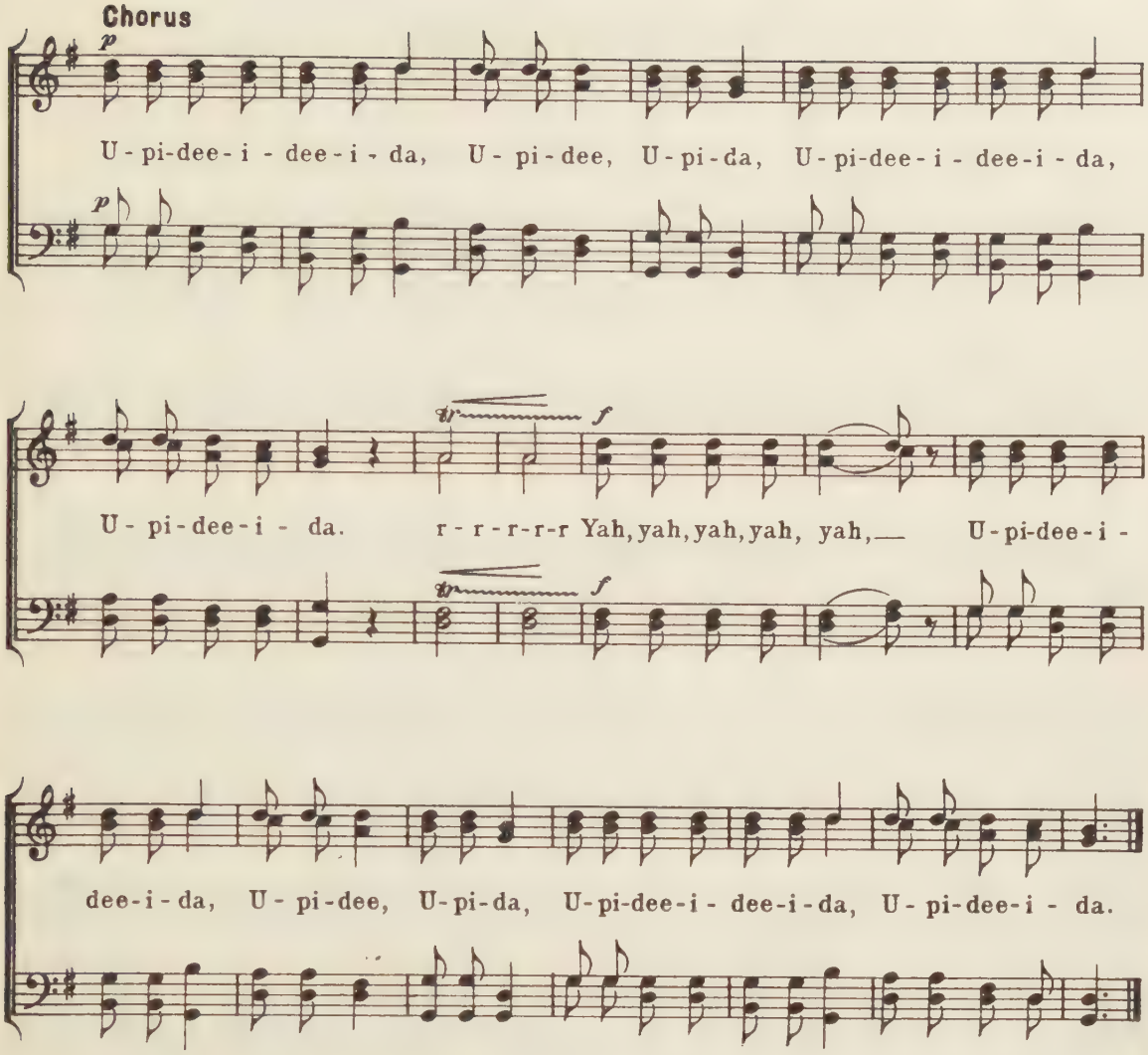
Chorus

drift on drift, U - pi - dee - i - da. Thro' a Yan - kee vil - lage a
plec - tion fair; U - pi - dee - i - da. He'd a bright blue eye, and an

Solo

youth did go, Carryin' a flag with this mot - to:
au - burn lash, And he ev - er kept a - shout - in' thro' his mous - tache:

Chorus



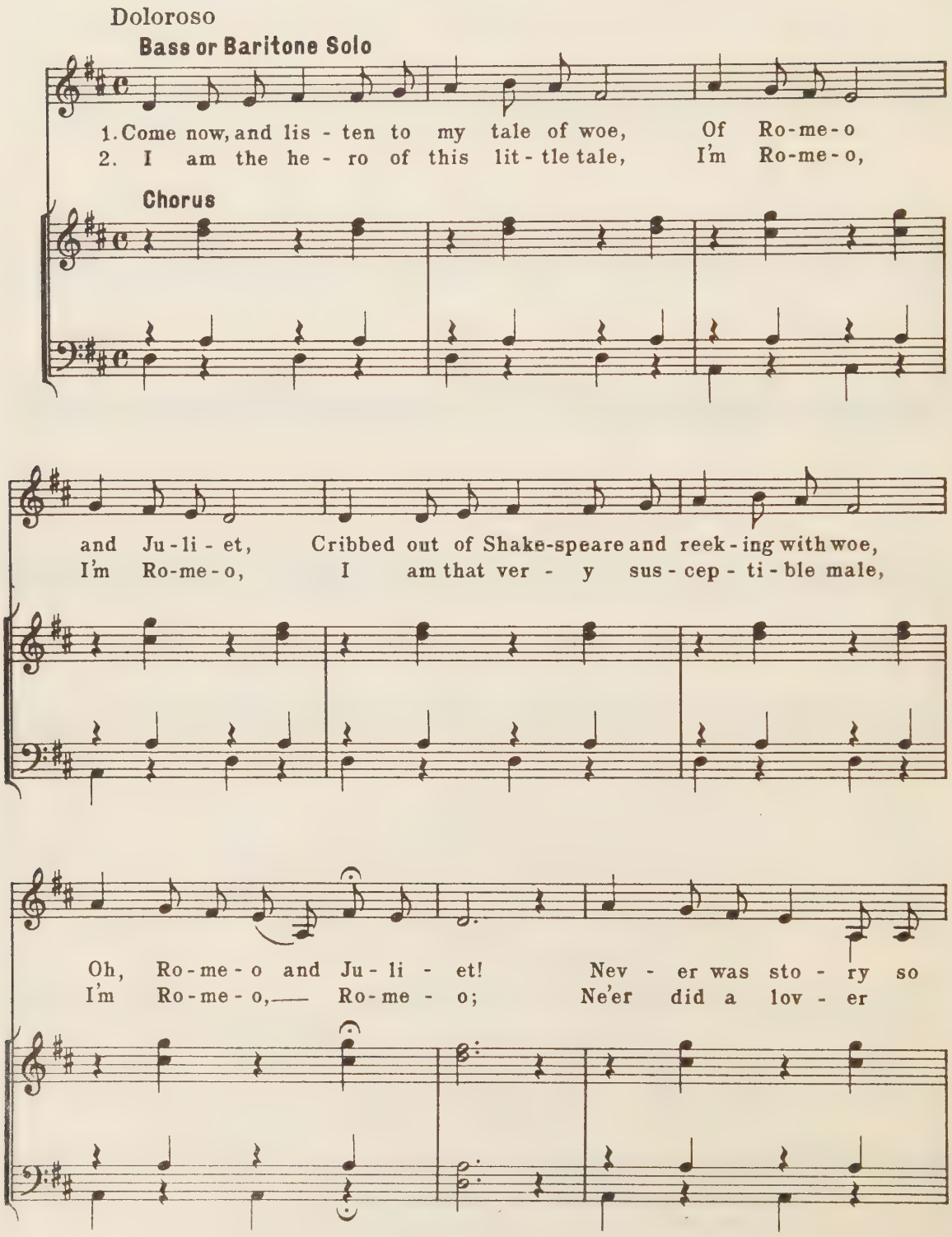
3. "Oh, don't go up," said an old man; "stop!
It's blowing gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on the t'other side,"
But the hurrying stranger still replied:
Chorus

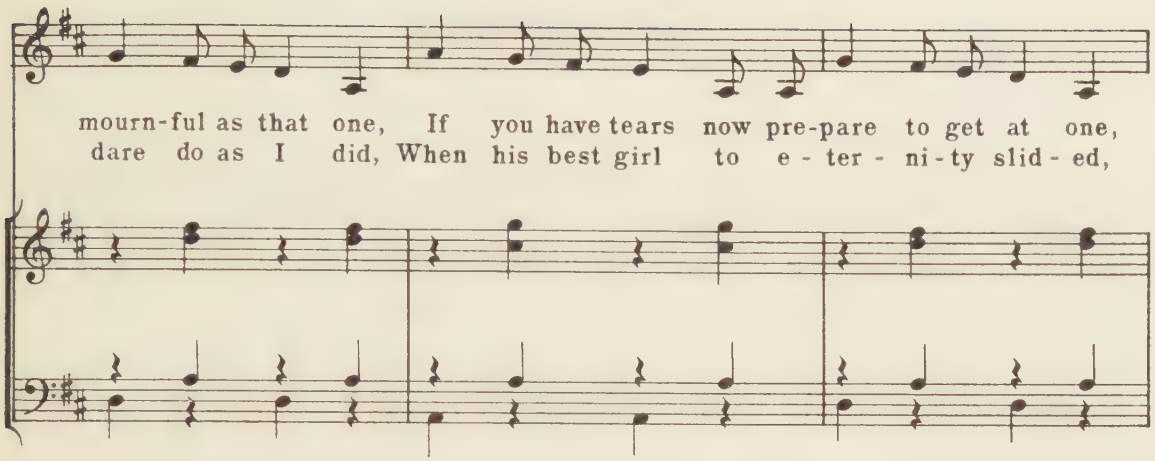
4. "Oh, don't go up such a shocking bad night,
Come rest in this lap," said a maiden bright;
A tear on his Roman nose did come,
But still he remarked, as up he clumb:
Chorus

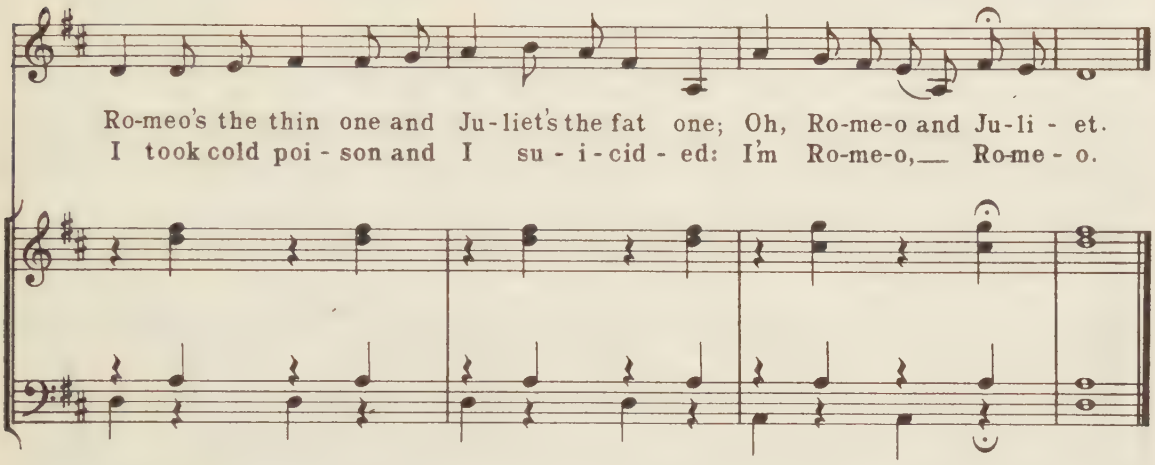
5. He saw thro' the windows as he kept a-gettin' upper,
A number of families sitting at supper;
He eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
But fled as he cried, and cried while a-fleein':
Chorus

6. Yes, he's dead, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his life's entirely gone out,
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin',
And there was no more use for him to be a-sayin':
Chorus

Romeo and Juliet







3

I am the heroine of this tale of woe,
  I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet,
I am the lady who "mashed" Romeo,
  I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet;
Locked in the prison, no pickaxe to force it,
Nasty old hole, scarce room to stand or sit,
I up and stabbed myself right through the corset:
  I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet.

4

This of my tale is the short and the long,
  Of Romeo and Juliet,
This is the moral of my little song,
  Of Romeo and Juliet;
Lovers, I warn you, always be wary,
Don't buy your drinks of an apothecary,
Don't stab yourself in the left pulmonary,
  Like Romeo and Juliet.

Michael Roy

Moderato

Baritone Solo

1. In Brook-lyn cit - y there once did dwell A maid-en known to fame, Her
2. She fell in love with a char-coal-man, Mc Clus - ky was his name, His

p

Chorus la la la la la la la la

moth - er's name was Ma - ry Ann, And hers was Ma - ry Jane; And
fight - in' weight was seven stone ten, And he lov'd sweet Ma - ry Jane; He

la la la la la la la la

ev - 'ry Sat-ur-day morn - ing She used to go o-ver the riv - er To
took her to ride in his char-coal cart, All on a St. Pat - rick's day, Till the

la la la la la la la la

Ful - ton mar-ket where she sold tripe And sau - sa-ges, like-wise liv - er.
don-key took fright at a Jer - sey-man, And start-ed and ran a - way.

la la la la la la la la

Chorus
Con spirito

f

For O, for O, he was my dar - ling boy, For

f

For O, for O, he was my dar - ling boy, For

he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy.

he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy.

Erie Canal

Freely arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Con spirito ♩= 108

Voices

Piano

Solo

1. I got a mule, her name is Sal,
2. Git up there Sal, we passed that lock,

Chorus

Fif-teen miles on the

Solo

Er-ie Ca-nal! She's a good old wor-ker and a good old pal,
And we'll make Rome 'fore six o'-clock,

Fif-teen miles on the

Solo

Er-ie Ca-nal! We've hauled some bar-ges in 'our day, Filled with lum-ber, coal and hay, And
Just one more trip and back we'll go Through the rain and sleet and snow, Cause

poco meno mosso *rit.*

we know ev - 'ry inch of the way From Al - ba-ny to Buf - fa - lo.

we know ev - 'ry inch of the way From Al - ba-ny to Buf - fa - lo.

rit.

Refrain
Tempo I°

mp **Tenors**

Melody in 2nd Tenor

Low bridge, ev - 'ry - bo - dy down, Low bridge, 'cause we're

mp **Basses**

2nd time pp

com - ing to a town, And you'll al - ways know your neigh - bor; You'll

Ped. * Ped. *

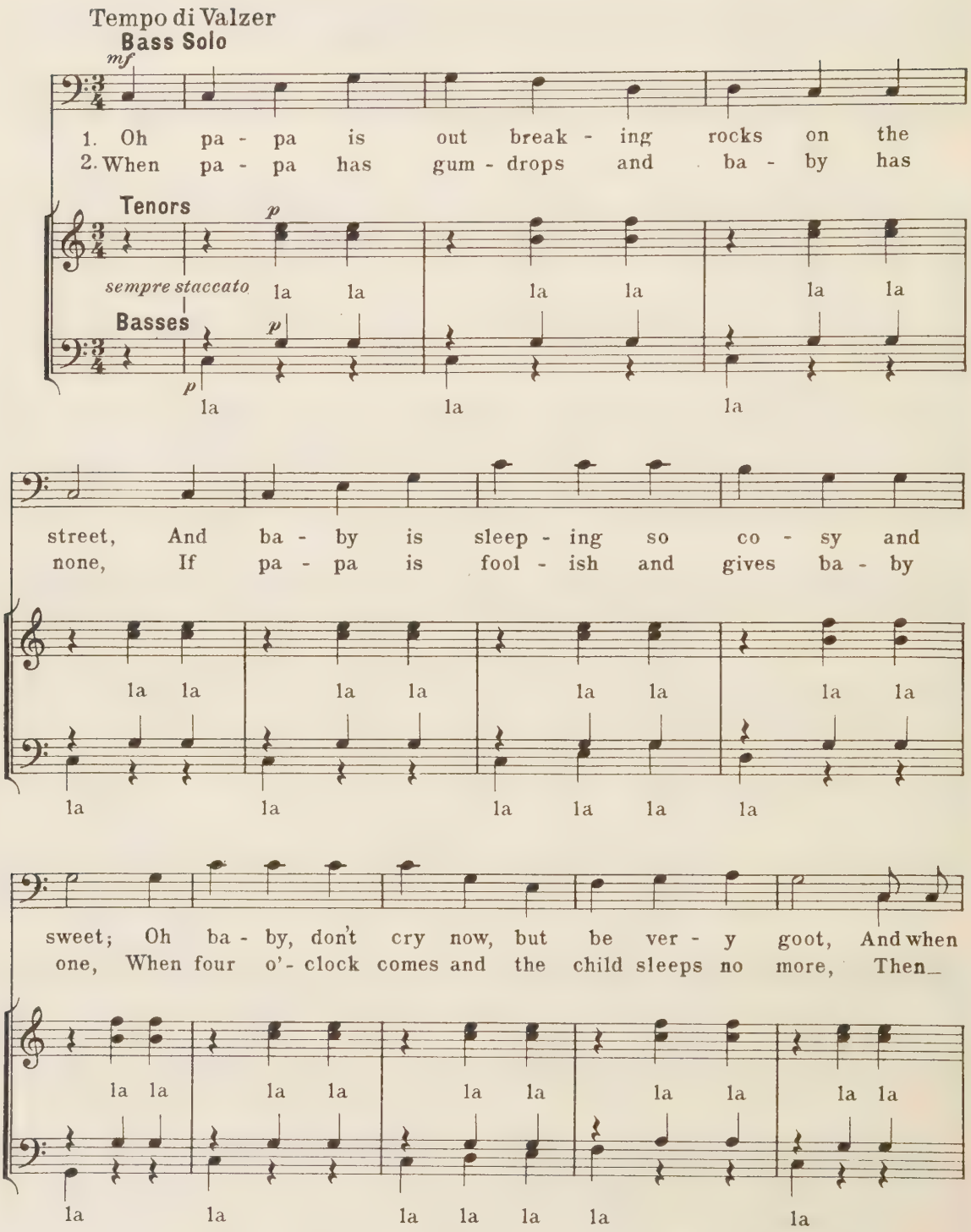
mf

al-ways know your pal, If you ev - er na - vi-gat - ed on the Er-ie Can-al.

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Tourelay


Tempo di Valzer
Bass Solo
mf
1. Oh pa - pa is out break - ing rocks on the
2. When pa - pa has gum - drops and ba - by has
Tenors
p
sempre staccato
la la la la la la
Basses
p
p
la la la
street, And ba - by is sleep - ing so co - sy and
none, If pa - pa is fool - ish and gives ba - by
la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la
sweet; Oh ba - by, don't cry now, but be ver - y goot, And when
one, When four o'- clock comes and the child sleeps no more, Then
la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la

pa-pa comes home he'll bring you cig - a - root. Tou - re - lay!
pa-pa stays up all night pac - ing the floor!

la la la la la la la Tou - re -

la la la la la la la la

Tou - re - lay! With my fil - a - ga dee-sha, skin - a - ma-

lay! Tou - re - lay! With my fil - a - ga dee-sha, skin - a - ma-

roo-sha, bal-der - al - da boom ta - de - ay! Tou - re - lay! Tou - re -

roo-sha, bal-der - al - da boom ta - de - ay! Tou - re - lay!

poco rit.

lay! And the pride of the house is pa-pa's ba - bie.

poco rit.

Tou - re - lay! And the pride of the house is pa-pa's ba - bie.

Rosalie

Tempo di Valzer

Solo

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I
2. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm
3. I go to the *fête de Mar - quise, de Mar - quise,* I

Chorus

p

drink the di - vine *eau de vie, eau de vie,* When I walk in the
called by *les dames très jo - li, très jo - li,* When I ride out each
go and make love at my ease, at my ease; I___ go to her

*♪ is not intended for the third stanza.

park, all my friends they re-mark, *Com-ment ça va, mon cher a - mi?*
day, in my lit - tle cou-pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see.
père and de-mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie.

Poco più mosso

f

But I care not what oth-ers may say, I love my Ro - sa - lie, Pret-ty

But I care not what oth-ers may say, I love my Ro - sa - lie, Pret-ty

Rose, Charm-ing Rose, I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie.

Rose, Charm-ing Rose, I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie.

Shut That Door

Lyttleton Fox, '02. Porter Steele, '02.

Allegro moderato

Solo

mf

1. It was a most par-tic-u-lar, pe-
2. His neigh-bors as a last re-source per-
3. One day a draught blew up his nose (as

mf

Chorus La la la la la la *pp* la la

La la la la la la

cu-li-ar old bach-e-lor Whose life from chills and a-gue had be-
plexed, of course, then met in force And said that they must rush him to some
I sup-pose) and so he froze. They boxed him up and hur-ried home to

la la la la

la la la la

come one might-y sneeze: No mat-ter what the tem-p'ra-ture, his
red-hot trop-ic land. They moved him with the great-est care to
help di-vide the cash. His na-tive town, with prop-er sense of

la la la la la

la la

rel-a-tives were nev-er sure In spite of all that they could do, he
Poo-chi-loo-kee Is-land, where The e-qua-to-rial sun will fry an
grief in-tense, at great ex-pense, En-gaged the cre-ma-to-ry man to

la la la la

la la la la

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would- n't up and freeze. They brought hot bricks to warm his toes (in
egg up - on the sand. They heat - ed up his chair with steam (tho'
burn him to an ash. They shut him in the ov - en tight, And

la la la la la la
la la

case they froze), thick un - der-clothes, Hot Scotch to warm him up with - in, fur
this may seem a bit ex-treme); They ca - bled for more o - ver-coats and
like a kite, the Fah - ren-heit Went soar - ing up un - til it passed the

la la la la
la la la la

o - ver-coats with-out; And yet, in spite of all they tried, he'd
un - der-clothes ga - lore. Yet e - ven in his hut of thatch he'd
mil - lion mark or more; At last his neph - ew with a grin un -

la la la la la
la la la

shiv-er till he al- most died, And if you left the door unlatched you'd hear him swear and shout,
yell, if some one raised the latch, And moved the screen of palm-leaves they had rigged up for a door,
locked the door and peered with in; When from the ov - en's flaming depths a - rose a might- y roar,

la la la la
la la la la

Più mosso

Chorus

f

Shut that door! I feel a draught! It's creep-ing up my spine! If

I should die from care-less-ness, I s'pose you'd think that fine. Here,

quick! an-oth-er o-ver-coat, Now wrap my feet up more! Good

poco rit.

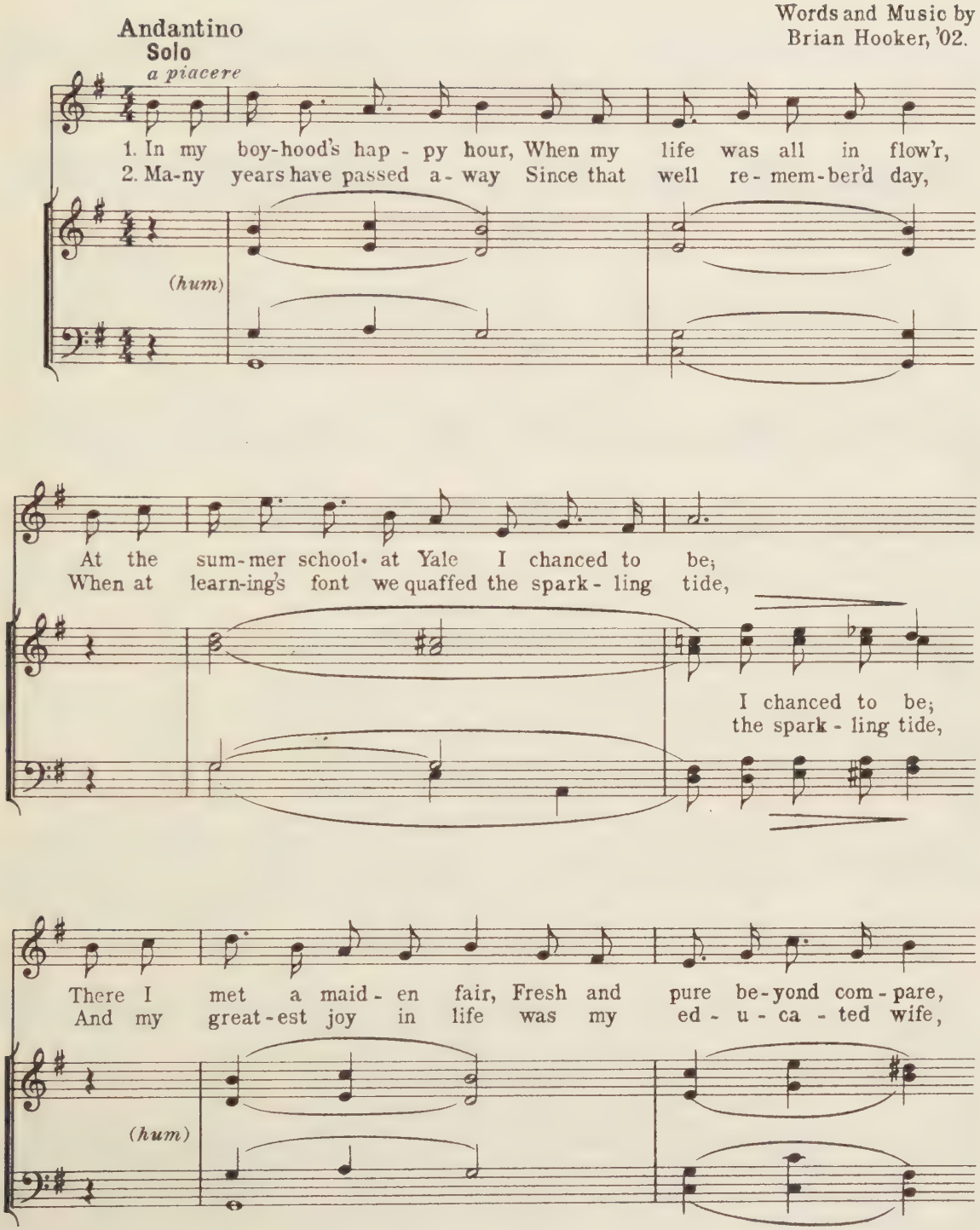
Lord! My teeth will rat-tle out! Con-found it! Shut that door!

YALE GLEE CLUB IN STOCKHOLM, 1928

YALE GLEE CLUB AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA, 1932

Angeline

Words and Music by
Brian Hooker, '02.



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Who has since been more than all this world to me.
Till a hun - gry mi - crobe bit her, and she died.

This world to me.
And then she died.

She was bred in fair Co - hoes, Where the Hud - son Riv - er flows,
As a dream of long a - go, By the gas - log's ten - der glow,

El - o - cu - tion and gym - nas - tics were her line,
Ro - man - tic re - col - lec - tions oft en - twine;

They were her line,
My heart en - twine;

And my heart was filled with joy, Fresh and pure with - out al - loy,
Those de - light - ful days of youth, Full of ten - der - ness and truth,

When I went to sum-mer school with An- ge - line.

With An- ge- line.

Moderato

Chorus

mp

Melody At the sum - mer school we lived and loved to - geth - er;

mp

In the swim - ming pool she placed her hand in

mine, her hand in mine,

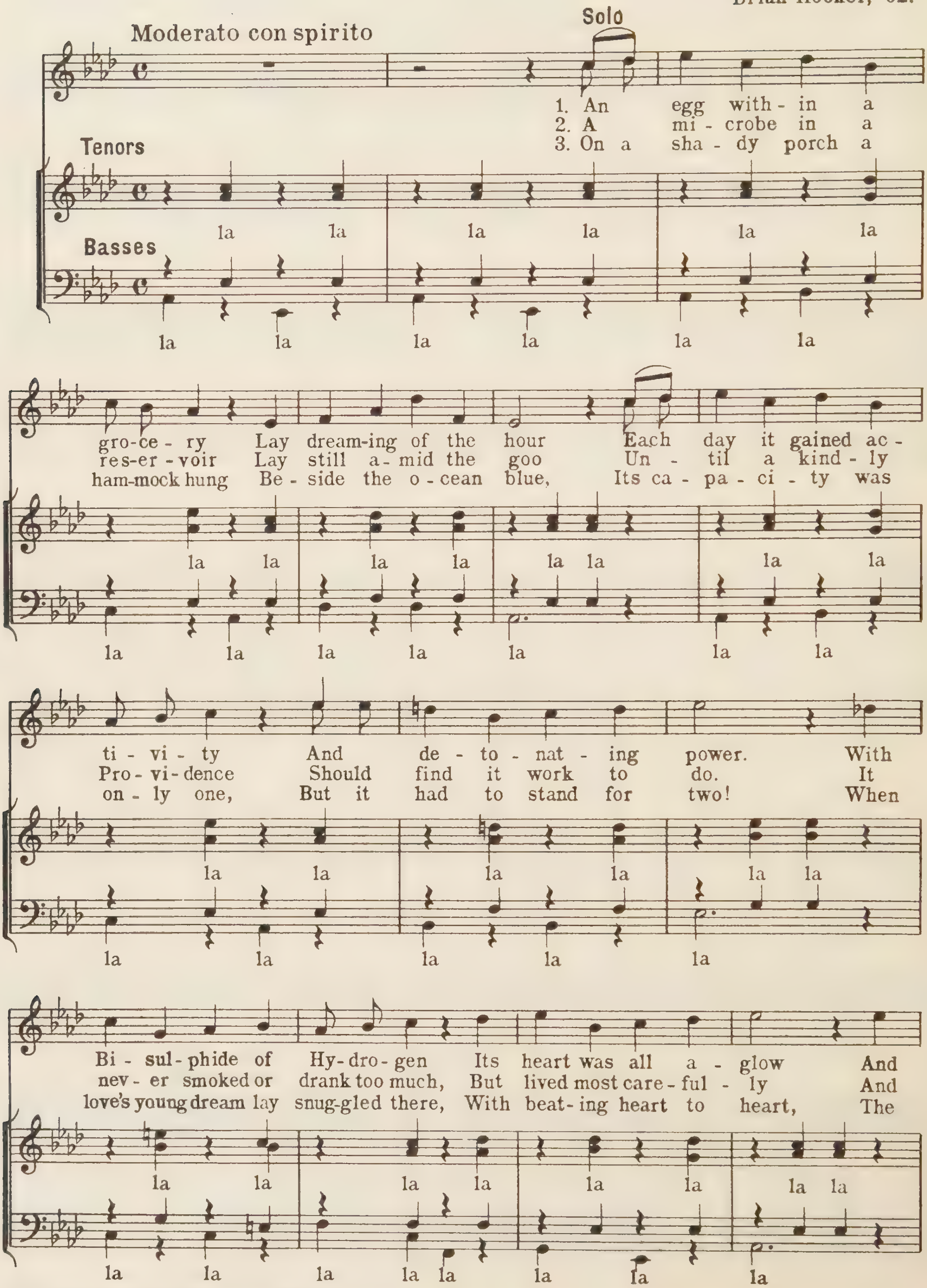
mine, And our souls com-muned of eth-ics and the

mine, her hand in mine,

weath - er When I went to sum-mer school with An - ge - line.

Not Yet, But Soon

Words and Music by
Brian Hooker, '02.



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poco rit.

when the gro- cer wrapped it up It mur-mured soft and low:—
when at last it trick-led thru' the pipe, It bur- bled in its glee:—
poor old, tired old ham - mock groaned As it felt its fi - bres start:—

la la la la *humming*

la la la la

Refrain (*a tempo*)

f

Melody Not yet, but soon! Not yet, but soon! No - bo - dy's
Not yet, but soon! Not yet, but soon! I've had no
Not yet, but soon! Not yet, but soon! This kind of

f

cracked me yet, But there's goin' to be a cir - cus when they
ac - tion yet, But— there'll be some-thing do - ing when I
faith and hope Goes— plumb a - gainst the mor - als of a

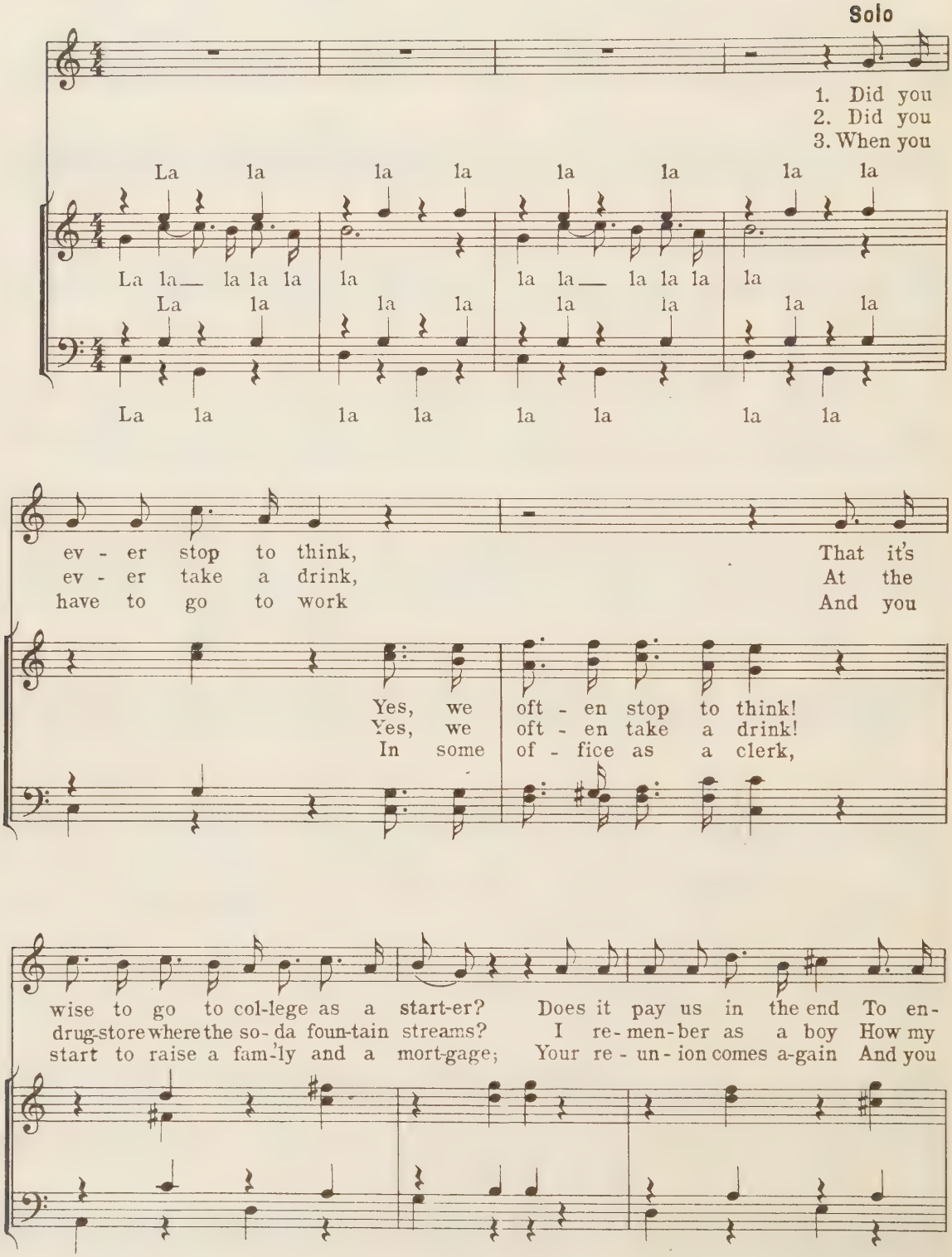
do, you bet! Not yet, but soon!— Not yet, but
do, you bet! Ty- phoid in May,— Grave - yard in
half- inch rope! Love while you may,— Un - der the

dim.

soon!— Some day I'll have my say, Not yet, but soon!
June,— Some day I'll turn 'em gray, Not yet, but soon!
moon,— Some day I'll break a - way, Not yet, but soon!

So What's The Use

Words by
F. T. Murphy, '08



deav - or to ex - tend The size of our me - dul - la ob - lon-
heart would leap with joy When fa - ther bought me so - da and ice-
drop your foun - tain pen, For times like this come on - ly once a

ga - ta? Now at art I took a try, But
creams. As my stud - ies I pur - sue, A
dog's age. When you start you tell your wife: I'll

We won't ask the rea - son why.
Yes, we've had that feel - ing too;
"Noth - ing do - ing, sim - ple life,

paint - ing towns be - came an aw - ful both - er, Now at draw - ing I did well, for I
thirst for know - ledge makes my taste much strong - er, I like so - da wat - er still, gives me
hang a - round and watch the cel - e - bra - tion;" When you're home a - gain she'll say: "Mis - sus

Refrain

man - aged soon to sell A check I drew for fif - ty on my Fa - ther. So what's the
quite a lit - tle thrill But ice cream I can't stand it an - y long - er. So what's the
Brown was here to - day, She says she saw you down on your va - ca - tion!" So what's the

rea - son, so what's the use, Of hunt-ing all — night thro' an
rea - son, so what's the use, When you're down so — low that you
rea - son, so what's the use, When the whole shebang is ov-er and you're

old Greek gram-mar To dis - cov - er what they've done with the
haven't got a red, And all you can af - ford to do is
feel-ing might-y queer And you're might-y glad re - un - ions on - ly

lost di - gam-ma, So what's the rea - son, so what's the use? Your de-
go to bed, So what's the rea - son, so what's the use? On the
hap-pen once a year, So what's the rea - son, so what's the use? Then your

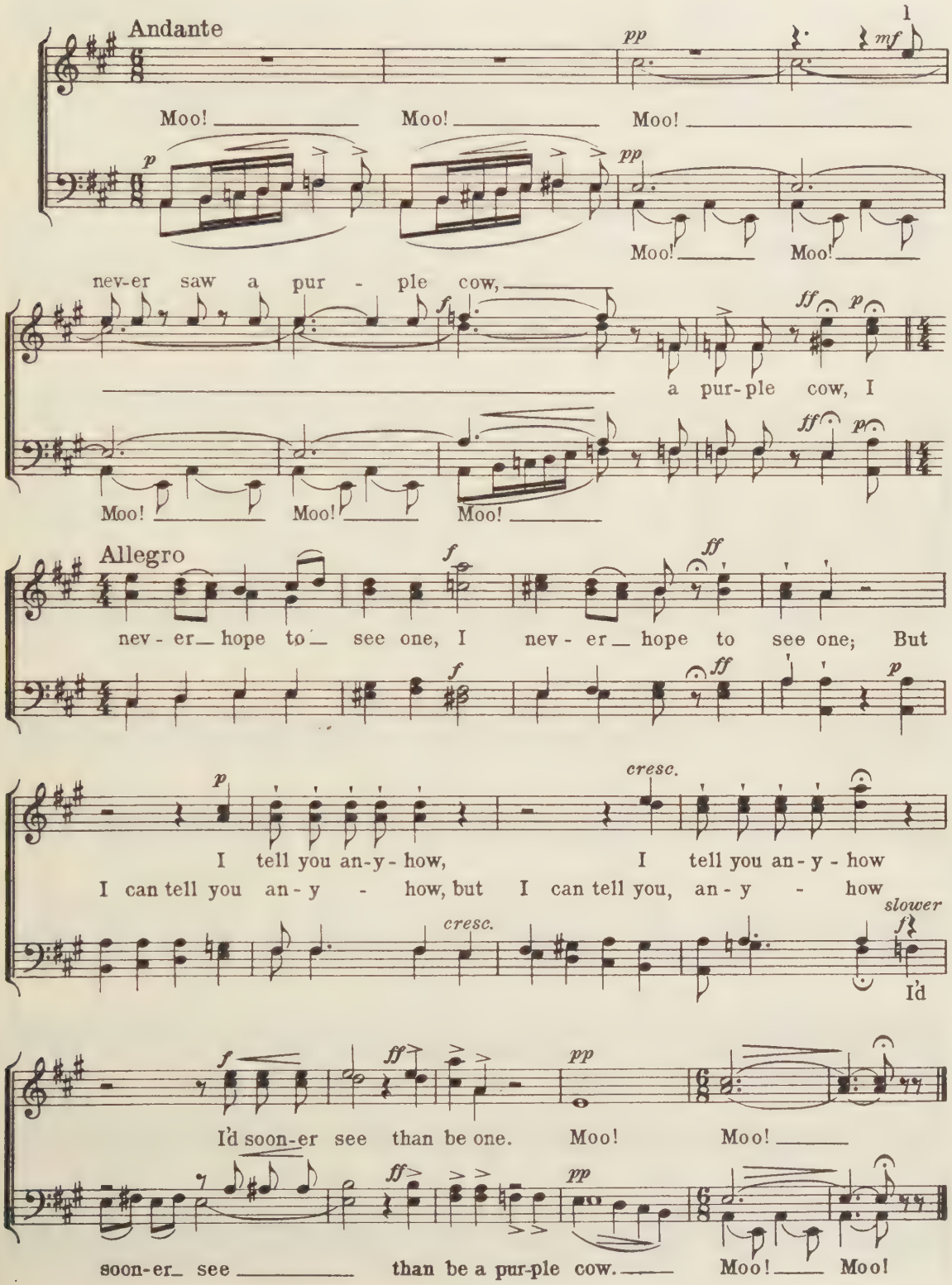
gree you'll get for fear You'd come back an - oth - er year; So what's — the use?
crew I would row still But rid - ing back-wards makes me ill, So what's — the use?
wife will say to you; "At the next one I'll go too!" So what's — the use?

So what's — the use?

A Purple Cow

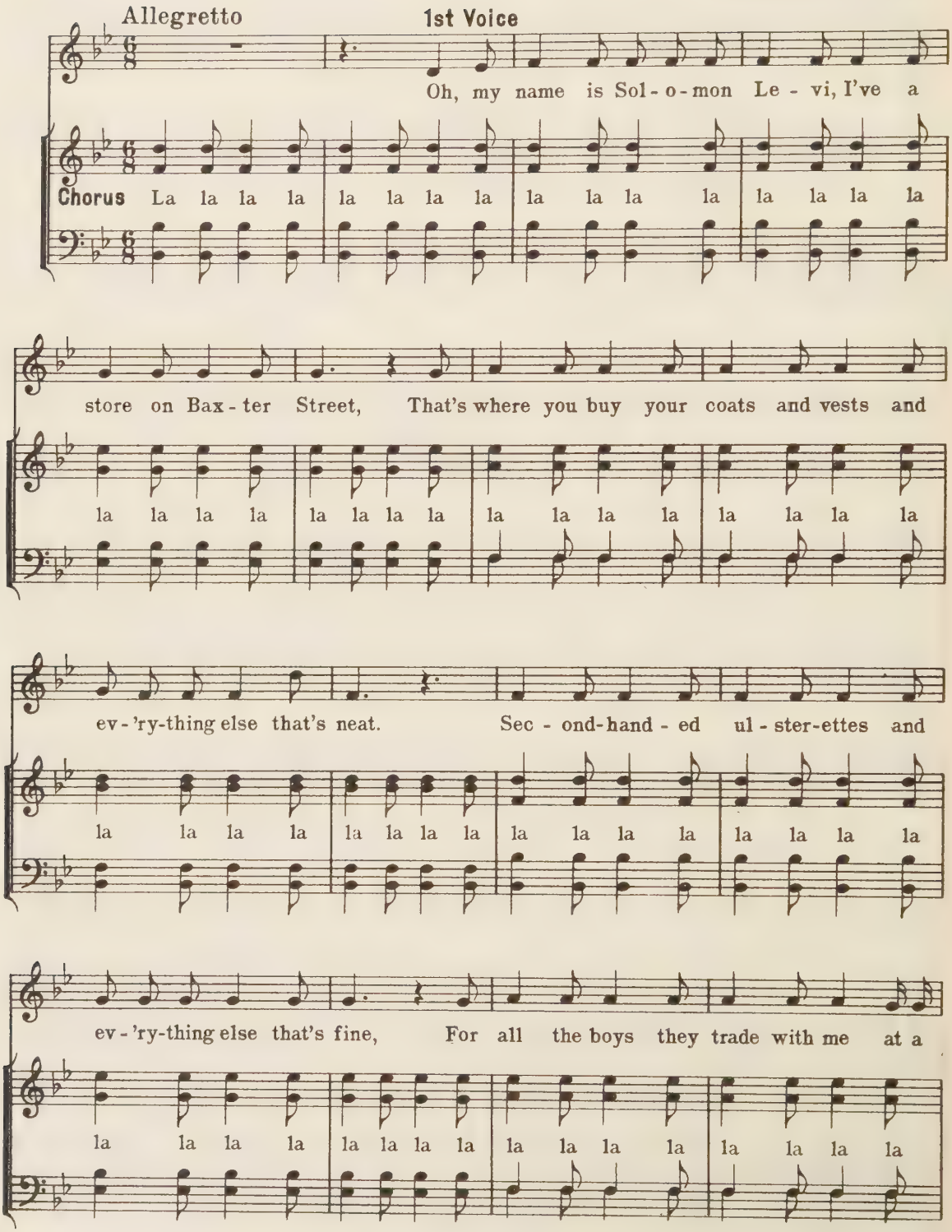
Gellett Burgess

A. F. M. Custance



All at Once

Assembled by
Marshall Bartholomew



hun-dred and for - ty - nine. Oh, Sol- o - mon Le - vi, tra la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la! Poor Sol - o - mon Le - vi, tra la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la! My name is Sol - o-mon Le - vi, I've a store on Bax - ter Street, That's

2nd Voice

A Span-ish cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

where you buy your coats and vests and ev - 'ry-thing else that's neat,

on his gui - tar played a tune, dear, That

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Sec - ond-hand - ed ul - ster-ettes and ev - 'ry-thing else that's fine, For

mu - sic so sweet ___ I oft - times re - peat, The

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

all the boys they trade with me at a hun-dred and for - ty - nine.

bless - ing of my heart be with you, dear.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Oh, Sol - o - mon Le - vi, tra la la la la la la!

Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, ___

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Poor Sol - o-mon Le - vi, tra la la la la la la! My name is Sol-o-mon

Some-times you may think of me, dear. A Span-ish cav - a-

3rd Voice

My com - rades

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la

Le - vi, I've a store on Bax-ter Street, That's where you buy your coats and vests and

lier stood in his re-treat, And on his gui-tar played a

when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal-sy

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

ev-'ry-thing else that's neat, Sec-ond-hand-ed ul-ster-ettes and ev-'ry-thing else that's

tune, dear. That mu - sic so sweet I oft times re-

lie, Ex-haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing,

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

fine, For all the boys they trade with me at a hun-dred and for - ty-nine.

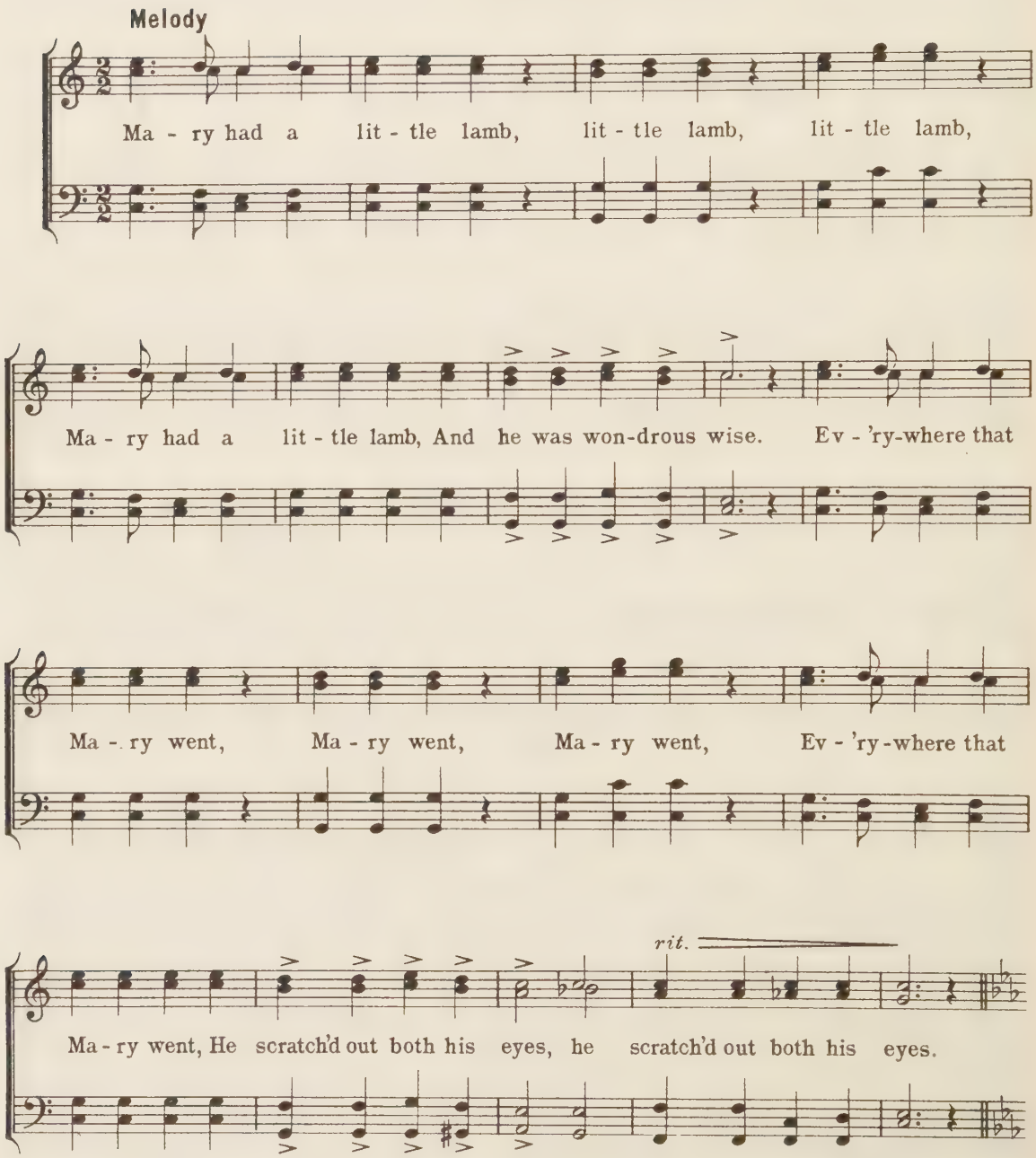
peat, The bless-ings of my heart be with you, dear.

Be - lieve me, then my end is nigh.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Mary's Wise Little Lamb*

James M. Howard, 1909



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a tempo

He fol-low'd her to school one day, With all his might and main; It

made the chil-dren laugh and play, To scratch them in a - gain, to

scratch them in a-gain. And when he found his eyes were out, Which was a-gainst the

rule, He jumped in-to an-oth-er bush, he jumped in - to a bush, he

rit. *cresc.* *p*

jumped in - to a bush, To see a lamb at school. Poor fool!

Annabelle Birby*

Cole Porter, '13

Tempo di Valzer

Voices

Piano

mf

Ped. Ped.

1. Miss An - na-belle Bir - by lived
2. Ar - rived in the cit - y, this
3. Next morn at e - lev - en, in -

mp

(till ready)

mp

way out in Der - by, A maid di - vine - ly fair; She found it no
maid-en so pret - ty Did walk down Chap - el Street. And then a young
stead of at sev - en, She woke up in dis - may, Her bean, it was

heav - en re - tir - ing at sev - en, Her heart was filled with care. 'Twas
fel - low to whom she said "Hel - lo," Our her - o - ine did meet; Now
ad - dled, her brain had ske - dad-dled, For she had passed a - way. The

* By permission of the composer

tru - ly a pit - y that a maid-en so pret - ty Should milk the cows all
he was a vil - lain, But Net-tie was will - in'; She loved him right a -
war-den, he brought her a pail of ice wa - ter, Her thirst was so in -

day, So she took a no - tion to get in - to mo - tion And
way: Her scru-ples for - sook her, the vil - lain he took her In-
tense; Her spir - it was strick - en, Her con-science was prick-en, Her

poco rall.

packed her trunk right a - way. As the train pulled out of the
to a swell ca - fé. As she took down her first few
head, it felt im - mense. As she left the po - lice

poco rall.

sta - tion She gave forth this ex - pla - na - tion:
swal-lows, She was heard to mur-mur rath-er in - co-her-ent-ly as fol - lows:
sta - tion She gave out this in - for - ma - tion:

(1st Verse only)

Refrain

a tempo

I'm off for New Hav - en, so - long, good - bye, I'm off for New
I'm strong for New Hav - en, be - lieve me kid, For this is the
I'm go-ing back to Der - by, so - long, good - bye, I'm go-ing back to

a tempo

con pedale

Hav - en, I don't know why; This leav - ing the fam - i - ly
town where there ain't no lid, The life in New Hav - en makes
Der - by, You all know why, When I came to New Hav - en I was so

real - ly makes me ver - y sad, For they are by far the best
Der - by seem so ver - y tame, I've learned sev - 'ral things that I
ver - y good and sweet and true, But I've done sev - 'ral things that a

pa and ma I ev - er had, But I've got to sling hash at the Taft Ho-
nev - er knew be - fore I came, I'm go-ing to learn all that there is to
girl - ie should-n't ought-a do; So it's back to the milk-ing for An - toi -

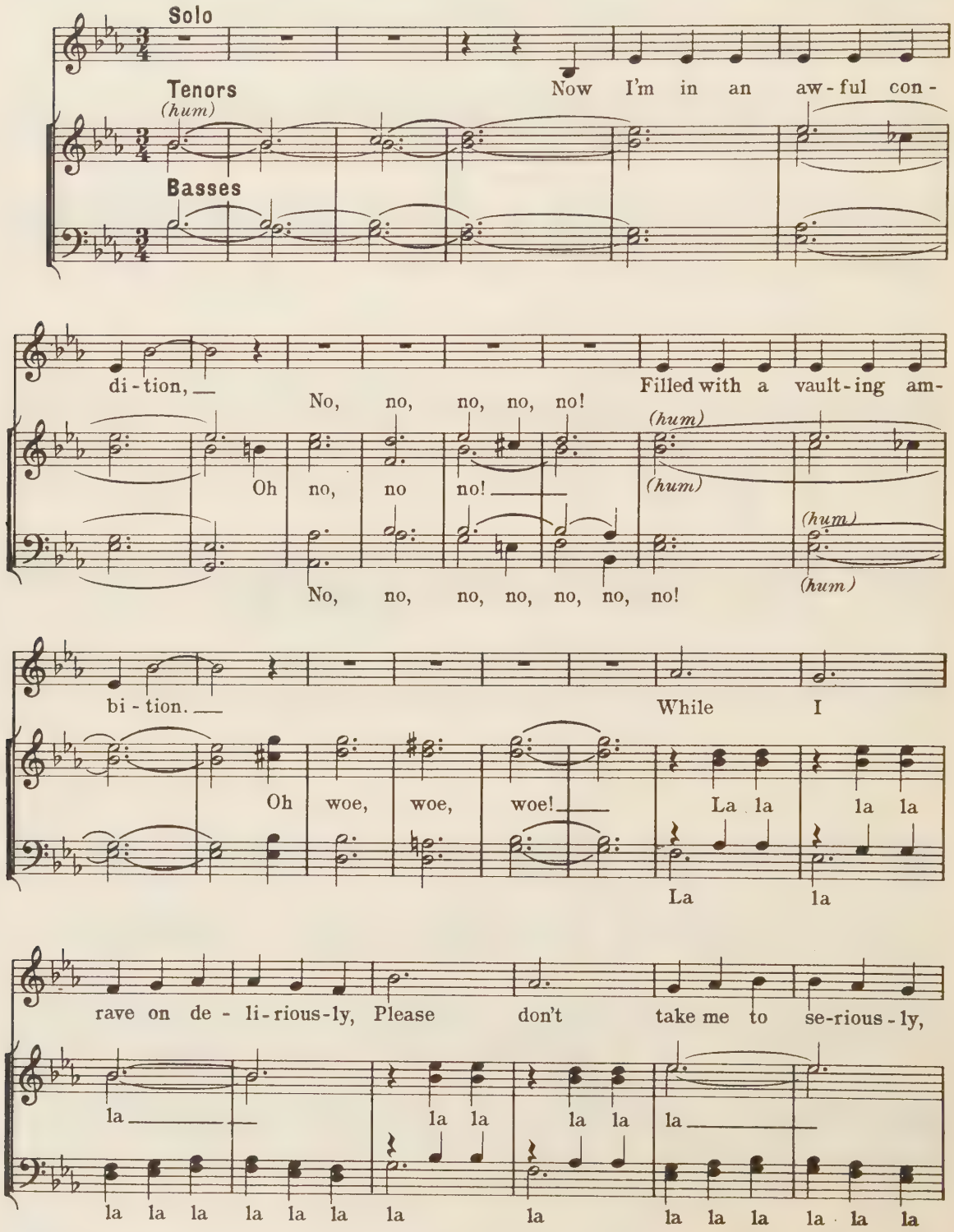
f

tel, As a wait-ress I nev - er shall fail. For I have a
know, At least if I keep out of jail; As a foun-tain of
nette, A sad - der but wis - er fe - male; No maid - en that's

crav - in' for dear old New Ha - ven and Yale, Yale, Yale.
know-ledge be - lieve me some col - lege is Yale, Yale, Yale.
pret - ty should come to the cit - y and Yale, Yale, Yale.

A Football King

Words and Music by
Cole Porter, 1913



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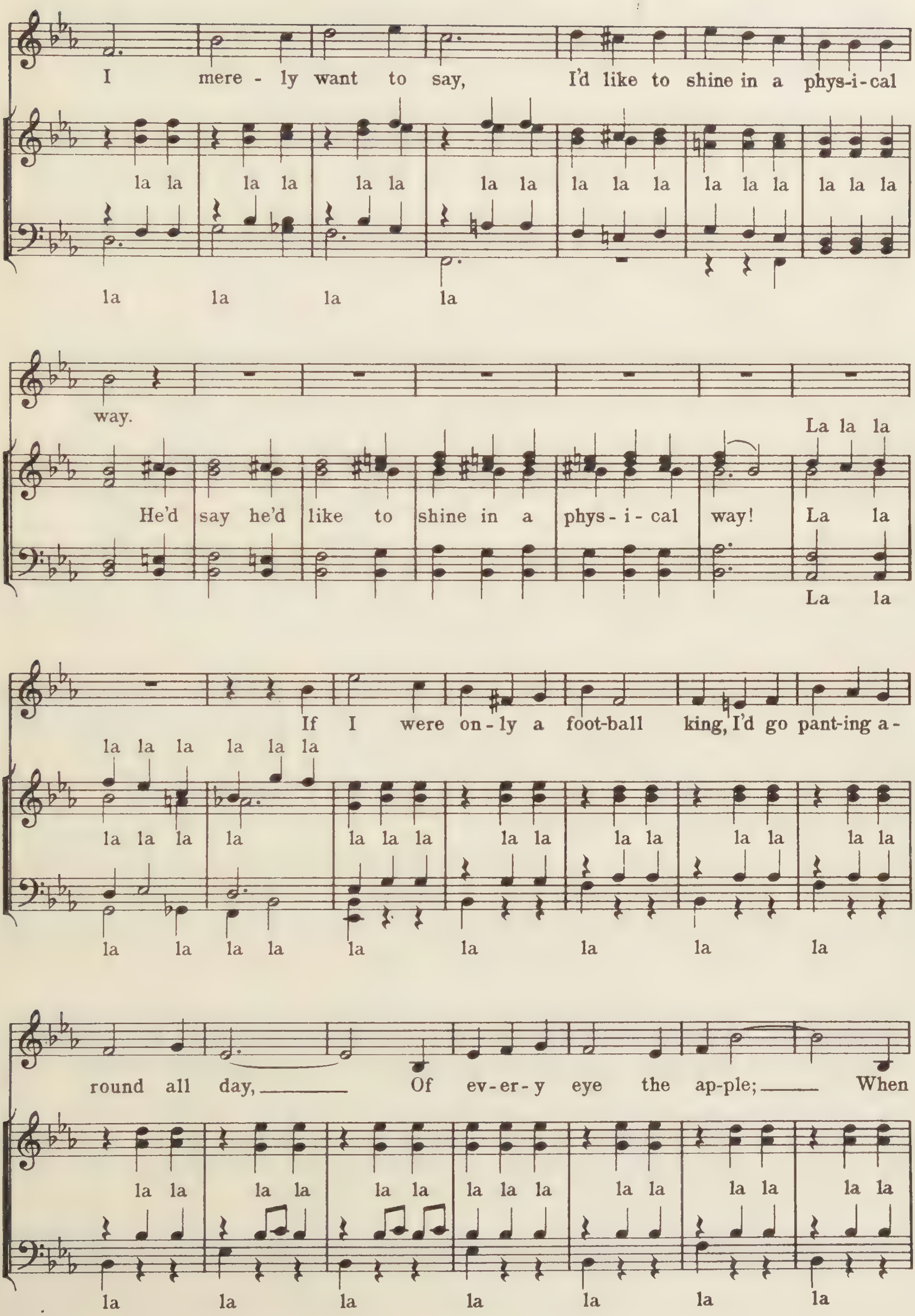
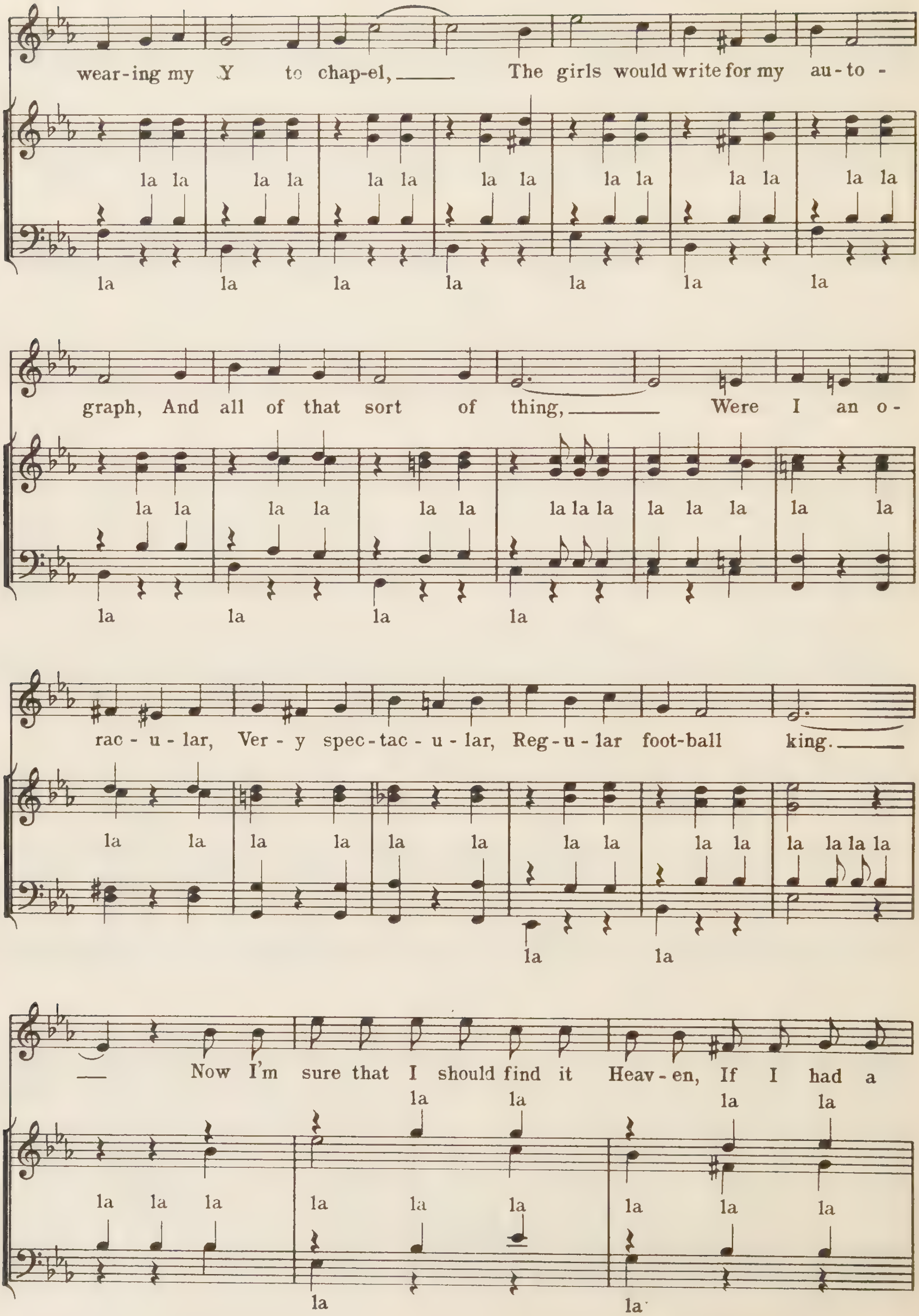

I mere - ly want to say, I'd like to shine in a phys-i-cal
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la
way.
La la la
He'd say he'd like to shine in a physical way!
La la
La la
If I were on-ly a foot-ball king, I'd go pant-ing a -
la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la
round all day, Of ev-er-y eye the ap-ple; When
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la


wear-ing my Y to chap-el, The girls would write for my au-to-
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
graph, And all of that sort of thing, Were I an o-
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la
rac-u-lar, Ver-y spec-tac-u-lar, Reg-u-lar foot-ball king.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la
Now I'm sure that I should find it Heav-en, If I had a
la la la la
la la la la la la la la la
la la

chance to make the Yale e - lev - en, With my on - ly

la la la la

la la la la la la

la la

stunt to go a-round and punt the af - ter-noon a - way. The

la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la

cy - no-sure of ev - 'ry eye, when-ev - er I should pass men, I'd

la la la la la la la la la la la

la

o - pen up and show my Y to all the un-der - class-men. For my

la la la la la la la la la la la la

au - to - graph I'd charge a dol - lar, And I'd be the ti - tle of an Ar - row

la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la

la la la

col - lar, Such a ver - y mud - dy sort of ver - y blood - y sort of aw - ful thing,

la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la

My op - po - nents I should give a scald - ing That would make me ri - val Cap - tain Jes - se

la la la

la la la la la la la la la

la

Spaul - ding, If they'd on - ly re - al - ize that I'm a foot - ball king.

la la la la la la la la la la la

la la

I wish I were

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Allegretto

mp *mf ten.*

1. I wish I were a rhi - nos - so - ri - a - cus And could
2. I wish I were an el - e - phan - ti - us And could
3. I wish I were a hip - po - po - ta - mus And could

mf

wear an iv' - ry tooth-pick on my nose;
pick off the co - co - nuts with my nose; But as I am not, A-las I
swim the broad Eu-phra - tes and eat grass;

p

Be a rhi - nos - so rhi-nos - so - ri - a - cus; But I'm a
can - not Be an el - e - phan, el - e - phan - ti - us; But I'm a
Be a hip - po - po, hip - po - po - ta - mus; But I'm a

mf ten. *p*

June - bug, and I'm a bee - tle; I can buzz and butt my head a-gainst the wall!
cock-roach, and I'm a wa-ter-bug; I can wan der 'round the mus-ty old lead pipes!
grass-hop-per, and I'm a Ka-ty-did; I can play the fid - dle with my left hind-leg!

mf *p*

FOOTBALL SONGS

Boola

Allan M. Hirsch, 1901

Alla Marcia

Semi-chorus

f

1. Well, here we are, well, here we are! Just-

f

Vocal accompaniment

f

watch us— roll-ing up a score. We'll leave poor Har-vard be-

hind so far, They won't want to play us an-y more. We'll

roll the score so ver-y high, That you will hear them sigh: Well-a

By permission of Charles H. Loomis, publisher.

Boo - la, Boo, Boo-la, Boo - la, Boo, Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, Boo-la, Boo-la, Boo!

Chorus

mf

Melody

Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la,

mf

Boo - la, When we "rough-house" poor old Har - vard, They will hol - ler Boo - la,

ff

Boo. Rah! Rah! Rah! Yale. E - li Yale! Oh! Yale, E - li

ff

Yale! Oh! Yale, E - li Yale! Oh! Yale, E - li Yale!

Whoop It Up
March and Two Step

H. G. Dodge

Stanleigh P. Friedman, 1905

Fight, fight for Yale, The sons of E - li are

out for glo - ry! On to the fray,

Prince-ton
We'll tell to Har - vard the same old sto - ry. The cry is on,

on they come, We'll raise the slo - gan of Yale tri - um -

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phant. Smash, Bang, we'll rip poor Prince - ton! Har - vard!

Whoop it up for Yale to - day!

ff

Fight, fight for Yale,

fz

The sons of E - li are out for glo - - - ry!

On to the fray, We'll tell to Prince - ton Har - vard the

same old sto - ry. The cry is on, on they

come, We'll raise the slo - gan of Yale tri - um -

phant. Smash, Bang, we'll rip poor

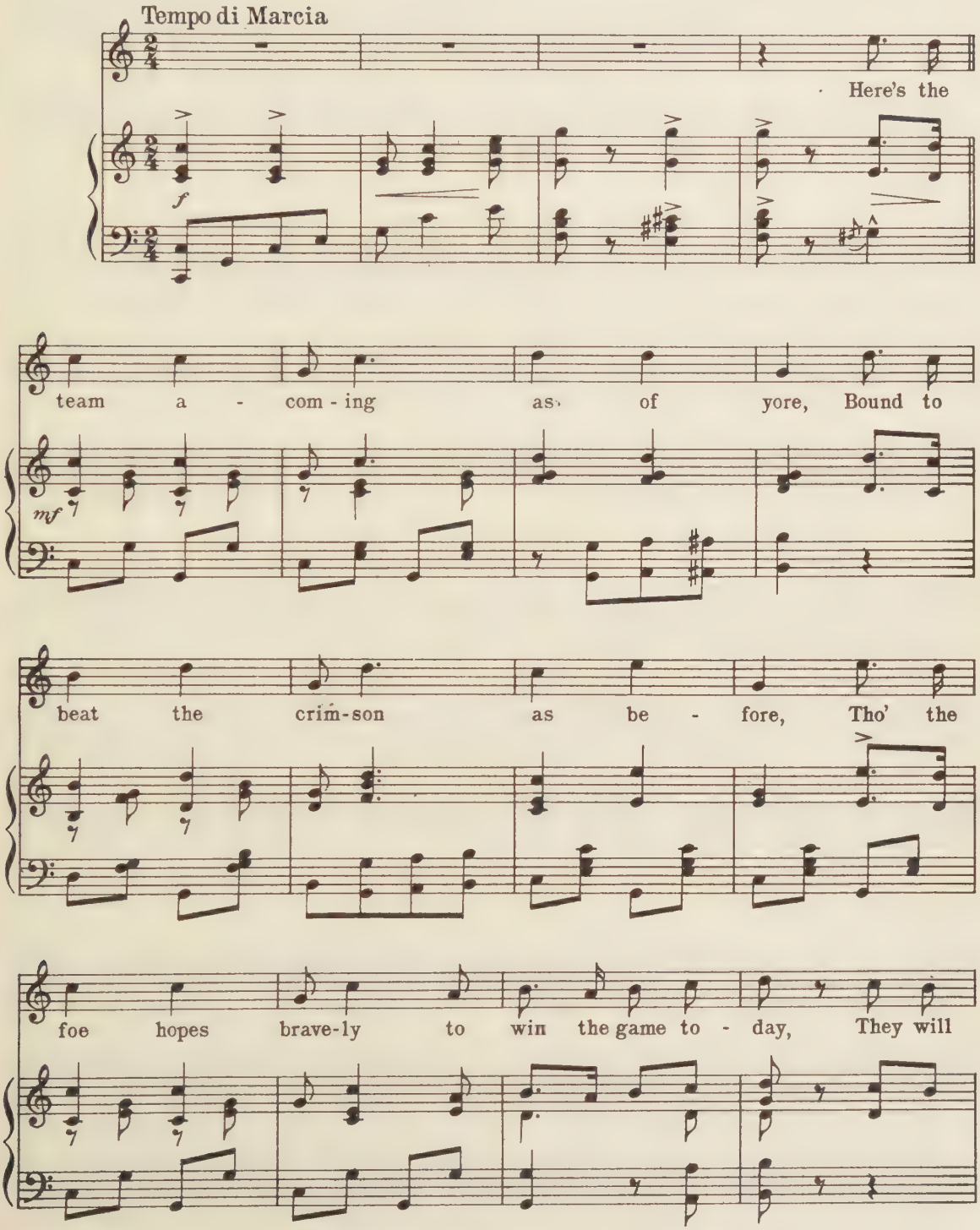
Prince - ton!
Har - vard! Whoop it up for Yale to - day!

Glory For Yale

Yale March And One-Step

Julian Arnold, 1917

Stanleigh P. Friedman, 1905*



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learn the same old les-son in the same old way; Ev-er since we

f

gave them their first de - feat, Crim-son teams have fur-nish'd

Bull - dog meat, Now it's an - cient his-t'ry, it's no

mys-t'ry, Ask your dad he knows. We've got the

en - e - my at bay, They're in dis - may,

mf

It's E - li's day, They can't re - sist when we at -

f

tack, For there's no hold - ing Bull - dog back,

cresc.

Straight for their goal our war - riors crash, In one long

f

cresc.

dash, Their lines to smash Blue ban-ners wave the

way to glo - ri - ous tri-umph Yale Will Win!

TRIO

On - ward we go, Smash - ing the

mp-f-ff

foe, The crim - son team must yield the fray, for

Yale rules to - day, Raise cheer on

cheer, Glo - ry is near,

Sons of old E - li, It's vic - t'ry for

cresc. poco a poco *ff*

1. Yale!

2. Yale!

Fine Yale!

ff *f* *ff* *f*

D.C. Trio al Fine

Bingo, That's The Lingo*

Cole Porter, 1913

Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, That's the

lin - go, E - li is bound to win. There's to be a

vic-to-ry, So watch the team be-gin! Bin - go, Bin - go,

Har - vard's
Prince-ton's team can-not pre - vail, Fight! Fight! Fight with all your

sfz *sfz*

might for Bin - go, Bin - go, E - li 1. Yale! 2. Yale!

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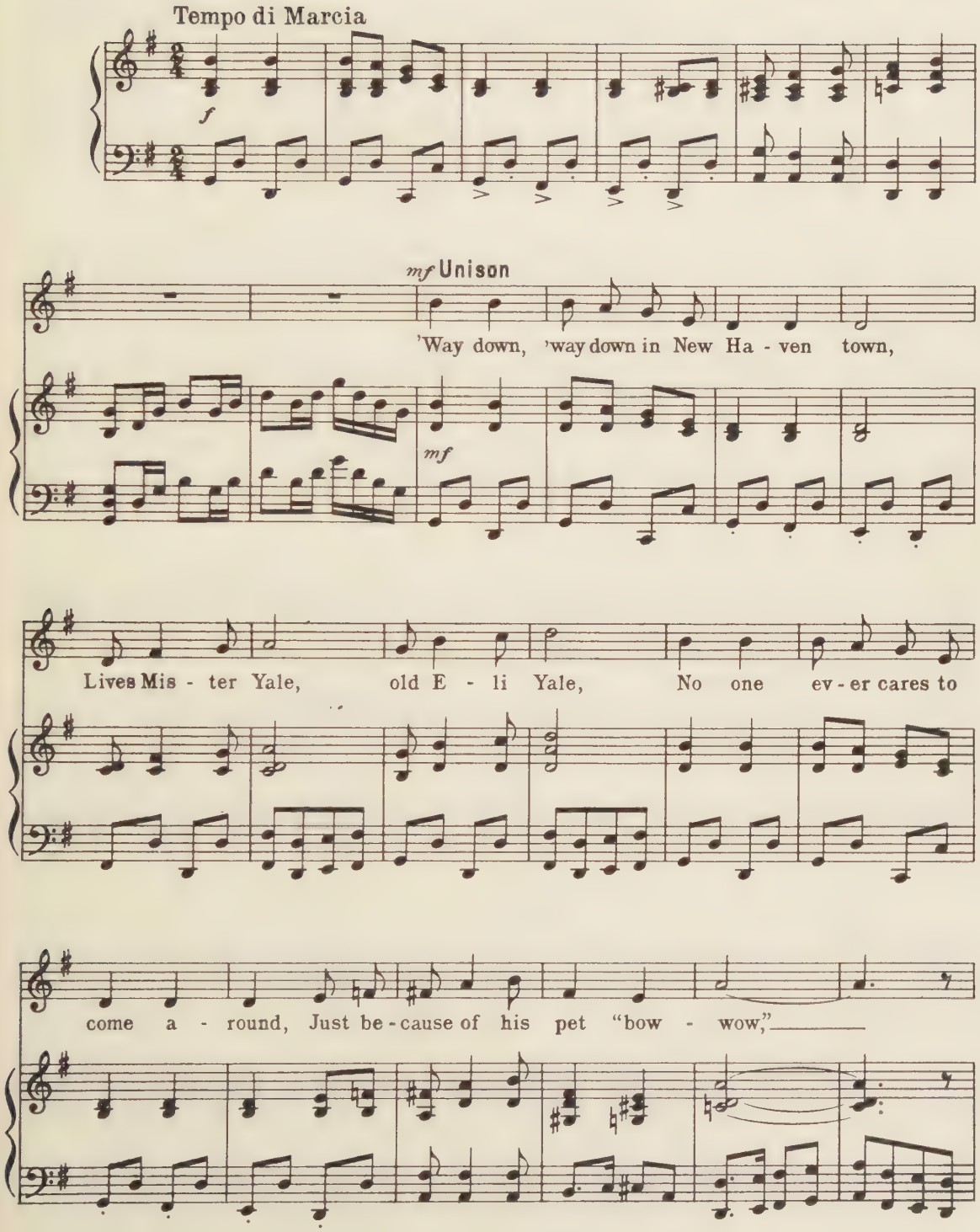
Bull-Dog

Cole Porter, 1913



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Poor old Har-vard tries it once a year, Al-ways goes back,

tied up in black, For when Old Yale sicks that big bull - dog

on, He rais-es an aw - ful row.

Chorus

Bull-dog! Bull-dog! Bow, wow, wow, E - li Yale,

mf-ff

Bull-dog! Bull-dog! Bow, wow, wow, Our team can nev - er fail,

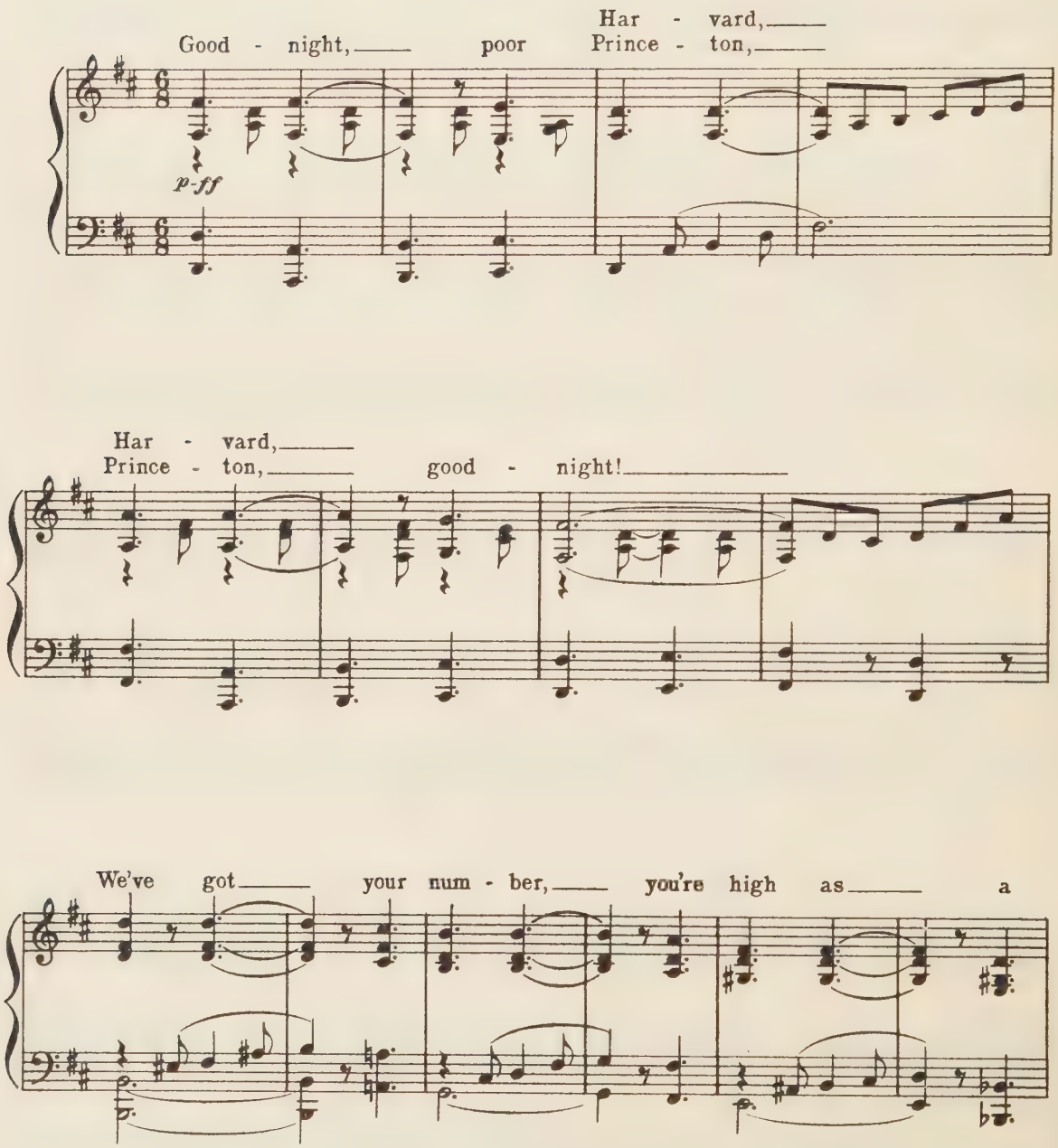
When the sons of E - li break thro' the line, That is the sign we

hail, Bull-dog! Bull-dog! Bow, wow, wow,

E - li Yale! Yale!

Good Night, Poor Harvard

Douglas S. Moore, '15



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kite. Oh, Oh, Oh, Good - night, poor Har - vard, Prince - ton,

you're tucked in tight. When the

big blue team gets af - ter you, Har - vard, Prince ton,

Good - night! 1. night! 2.

Down the Field
March

Words by
C. W. O'Conner

Music by
Stanleigh P. Friedman 1905

ff marcato

March, march on down the field, fight - ing for

mf

E - li, Break through their ~~crim - son~~ stur-dy ~~line,~~ ranks their

strength to de - fy; We'll give a long

ff

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cheer for E - li's men, We're here to win

again. Har - vard's team can fight to the end, but Yale

will 1. win! Rah! rah! rah! 2. win! Rah!

Undertaker Song

Begin slowly, gradually accelerate

Oh! more work for the un - der - tak - er,

'Noth-er lit-tle job for the cas-ket-mak-er! In the lo-cal cem-e-te-ry they are

Very slowly

ver-y, ver-y bus-y with a brand new grave: No hope for Har - vard!

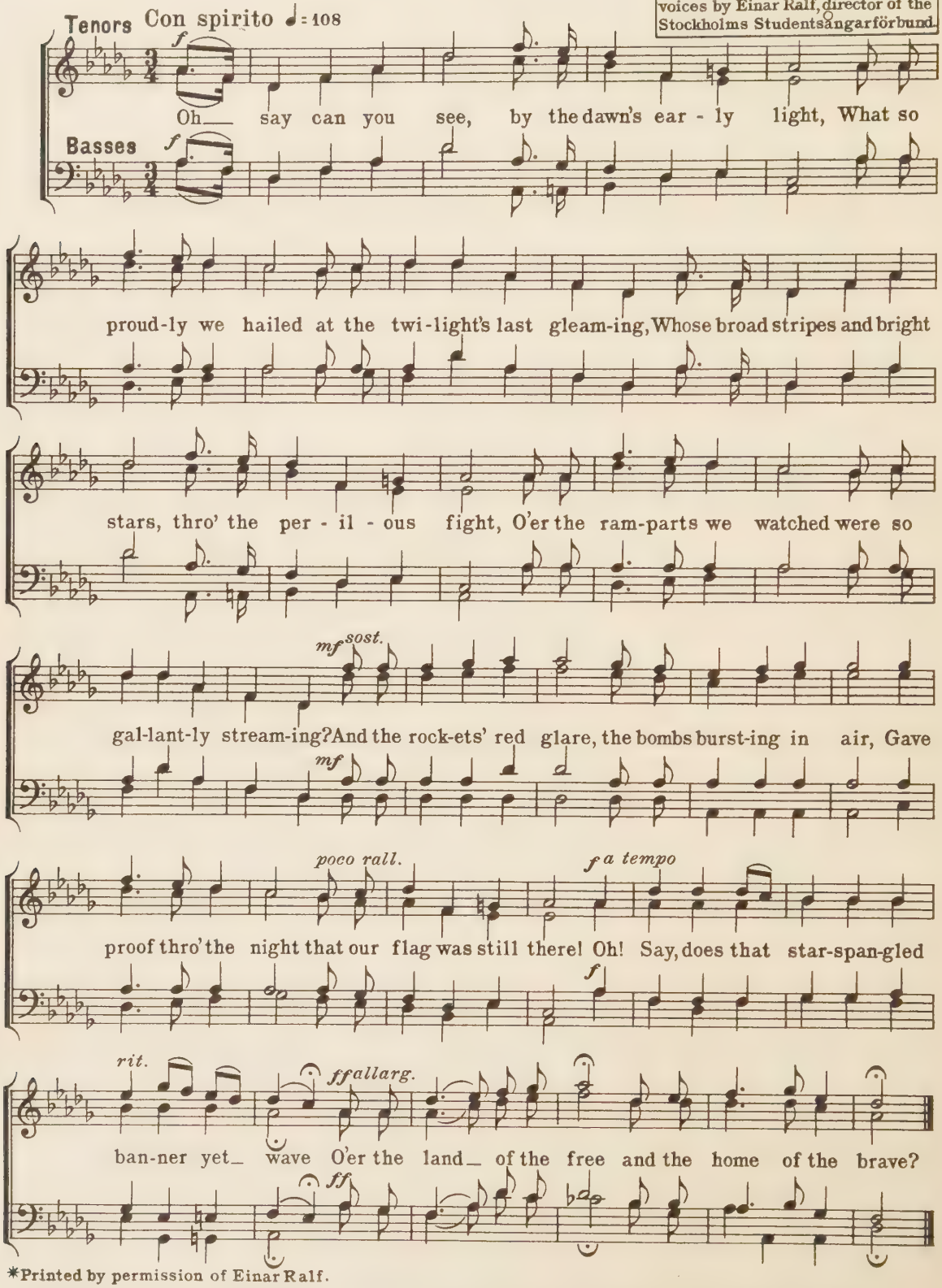
SONGS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key (1814)

J. S. Smith (1750-1836)

*Arrangement for chorus of male voices by Einar Ralf, director of the Stockholms Studentsångarförbund.



*Printed by permission of Einar Ralf.

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 20, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7786)

36143

Dixie

Words and Music by Dan Emmet
Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Allegro molto con spirito

Tenors

Basses

Piano

ben marcato

f

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Ol' times dar am not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie land! In

2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In - jun bat - ter Makes you fat, or a lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie land! Den

Allegro molto con spirito

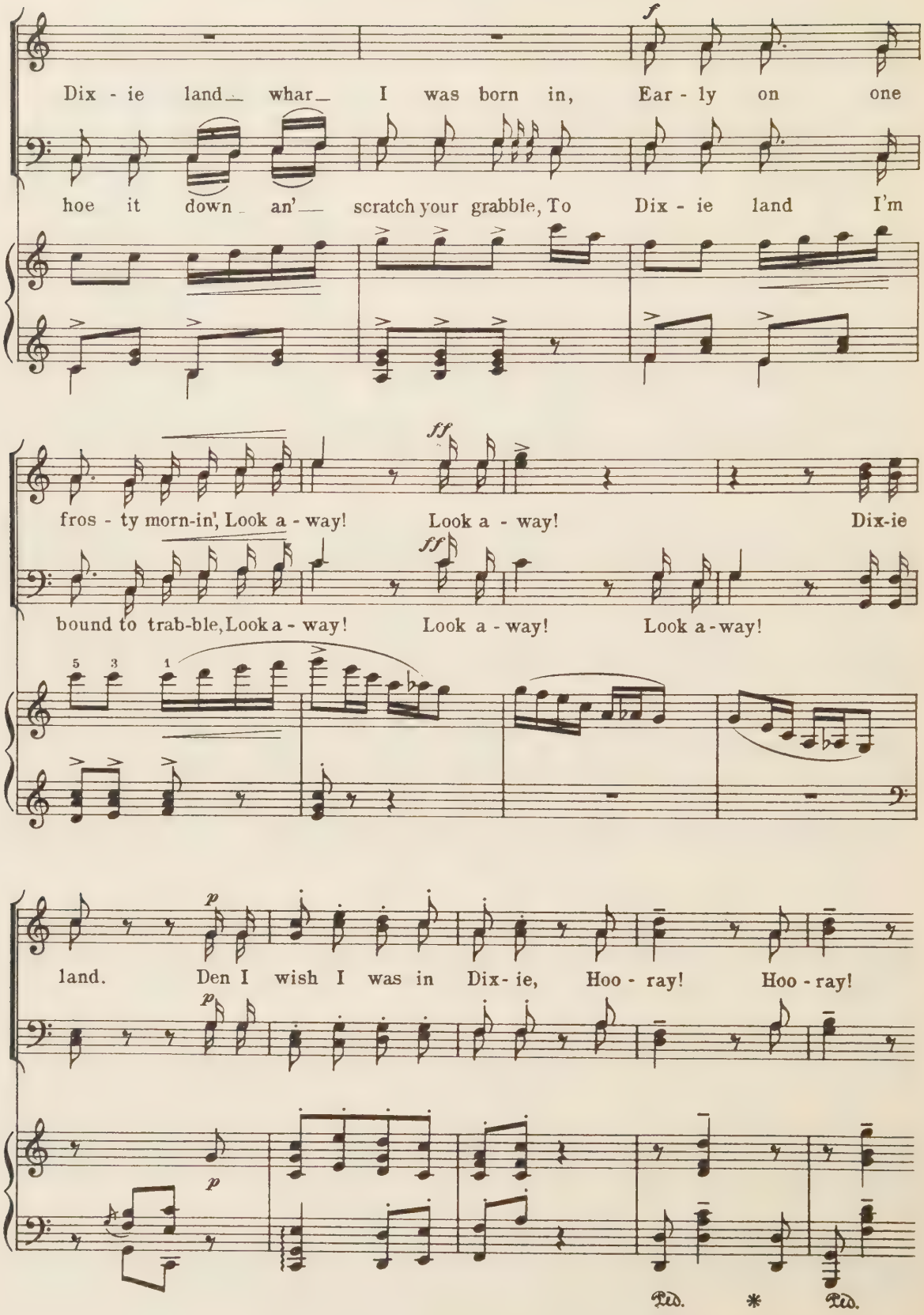
like a banjo

mp

brillante

mf

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 21, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7787)


Dix - ie land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To Dix - ie land I'm
fros - ty morn-in', Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie
bound to trab-ble, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way!
land. Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray!
Ped. * Ped.

In Dix - ie land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dix - ie!

mf

A -

p

mf

Look a - way! Look a - way! a - way down south in Dix - ie! A -

f

più f e rall.

way, a - way,

f

mf

rall.

f

Ped. * Ped. *

way, a - way, a - way down south in Dix - ie!

very broad

ff

sfz

a tempo

ff

sfz

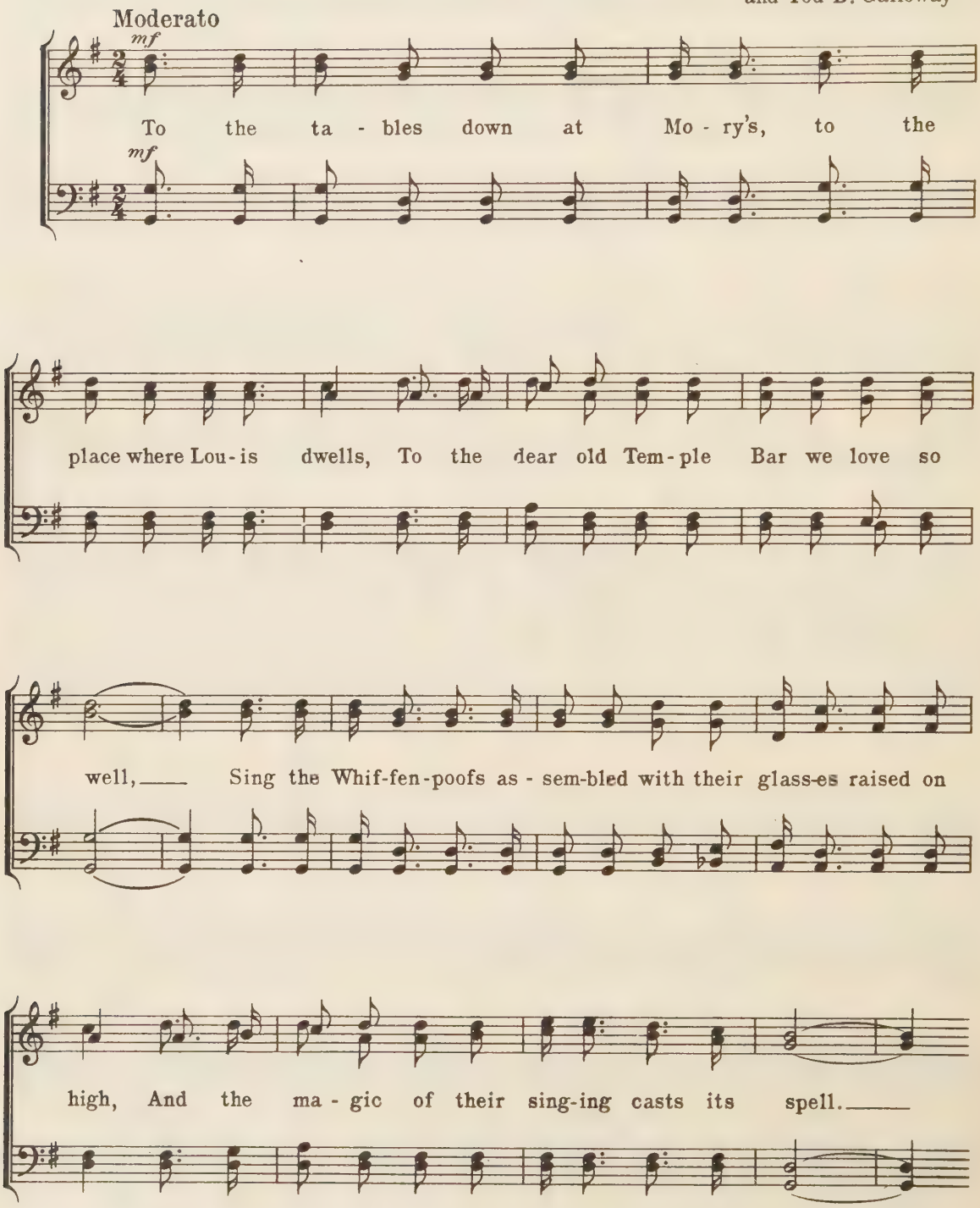
ff very broad

sfz

a tempo

Whiffenpoof Song

Written and composed by
Meade Minnegerode
George S. Pomeroy
and Tod B. Galloway



Copyright, 1936, Miller Music Corporation

Yes, the ma - gic of their sing - ing of the songs we love so

well, "Shall I wast - ing," and "Ma - vour - een," and the rest;

mf *cre* - *scen* - *do*

We will ser - e - nade our Lou - is while life and voice shall

mf *cre* - *scen* - *do*

mp

last, Then we'll pass and be for - got - ten with the rest. We're

mp

Molto moderato espress.

poor lit-tle lambs who have lost our way: Baa! Baa! Baa! We're

lit - tle black sheep who have gone a - stray: Baa! Baa! Baa!

f con fuoco *poco rit.*

Gen-tle-men song-sters off on a spree, Damned from here to e - ter - ni - ty;

f con fuoco *poco rit.*

p *pp rall.*

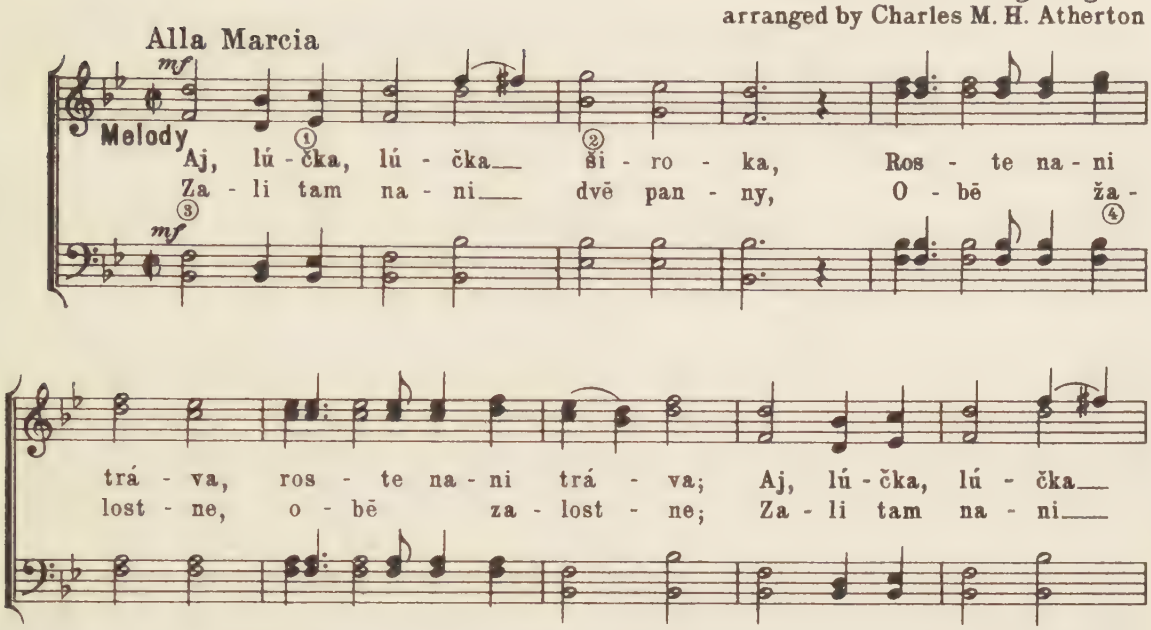
God have mer - cy on such as we: Baa! Baa! Baa!

p *pp rall.*

"TO THE TABLES DOWN AT MORY'S"

Aj lúčka lúčka široka

Bohemian Marching Song
arranged by Charles M. H. Atherton



Note: "Aj lúčka" was first sung when the Yale Glee Club visited Prague in July, 1928. It is published in this book by courtesy of Mr. Charles M. H. Atherton, owner of the copyright.

Notes on pronounciation:

All vowels are short unless accented thus:
A as in "cart"
E as in "met"
I as in "hit"
O as in "ought"
I after d, n and t pronounced like "yeh"

① Č pronounced like ch in "church"
J pronounced like Y
② Š pronounced like sh in "shirt"
③ Z as in "buzz"
④ Ž as in "azure"
R is always rolled.

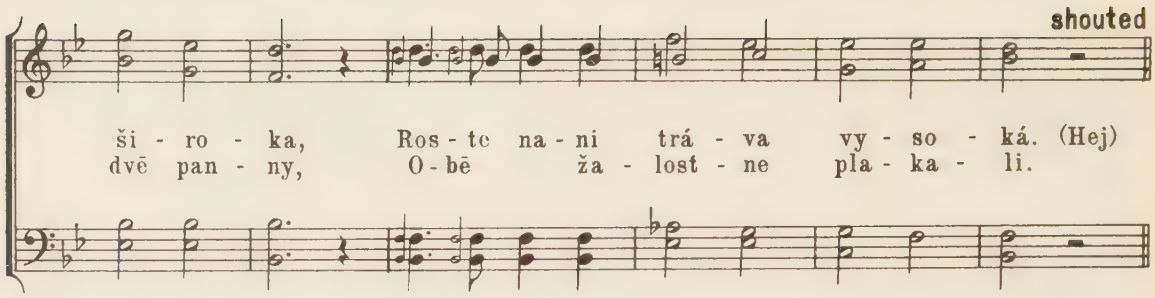
Phonetic pronounciation:

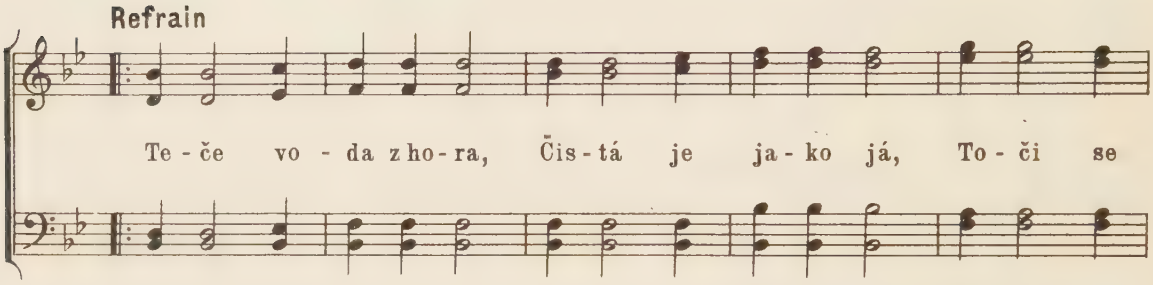
1. Eye looch-kah, looch-kah she-raw-kah,
Roste non-yeh tra-va, *etc.*
---Vee-saw-kah. Hay!

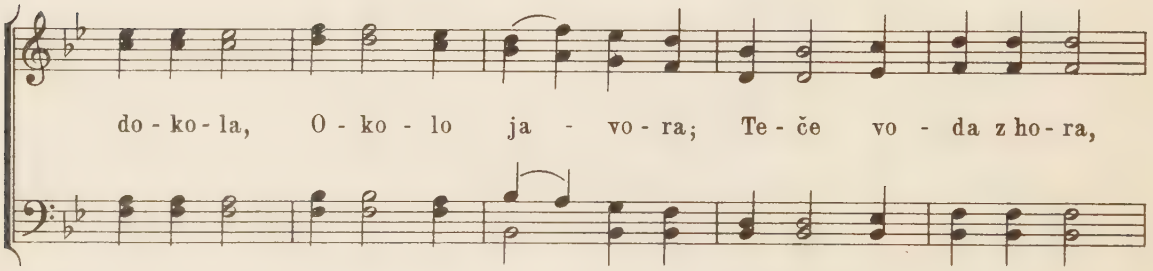
Refrain:

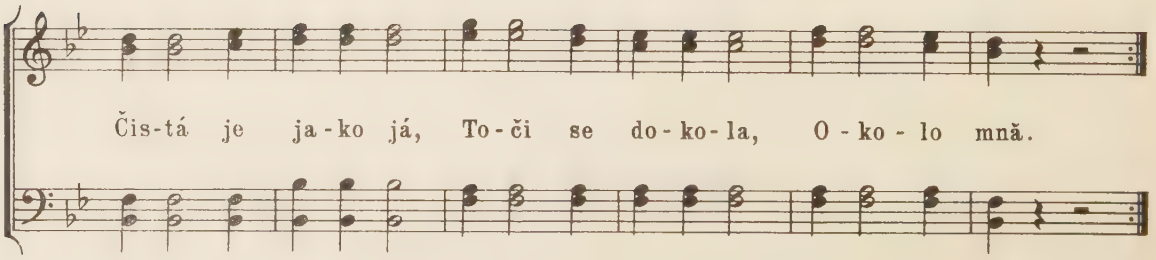
Te-ce voda z ho-rah,
Chis-tah yeh yah-ko-yah,
Taw-cheh seh daw-kaw-lah,
Aw-kaw-law yah-vo-rah, *etc.*
---mnyah.

2. Zah-lee tom non-yee dvyeh pon-yee,
Ob-yeh zhah-lost-nyeh, *etc.*
---plah-kah-lee.


shouted
ši - ro - ka, Ros - te na - ni trá - va vy - so - ká. (Hej)
dvě pan - ny, O - bě ža - lost - ne pla - ka - li.


Refrain
Te - če vo - da z ho - ra, Čis - tá je ja - ko já, To - či se


do - ko - la, O - ko - lo ja - vo - ra; Te - če vo - da z ho - ra,


Čis - tá je ja - ko já, To - či se do - ko - la, O - ko - lo mně.

Yali Marching Song

(As sung at Changsha, Hunan Province, China)

Piano accompaniment added by M. B.

Alla Marcia

Chorus in unison

(p-f poco a poco al fine)

Chew nane gin zhih

ben marcato

f

(p-f poco a poco al fine)

wu han chee tree jwin Sin chee jo go Sin fun pyow yan

Hu - nan sien shun yin Er chane yu nane Chwan jwan oh do

E dan sow er goong Dz ys shin fu Rin shan wu jin Wu wan tay shay goon.

SPIRITUALS

Keep in the Middle of the Road

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Alla Marcia

pp sempre staccato *mf* I

1. Keep in the mid-dle of the mid-dle of the mid-dle of the

pp

hear them an-gels call-in' loud,

mf

road, in the mid-dle of the mid-dle of the road, Keep in the mid-dle of the

They's a-wait-in', there in a

mp *pp*

road; They's a-wait, wait-in', wait-in', wait-in',

mf *pp*

in the mid-dle of the road,

great big crowd,

f

wait-in' in a crowd, Keep in the mid-dle of the road. I can

cresc. *f*

in the mid-dle of the

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 11 (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7891)

see them stand- in' 'round the big white gate, We must trav- el a - long be-fore it

gets too late,

dim.

For it ain't no use for to sit down and wait,

mp

Keep in the mid-dle of the road. Then chil- dren keep in the

mf

Refrain

p

mf

2nd Basses prominent throughout refrain.

mid - dle of the road, Chil - dren keep in the

mid - dle of the road, Just

mid-dle of the road, to the right! to the left, Just

f

mf

Don't you look, Don't you look,

f

mf

Keep in the mid - dle of the road.

f

in the mid - dle of the

mp

Chil - dren keep in the mid - dle of the road,

mp

cresc.

road, Just mid - dle of the

road, Just keep in the mid-dle of the road, to the right!

f

f

Don't you look Don't you

mp *cre* - - -

to the left! Just keep in the mid - dle of the

mp

look

To page 154 for 3rd stanza

scen - - *do*

Fine

mid-dle of the mid-dle of the road, in the mid-dle of the road.

After 3rd verse, instead of cresc., poco a poco dim. al fine.

pp *mf* I

2. Keep in the mid-dle of the mid-dle of the mid-dle of the

pp

aint got time for to stop and talk,

mf

road, in the mid-dle of the mid-dle of the road, Keep in the mid-dle of the

'Cause the road am rough

road, 'Cause the road, road am rough and its hard for to walk,

mf *pp*

in the mid-dle of the road,

mf *f*

Keep in the mid-dle of the road. I'll fix my eye on the

f *f*

in the mid-dle of the road

keep on a-gwine till I get there,

gold-en stair, And I'll keep a-gwine, gwine, gwine, gwine till I'm there,

gwine till I'm there, 'Cause my

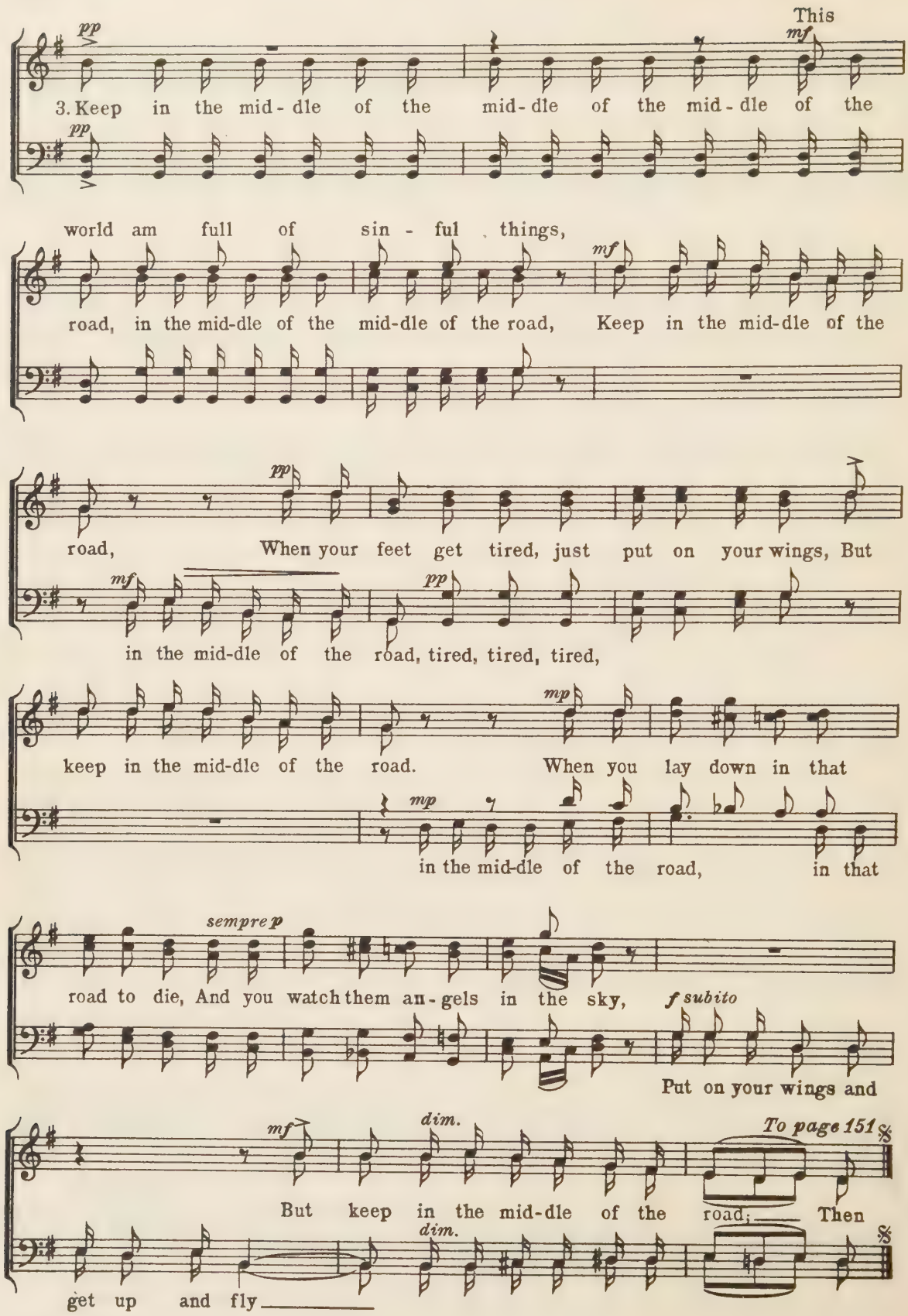
page 151

p

Keep in the mid dle of the road. Then

dim.

head am bound that crown for to wear,


This
pp
mf
3. Keep in the mid - dle of the mid - dle of the mid - dle of the
pp
world am full of sin - ful things,
mf
road, in the mid-dle of the mid-dle of the road, Keep in the mid-dle of the
pp
road, When your feet get tired, just put on your wings, But
mf
pp
in the mid-dle of the road, tired, tired, tired,
mp
keep in the mid-dle of the road. When you lay down in that
mp
in the mid-dle of the road, in that
sempre p
road to die, And you watch them an - gels in the sky,
f subito
Put on your wings and
mf
dim.
To page 151
But keep in the mid-dle of the road; Then
dim.
get up and fly

Jerusalem Morning

Solo
apiacere

Chorus

Solo

Talk a-bout Je - ru-sa-lem morn - ing. Yes, good Lord; Talk a-bout Je-

Chorus

Solo

ru-sa-lem morn- ing. Yes, good Lord. Broth-ers I feel as tho' I want to shout!

Solo

Più moto
Solo

This re - li-gion am turn-ing me in-side out. Get your

2nd Bass, Spoken

Shout on, brother

Well, what are you
goin' to do about it?

long white robe and your star - ry crown, And be read- y when the great day

Chorus

f

comes. Good Lord, I'm read - y, In-deed I'm read - y! Well, good Lord, I'll be

f

read-y when the great day comes. Read - y, in-deed I'm

ff

Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

read - y! Well, good Lord, I'll be read-y when the great day comes.

Solo

a piacere

Chorus

Did-n't the good book said dat Cain killed A - bel? Yes, good Lord;

Solo

Chorus

Solo

Hit him on the head with the leg of a ta - ble? Yes, good Lord. Did-n't

Più moto

Dan-iel in the li-on's den Say un-to those col-ored men, Get your

spoken

What did he do? What was the subject of his dissertation?

long white robe and your star-ry crown, And be read-y when the great day

Chorus

f

comes. Good Lord, I'm read-y, In-deed I'm read-y! Well, good Lord, I'll be

f

read-y when the great day comes. Read-y, in-deed I'm

ff

Oh, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

read-y! Well, good Lord, I'll be read-y when the great day comes.

Roll, Jordan, Roll!

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Andante con moto
Refrain

sempre p

p

Roll, Jor - dan, roll! Roll, Jor - dan roll! I

p

Fine

want to go to Heb-ben when I die, To hear Jor - dan roll.

Chorus

p

Yes, good Lord

2nd Bass Solo

mp

1. Oh brud-ders you ought to been there!
2. Oh sis - ters you ought to been there!

p

Solo

mp

A

Chorus

pp

non rit.

D. C.

To hear Jor - dan roll.

pp

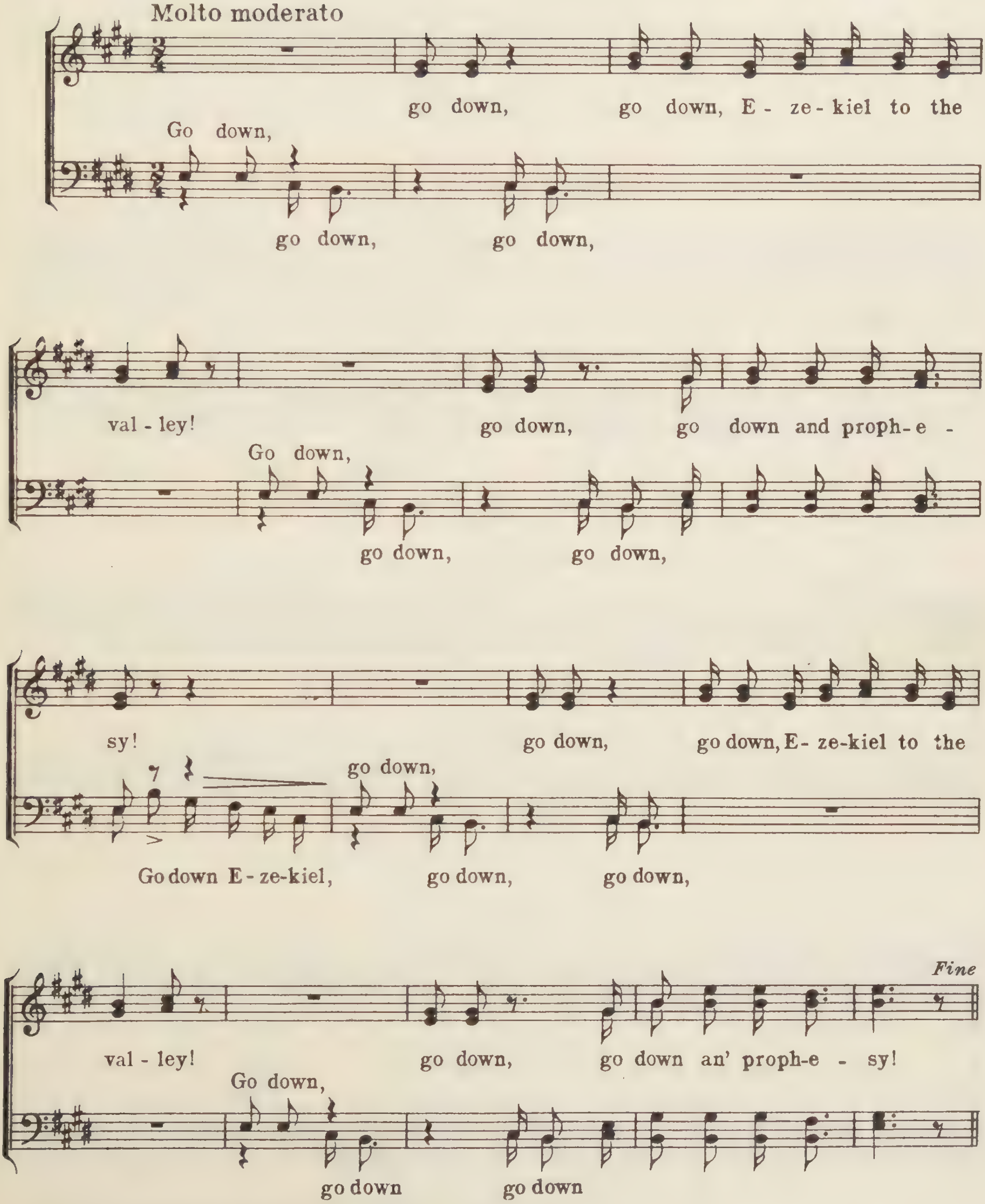
sit - tin' in de King-dom,

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 19, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7757)

Bones Come A-Knittin'*

Ezekiel xxxvii, 1-10

Freely arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew



* From a spiritual sung by Sally Hill Scaife

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 19, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7757)
36148

Tenor Solo

a piacere

Oh Lawd! Will these dry bones

Bass Solo

Thou who knowest,

Chorus

Moderato ben marcato

pp

live a - gain? Wind blow oo,

Chorus Wind blow,

mf *più forte*

mf

Bones come a - knit - tin',

sempre pp *ma poco a poco accel.*

Wind blow oo,

Wind blow,

più f

Bones come a - knit - tin',

poco cresc. *mf*

Wind blow oo, Wind blow oo

Wind blow, Wind blow

f *ff*

Foot-bone come a - knit - tin',

molto accel. ed agitato

ben marcato

mp

Toe-bone come a-knit-tin', an-kle-bone, shin-bone, knee-bone, hip-bone

f

back-bone, wish-bone, shoul-der bone, ham-bone, Knit by knit,

ff

Knot by knot, Sin-yer by sin-yer an'-a

ff

Solo *rall.*

Tempo I°

D. C. (tempo

j'int by j'int, Oh Lawd!

Lawd, won't you

Ol' Ark's A-Moverin'

Genesis vii

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Refrain

Moderato ma ben marcato

mf

Melody

Oh! de ol' ark's a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in,' de

1. ol' ark's a-mov-in' by de spir-it o, God! Oh! de
2. ol' ark's a-mov-in' an'— I thank God

1. non rit.

2. non rit.

Fine

Tenor Solo

sempre a tempo

1. How man-y days did de wat-er fall?

Bass Solo

For-ty days an' nights in all!

Chorus

f

D. S.

Ol' ark she reel, ol' ark she rock, Oh de

f

Ol' ark she land-ed on a moun-tain top.

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 18, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7756)

Tenor Solo

2. Ham, Shem an' Ja-pheth was a set-tin' one day,

Bass Solo

Talk-in' on de up-per deck an'

An' while dey was a-spu-tin' 'bout dis an' dat,—

look-in' down de bay, De

Chorus

f D. S. 𝄋

Tenor Solo

Oh! de 3. See dat sis-ter dressed so fine?

f

Bass Solo

ark done bump on Ar-a-rat. She

See dat brud-der

ain't got re-li-gion on her min'!

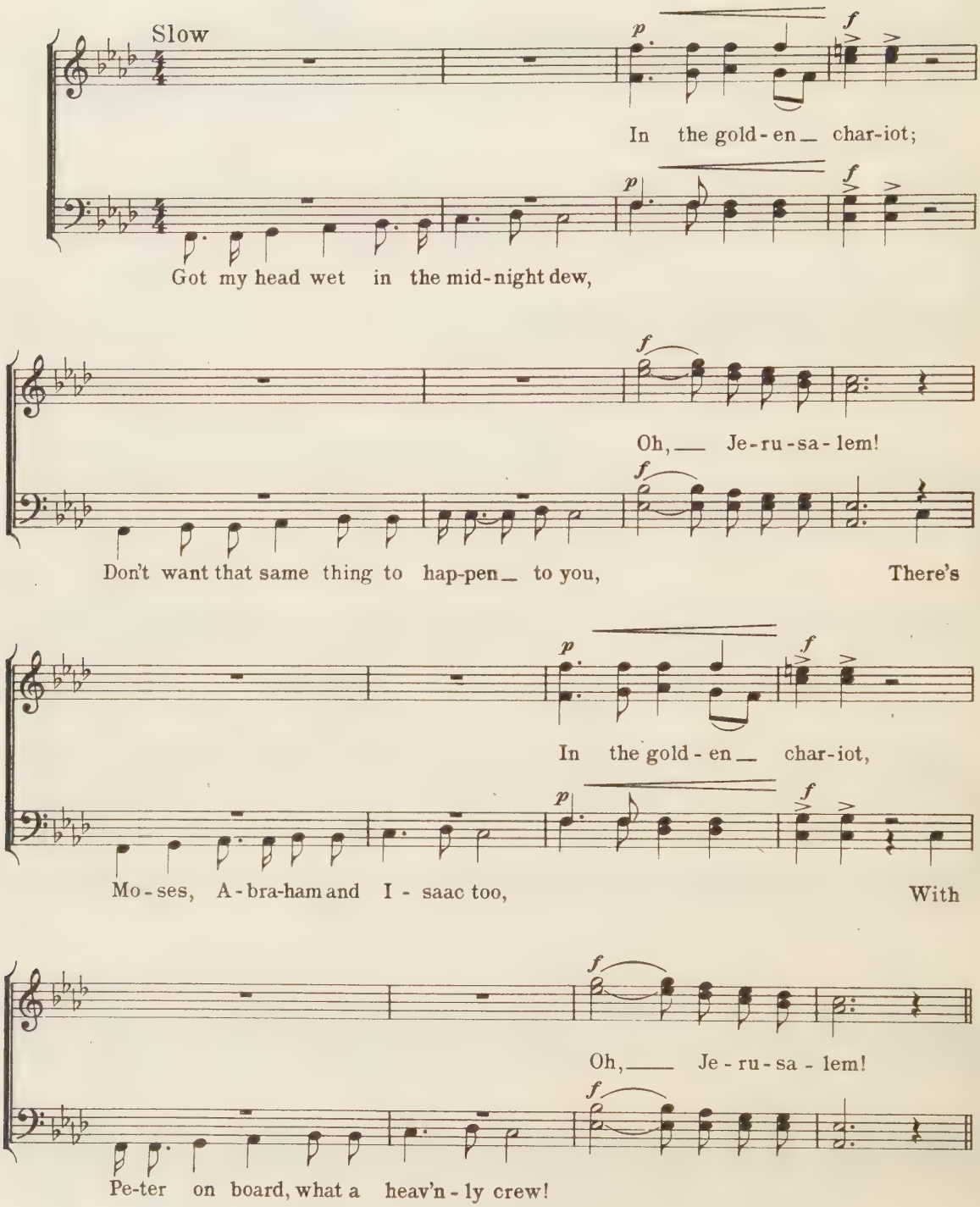
Chorus

D. S. 𝄋

dressed so gay? Oh de

Deb-bil's gwine to come an' car-ry him a-way.

Got My Head Wet



mp faster

Hus-tle up ma hon-ey, get your tick-et, Don't you miss dat train, We'll

mp

poco rit. *a tempo* *mf*

1. 2.

all be dead and bur-ied, When that char-iot makes an-oth-er trip a-gain. Oh, gain.

mf

Slow *a piacere*

Child-ren, I will be there,

Bright and ear-ly in the

Adagio

pp *ppp* *f*

I must go, I'll be there! When you

pp *ppp*

morn - ing.

f faster

gwine to be there? When the big bell rings that day.

f

Bright Stars Do Shine

dolce *mp* *mp*

O the bright stars do shine, bright stars do shine,

mf *pp*

Bright stars shine in heav'n a - bove, Bright stars shine in heav'n a - bove,

mf *p* *mp più moto*

Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Down in the val-ley to meet my Lord,

cresc. *dim.* *f*

Down in the val-ley to meet my Lord, Down in the val-ley to pray! Will you

p *mp*

run a - long, run a - long? Yes, my Lord, I'll meet you! Will you

p *mp*

rit. *mp rall.*

run a-long, run a - long,— Down in the val - ley to pray?

mp

mf a tempo

'Li-gion am sweet as a hon-ey - comb, Come a-long, chil - dren, let's go home;

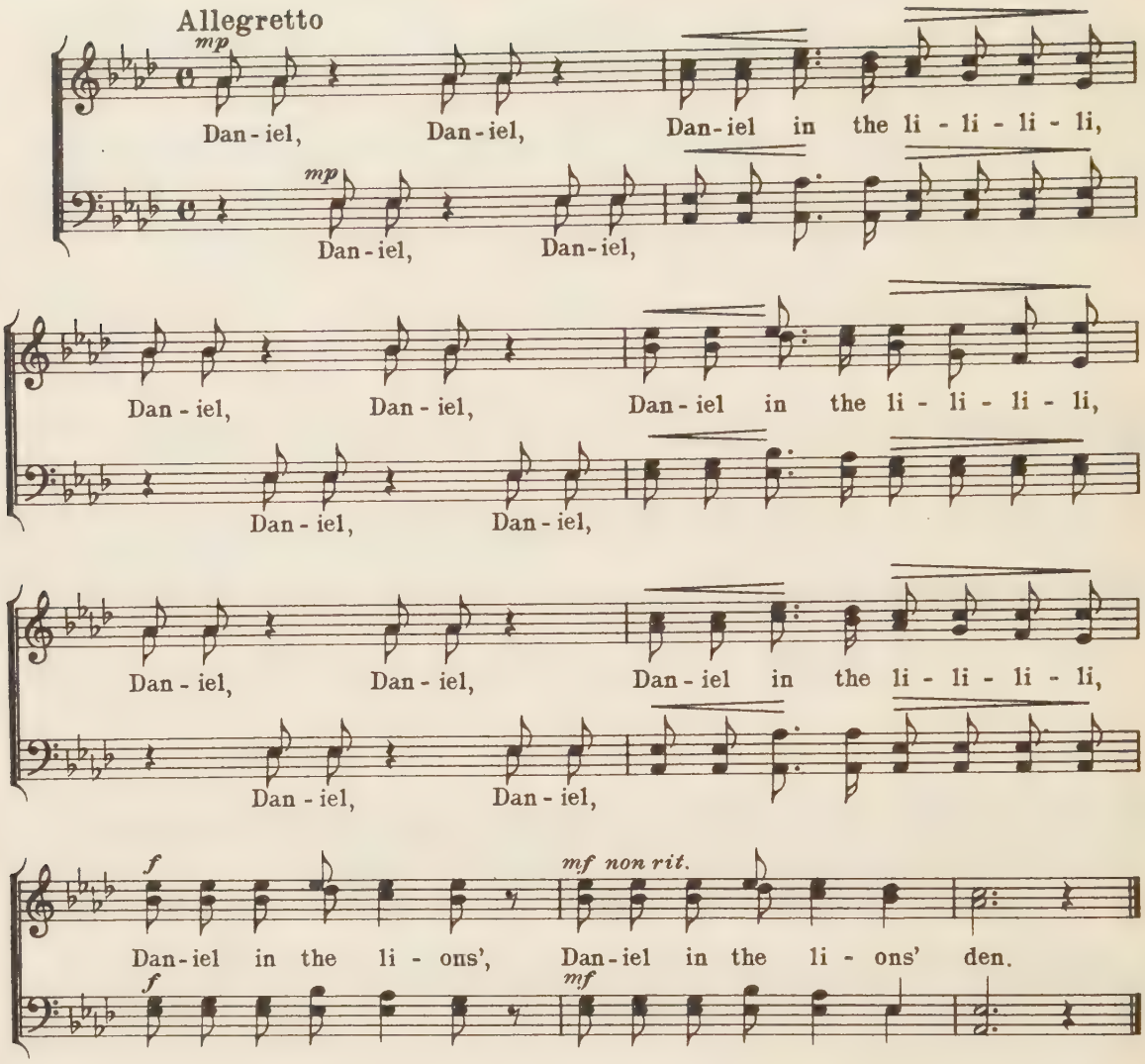
mf

pp

'Li-gion am sweet as a hon - ey - comb! 'M! My Lord!

pp

Who did?



2. Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel,
Gabriel, blow your trump, trump, trump, trump,
Gabriel, blow your trumpet loud.

3. Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter,
Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea,
Peter walking on the sea.

4. Who did, who did, who did, who did,
Who did swallow Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo,
Who did swallow Jonah down?

5. Whale did, whale did, whale did, whale did,
Whale did swallow Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo,
Whale did swallow Jonah up!

I Got Shoes

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

1.2.3. I got shoes, wings, harps, You got shoes, wings, harps, All o' God's chil - lun got shoes, wings, harps,

When I get to Heb-ben, gwine-a put on my shoes, put on my wings, I gwine-a tune up my harps, walk all fly all play it all o - ber God's

Heb-ben, Heb-ben, Heb-ben, Heb - ben, Ev - 'ry-bod-y talk a - bout Heb - ben,

Heb-ben ain't a - gwine dar, Heb-ben, Heb-ben, Heb-ben, I'm gwine-a

1.2. walk / fly all o - ber God's Heb - ben.

3. play it all o - ber God's Heb - ben.

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 9, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7144.)

Steal Away

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Andante
ben sostenuto *pp*

Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a way to Je-sus,

pp *pp*

p *pp* *Fine*

Steal a-way, steal a-way home! I ain't got long to stay here.

p

Melody

1. My Lord He calls me
2. Green trees a-bend-in'

f con fuoco) *f* *dim.* *maestoso* *f*

1. calls *(hum)*
2. 'din' *(hum)*

The

f *dim.* *f* *f*

1. He calls me by the thun-der,
2. Poor sin-ner stands a-trem-blin',

D.C. al Fine

rit.

trum-pet sounds with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here!

rit.

Melody

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 18, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7756)

Ready When He Comes*

collected and arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Solo — Chorus

Well, I want to be read - y when He

Read - y, read - y, read - y when He

Solo

comes, I want to be read - y when he

comes, Read - y, read - y, read - y when he

comes, Well I want to be read- y when He comes a - gain, He's

comes,

Solo

com - in' a-gain so soon.

1. Nev - er let Him catch you at the
2. Nev - er let Him catch you with a
3. Nev - er let Him catch you with a

* Moore County, North Carolina

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 19, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7757)

Duet

bar- room door, Nev-er let Him catch you at the bar- room door,
tat - tlin' tongue, Nev-er let Him catch you with a tat - tlin' tongue,
lie in your mouth, Nev-er let Him catch you with a lie in your mouth,

f

Nev-er let Him catch you at the bar- room door,
Nev-er let Him catch you with a tat - tlin' tongue, } He's com-in' a-gain so soon.
Nev-er let Him catch you with a lie in your mouth,

f

Solo *2nd time pp* Chorus

Well, I want to cry hold Him, when He

Hold Him, hold Him, hold Him when He

Solo *(last time poco rall. to end)*

comes, I want to cry hold Him when He comes, well I want to cry

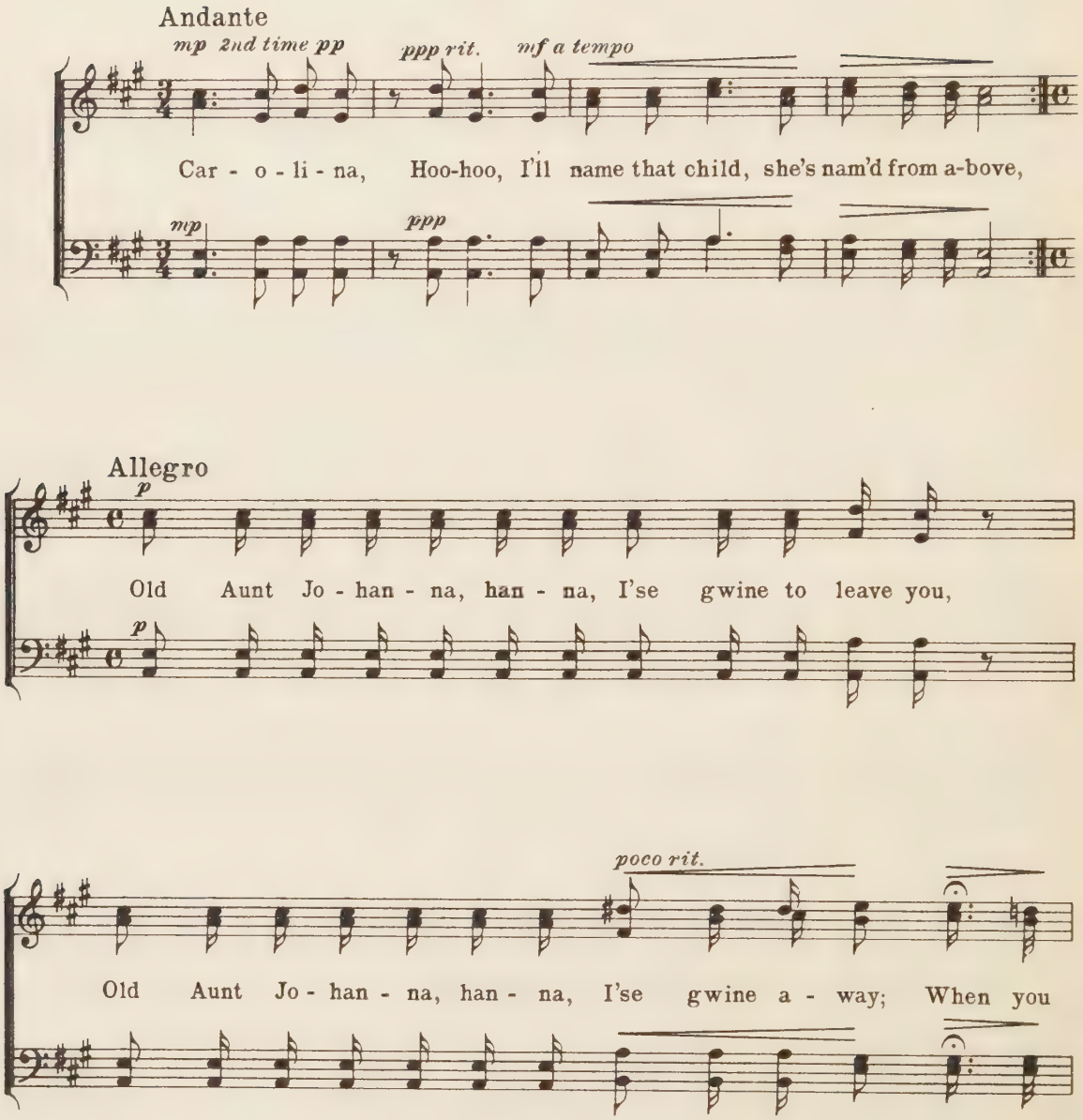
Hold Him, hold Him, hold Him when He comes,

1. *Fine*

hold Him when He comes a - gain, He's com - in' a-gain so soon. soon.

PLANTATION SONGS

Carolina


Andante
mp 2nd time pp
ppp rit.
mf a tempo
Car - o - li - na, Hoo-hoo, I'll name that child, she's nam'd from a-bove,
mp
ppp
Allegro
p
Old Aunt Jo - han - na, han - na, I'se gwine to leave you,
p
poco rit.
Old Aunt Jo - han - na, han - na, I'se gwine a - way; When you

più lento *ppp molto adagio* *p* *ten.*

hear dat steam-boat whis-tle, oo! _____ oo! _____ I'se gwine home a-

ppp *p* *ten.*

Allegro

mf

Old Aunt Jo - han - na, han - na, I'se gwine to leave you,

mf

poco rit.

Old Aunt Jo - han - na, han - na, I'se gwine a - way, When you

più lento *pppmolto adagio* *p* *espress.*

hear dat steam-boat whis-tle, oo! _____ oo! _____ I'se gwine home a - gain.

ppp *p*

'Way Down in Florida

a piacere *tempo moderato*

1. Oh de red coon brush-in' at de old blue fly, 'Way down in
2. Oh there's Cap - tain Jenks_ on the old Bob Lee,

a piacere *mf* *rit.* *a tempo*

Flor - i - da, And the white man smiles As the coon goes by, When you
And he drinks more rum than he does hot tea,

Adagio

f *p* *pp* *a tempo* *mf*

hoe that wood-pile down. I'm a - trav - 'lin', yes, trav - 'lin', As

f *p* *pp* *mf*

moderato *a piacere* *mf*

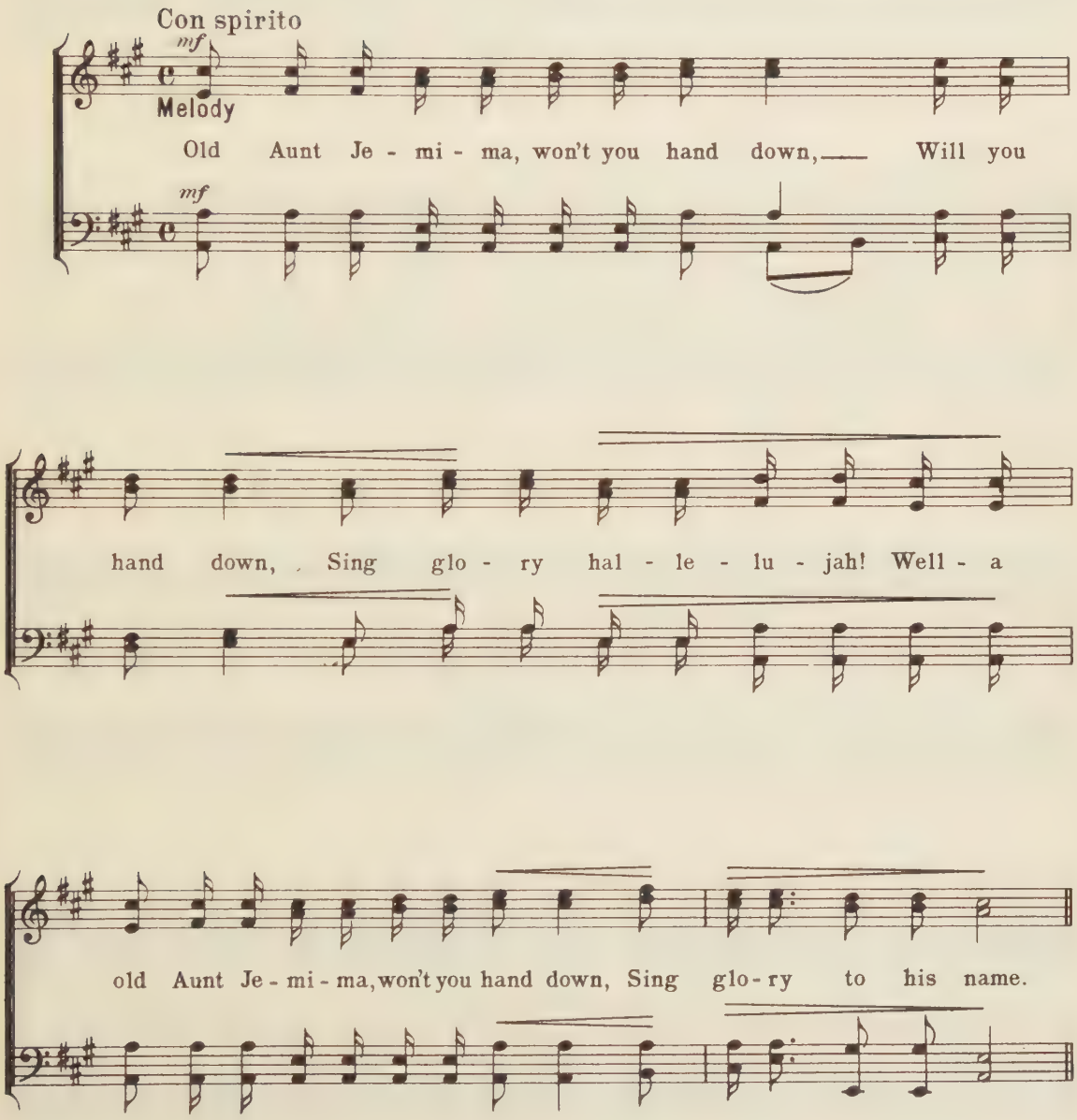
long as the world goes roun'; There's a yal - ler gal o' mine on that

f *mf* *f a tempo*

Geor - gia line, When you hoe that wood - pile down.

f *f*

Old Aunt Jemima
(Sing Glory to His Name)



mf

1. My old mis-sy done prom-ised me, Sing glo-ry to his name, That
I was cross-ing yon-der field, Sing glo-ry to his name, A

mf

mf

when she died she'd set me free, Sing glo-ry to his name, She
black snake stung me on my heel, Sing glo-ry to his name, I

mf

cresc.

lived so long her head turned bald, Sing glo-ry to his name, I
turn'd a-round to do my best, Sing glo-ry to his name, And

cresc.

f poco rit.

thought she'd nev-er___ die at all, Sing glo-ry to his name. Well
ran my head in a hor-net's nest, Sing glo-ry to his name. Well

f

mp a tempo

old Aunt Je - mi - ma, will you hand down, Will you

mp

hand down, Sing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Well - a

old Aunt Je - mi - ma, won't you hand down, Sing

1. *poco rit.*

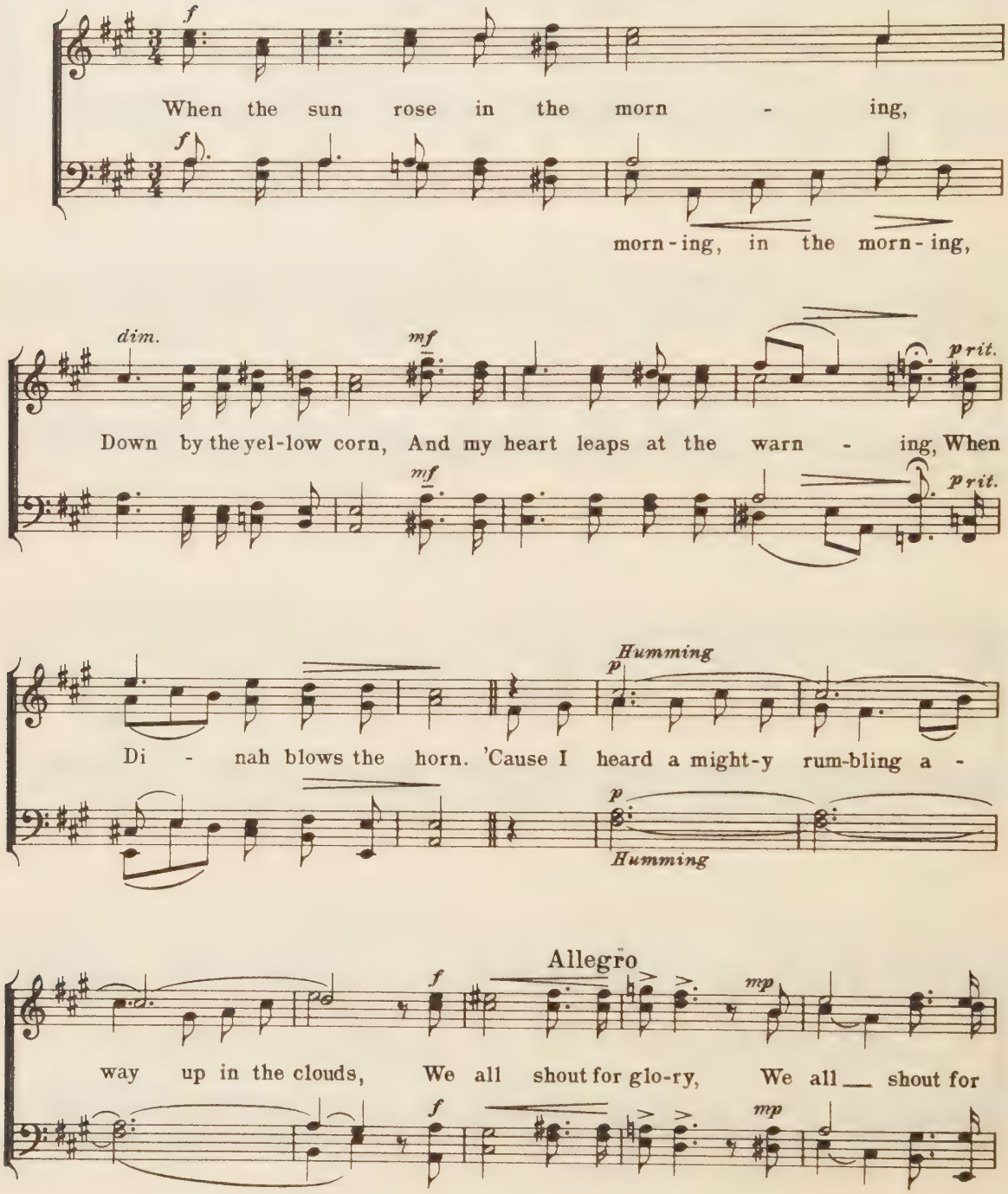
glo-ry to his name. 2. As

2. *poco rit.* *molto rit.*

glo-ry to his name, Sing glo-ry to his name.

Place My Feet on Higher Ground

Arranged by Clarke Colin



Humming

glo-ry, But it's noth-ing but the an-gels a - sing-ing a lit-tle loud. All

Humming

f

Allegro

rit.

shout for glo-ry in my soul,— All— shout for glo-ry in my soul.

Allegro non troppo

mf

Then wake me up and let— me— stand, then wake me up My feet must

mf

f

be on ta-ble-land, Then wake me up and let me stand, My

f

feet must be on ta - ble - land. For

my feet must be on ta - ble -

mf

if I fear, wher-e'er_ I'm_ found, For if I fear, I fear wher-

mf

land,

f

e'er_ I'm_found, Lord, place my feet on high-er_ground, Lord, place my feet on high-er

f

ff *mp* *f*

ground. We all shout for glo-ry, We all_ shout for glo-ry, All

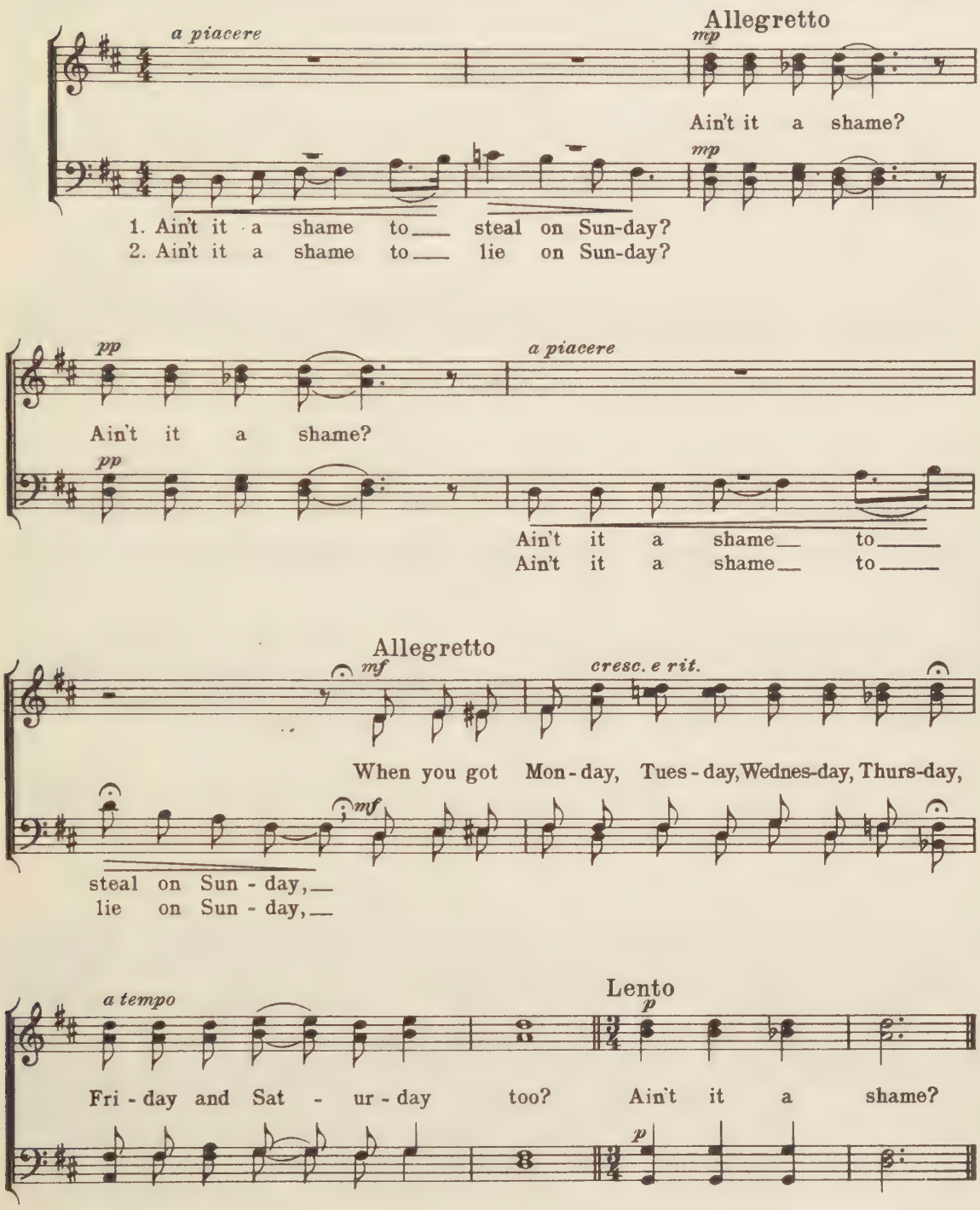
ff *mp* *f*

rit. *allarg.*

shout for glo-ry in my soul,_ All shout for glo-ry in my soul.

Ain't it a Shame?

Plantation Melody
Arranged by M. B.



Dere's an Old Camp-Meetin'

a piacere

1. Dere's an old camp - meet - in' 'way down in the swamp,
2. Did you ev - er see a nig - ger eat a mut - ton chop?

Allegro

mf

Oh mam - ma! hal - le - lu - jah! Where the He

mf

preach - er's so black that they had to get a lamp.
make his mouth go flip - pi - ty flop!

Allegro

mf

Oh mam - ma! hal - le - lu - jah! The

mf

mf

Imitate puffing of engine. *Imitate whistle.*

gos - pel train am a com-in' through, Choo choo choo choo choo! hoo! hoo!

f

In the good old bye and bye,

f

Sin - ners, I am go-in' too,

f *mp*

Spoken

Bye and bye, When the stars am bright. Num-ber, num-ber one, num-ber

f *mp*

Sung

f

Slow *dim.*

two, num-ber three, Good Lord; Byme-bye, byme-bye, Good Lord, byme - bye.

f

Whoa, Mule!

Con spirito

mf

My Aunt Di-nah was a good old sin-ner, Used to catch chick-ens in a

rit. *a tempo*

cof - fee sack; 'F you don' watch out you won't git no din - ner,

f poco accel. Allegro *mp* *f*

Ride up to Heav-en an' you nev-er come back. Don't you hear dat trum-pet soun'? Stand

f *mp* *f*

mp *rit.*

up and don't sit down. Skip so light - ly roun', You sure ain't got no tac', tac', tac'!

mp

a tempo *rit.* *a piacere*

Ride up in the gold - en hack,— Ride up and nev - er come back! Well, if

you don' join dat e - lec - tion band,—

2nd Bass Spoken

Wot yo' gwine do 'bout it, niggah?

f allarg. *f* Allegro

Hit him on the head with a gold - en ax. Whoa, mule, whoa! I

heard dat nig - ger hol - ler, Tie a knot in his tail,

poco rit. *rit.* *f*

He'll slip thro' his col-lar, col-lar, col-lar! Why

rall. *a piacere*

don't you put him on the track? Why don't you let him go? And

ff *ff* *fff* shout!

slide to tone

all I heard that nig-ger say, was Whoa, mule, whoa!—

You Shall Be Free

Plantation Song
Arranged by Marshall Bartholomew

Moderato

mf

Melody

1. Great - a - big nig - ger, ly - in' 'hind a log,—

Fin-ger on de trig-ger and his eye on de hog; Nig-ger pull de trig-ger,

f *poco rit.* *mf* *ad lib.*

Gun-a went crack! Dat old hog lay flat on his back. Oh

mp *a tempo*

pork chops, you shall be free, you shall be

Wid gra-vy on 'em.

mp

cresc. *mf*

free, you shall be free, When the big bell rings dat day.

mf

And spare ribs,

mf

2. Flap dem flap-jacks 'round and 'round, Bake dat corn-pone good and brown; Make dat bed up

mf

poco rit. *ad lib.* *p*

nice and light, Par-son Jones he gwine ter spend de night. Lis-ten him

p

snor-in', You shall be free, you shall be

Can't you hear him, Ba-by?

p

mf *f* *poco rit.*

free, you shall be free, When the big bell rings dat day.

mf *mf* *f*

I ain't slum-ber-in',

a tempo, with ever increasing enthusiasm

mf

3. Good beef-steak an' mut-ton chop, Make a nig-ger lip-a go

mf

flip-pe-ty flop, Buck-wheat cakes wid 'lass-es on,_Sakes! I

poco rit. *f*

ain't see such eat-in' since I been born, Oh! waf-fles,

mp a tempo *mf cresc.*

you shall be free, you shall be

Wid but-ter on 'em,

mp *mf*

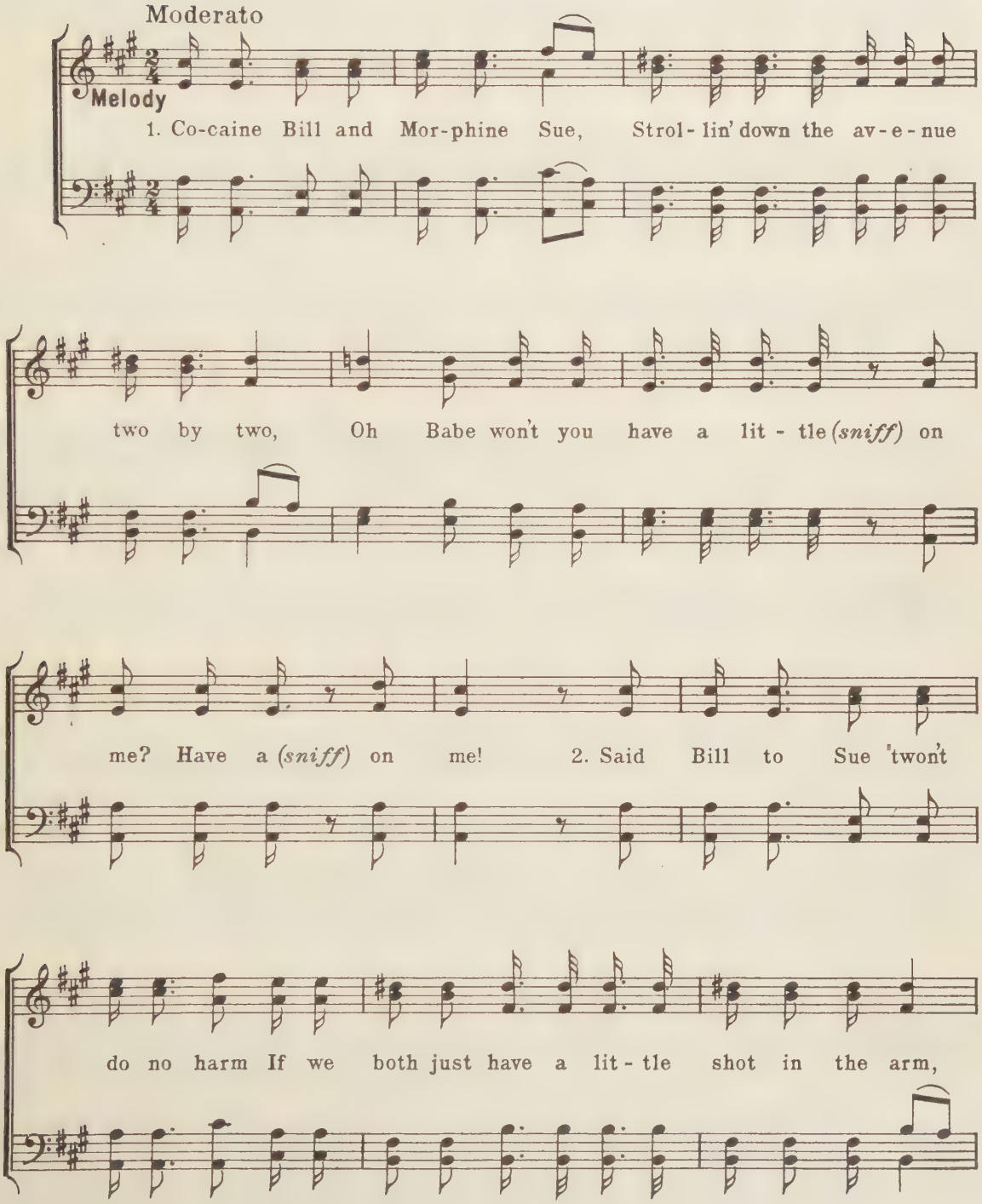
1st Tenor Spoken

f *port.* *f* *allarg.*

free, And sy-rup! you shall be free, When de big bell rings dat day!

f

Cocaine Bill



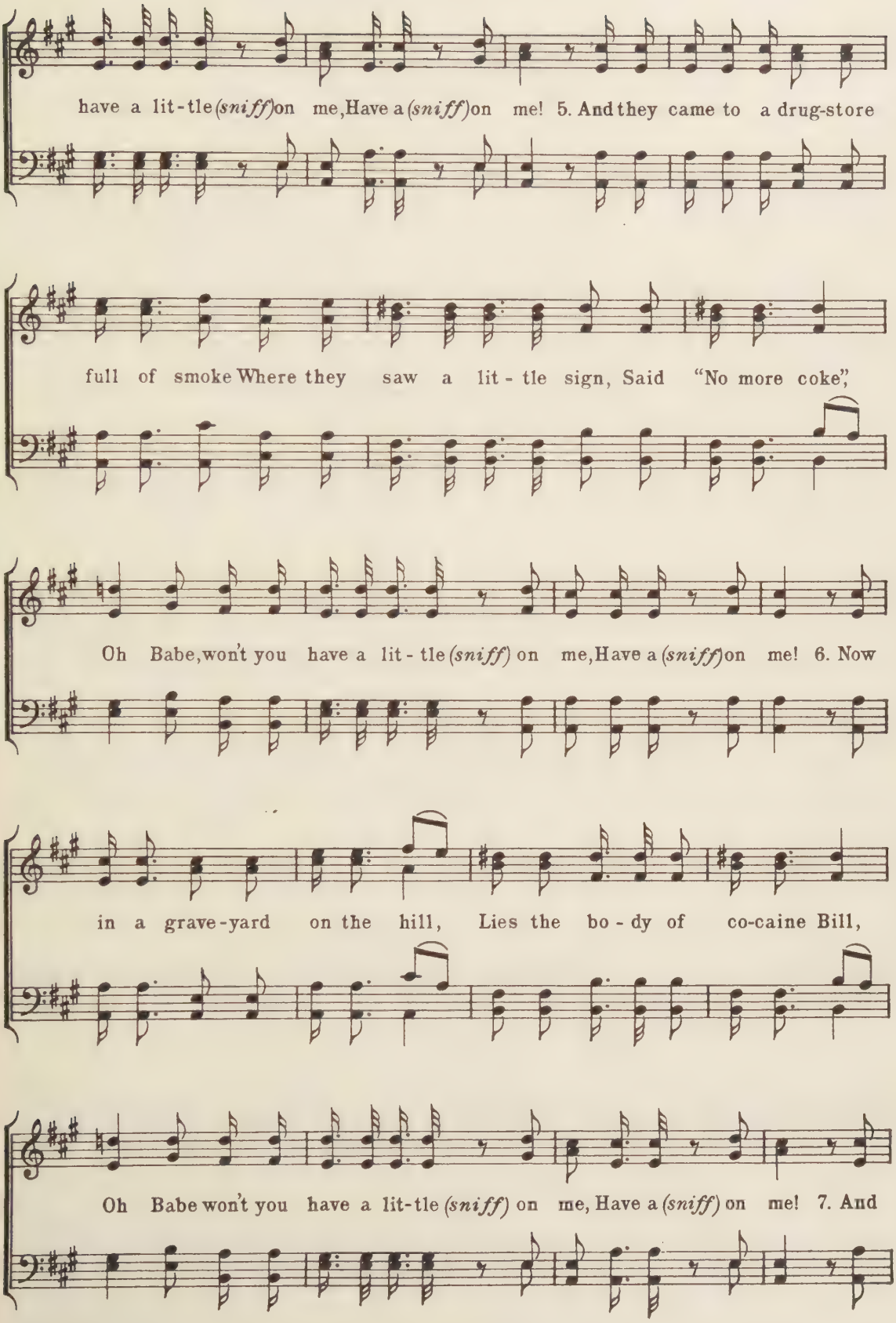
Oh Babe, won't you have a lit - tle (*sniff*) on me, Have a (*sniff*) on

me! 3. Said Sue to Bill: I can't re - fuse 'Cause there's no more kick in

dear old booze, Oh Babe, won't you have a lit - tle (*sniff*) on

me, Have a (*sniff*) on me! 4. So they walked down Fifth and turned up Main,

Look - in' for a place where they sell co-caine, Oh Babe, won't you


have a lit-tle (sniff) on me, Have a (sniff) on me! 5. And they came to a drug-store
full of smoke Where they saw a lit-tle sign, Said "No more coke",
Oh Babe, won't you have a lit-tle (sniff) on me, Have a (sniff) on me! 6. Now
in a grave-yard on the hill, Lies the bo-dy of co-caine Bill,
Oh Babe won't you have a lit-tle (sniff) on me, Have a (sniff) on me! 7. And

in a lit - tle grave right by his side, Lies the bo - dy of his

would-be bride, Oh Babe, won't you have a lit - tle *(sniff)* on me, Have a *(sniff)* on

Slower

me! 8. Now all o' you co - kies is a - gwine to be dead, If you

don't stop a *(sniff)* in that stuff in your head, Oh Babe, won't you

accel. *rit.*

have a lit-tle *(sniff)* on me, Have a *(sniff)* on me, Have a *(sniff)* on me!

Nellie Was a Lady

Stephen C. Foster, (1849)

Moderato

p

Melody

1. Down on de Mis-sis-sip - pi float-in', Long time I trab-bel o'er de way,
All night de cot-ton-wood I'se tot - in', Sing in' for my true lub all de day.

2. Now I'se un - hap-py, and I'se weep-in', Can't tote de cot-ton-wood no more;
Last night when Nel-lie was a - sleep-in', Death came a-knock-in' at de door.

p

mp

Nel-lie was a la-dy, last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, my

mp

mf *più moto*

dark Vir-gin - ny bride. Oh, Nel - lie was a la - dy, last night she died, Toll de

mf

bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark-ey bride, Oh, Nel - lie was a la - dy,

my dark - ey bride,

last night she died, Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark - ey bride.

After last verse
molto mosso
f - pp

Nel - lie was a la - dy, she was; last night she died, she did;

f - pp

2nd time rit.

Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - ny bride, she was.

Old Folks at Home

Stephen C. Foster (1851)
Harmonized by Thos. G. Shepard

Andante, ma non troppo

p

Melody

1. 'Way down up-on the Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home. All the world am dark and drear-y, ev-'ry-where I roam, O, dark-eys, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the bees a-hum-ming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrum-ming, Down in my good old home? All the world am dark and drear-y, ev-'ry-where I roam,

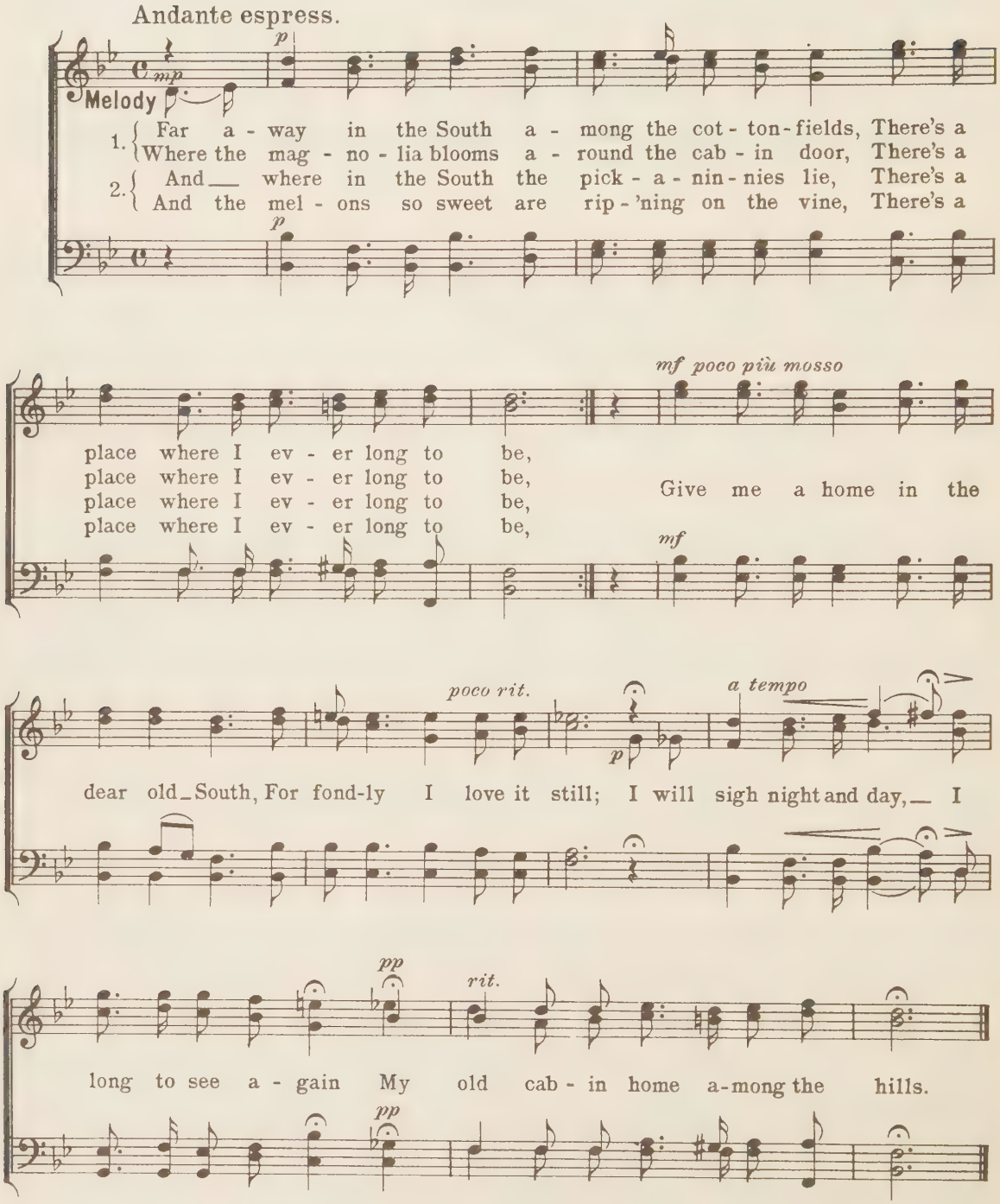
pp

mf

rit.

poco allarg.

Far Away in the South



SONGS OF THE SEA

Eight Bells

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Allegro con brio

La la la la la la la la

1. My hus-band's a sau - cy fore - top-man, A
2. My hus-band once shipped in a whal - er, And
3. And now he's no long - er a sail - or, He

mp *mf*

La la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

legato

chum of the cook's, don't you know, He put his head down the cook's
sailed to the far north-ern seas, But be - ing a bold heart - ed
oft - en wakes up in the night, And think-ing he's still on the

la la la la la la la la la la

from be - low
sea, nor breeze
la la la la la la la la! great de-light

Refrain

f

fun - nel, And shout - ed "Come up from be - low!"
sail - or, He cared not for ice, sea, nor breeze. Eight
whal - er, Cries out with the great - est de - light:

la la la la la! from be - low.
la! sea, nor breeze.
great - est de - light.

Eight bells! eight bells!

f *molto dim.*

bells! eight bells! the watch from be-

f *ff* *molto dim.* *pp*

Eight bells! eight bells! Rouse out there the watch from be - low! Eight

pp *f*

low! Eight bells! eight bells! Rouse out there the watch from be - low!

f

bells! eight bells!

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 7, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7241)

Away to Rio!

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Moderato

mf

A -
A -

heavily, but not too loud

mf

1. Oh, the an-chor is weighed and the sails they are set,
2. We've a jol-ly good ship and a jol-ly good crew,

f *mf*

way, Ri-o! The maids that we're leav-ing, we'll nev-er for-get,
way, Ri-o! A jol-ly good mate and a good skip-per too,

A-way, Ri-o! For we're
A-way, Ri-o! For we're

Grande!
Grande!

And a - way, Ri-o!

mf

2nd Bass prominent throughout Chorus

bound for Ri-o Grande, and a-way,
bound for Ri-o Grande, and a-way,

And a - way, and a - way! Aye, aye, and a -

Con spirito

Aye,

f

bon - nie

dim.

Aye, Ri-o So fare ye well, my bon-nie young girl, We are
Aye, Ri-o So

f

dim.

way, and a - way, and a - way! Sing

1. 2.

bound for Ri - o Grande! Grande!
Grande! and a -

mp

Grande! And a - way, and a - Grande! Ri - o Grande!

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 7, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7241)

As Off to the South'ard We Go

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Sturdily ♩.=72

1. The wind is free and we're bound for sea,
2. We want sail - ors bold who can work for their gold,

Heave Ho ho ho ho ho!

Heave a-way cheer-i - ly Ho! The lass - es are wav - ing to
And stand a good wet - ting with -

Heave Ho ho ho ho ho! Heave Ho!

you and to me, As off to the south 'ard we go, Ho ho ho! As
out catch-ing cold,

Heave Ho! Heave Ho! Ho ho ho ho!

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 2, (Schirmer's Octavo No.7216)

Refrain

off to the south-'ard we go. Sing my lads cheer-i-ly,

Sing my lads cheer-i-ly, Heave Ho!

Ho ho ho ho!

Heave my lads cheer-i-ly, Heave a-way cheer-i-ly, Oh! For

Heave Ho, Heave Ho, Ho ho ho ho!

poco allarg. *a tempo*

gold that we prize And sun-ni-er skies, A-way to the south-'ard we

poco allarg. *a tempo*

go, A-way to the south-'ard we go! way to the south-'ard we go!

rit. *rit.*

-way we way we

A-Roving

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Briskly, well accented

1. In Am - ster - dam there lives a maid,
2. Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
3. And if you'd know this maid - en's name,

Mark you well what I say! In Am - ster - dam there lives a maid, And she is mis - tress of her trade, Her eyes are like two stars so bright, Her face is fair, her step is light, And if you'd know this maid - en's name, Why soon like mine 'twill be the same,

I'll go no more a - rov - ing from you, fair maid.

Refrain

f

A - rov - ing, a - rov - ing, since rov - ing's been my ru - i - in,* I'll go no more a - rov - ing from you, fair maid!

poco rall. *ff*

* Pronounce: ru-eye-in

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 17, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7755)

Tarpaulin Jacket

Moderato

1. Wrap me up in my tar - pau - lin jack - et, And
2. And then get six jol - ly fore - top - men, And
3. And then bring me two big white ho - ly stones, And

say, a poor duf - fer lies low; Bid six jol - ly sea - men to
let them a - rol - lick - ing go, And drink down a six - gal - lon
place them at head and at toe, En - grave on them this su - per -

Repeat 1st verse as Chorus

car - ry me, With steps mourn - ful, meas - ured and slow.
meas - ure To the health of the duf - fer be - low.
scrip - tion, "Here lies a poor duf - fer be - low."

Old Man Noah

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Allegretto

mp

A -
Said

mf

1. A - way, 'way back in the a - ges dark,
2. Said old man No - ah to his wife one day,

way, 'way back in the a - ges dark,
old man No - ah to his wife one day,

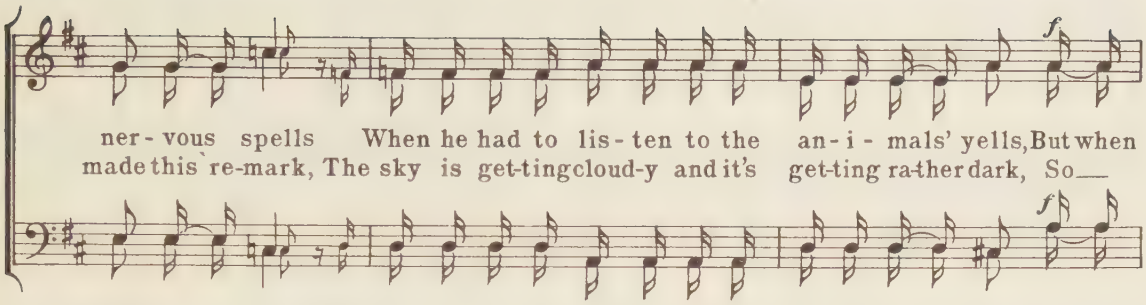
Old man No - ah built a
There's a big storm com - ing on the

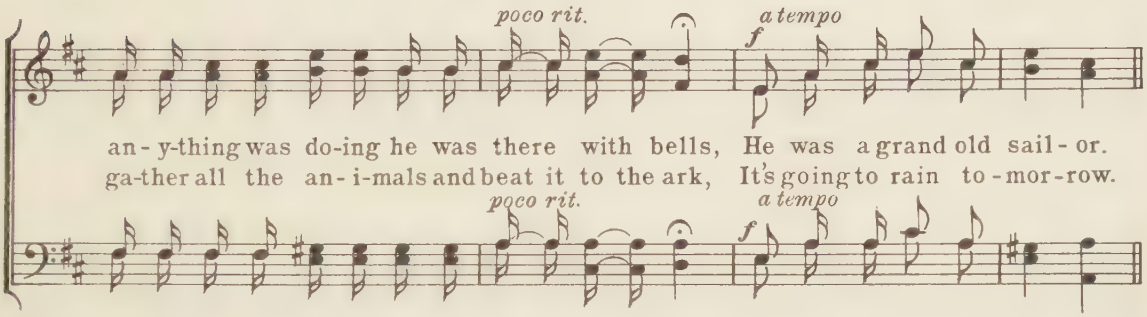
Old man No - ah built a
There's a big storm com - ing on the

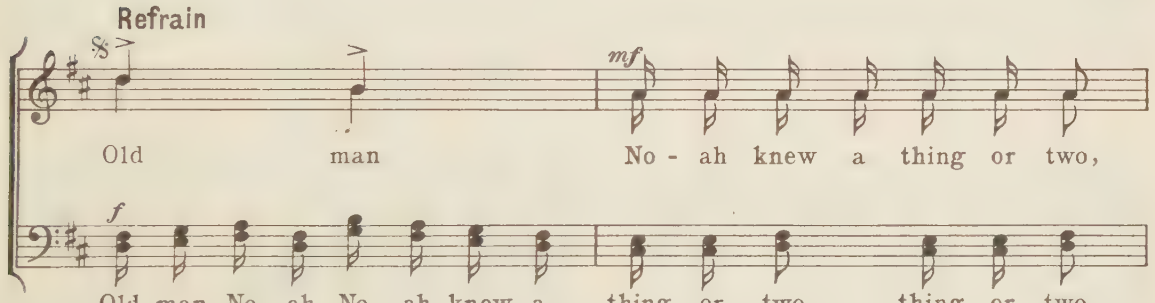
sea - go - ing ark.
first day of May.

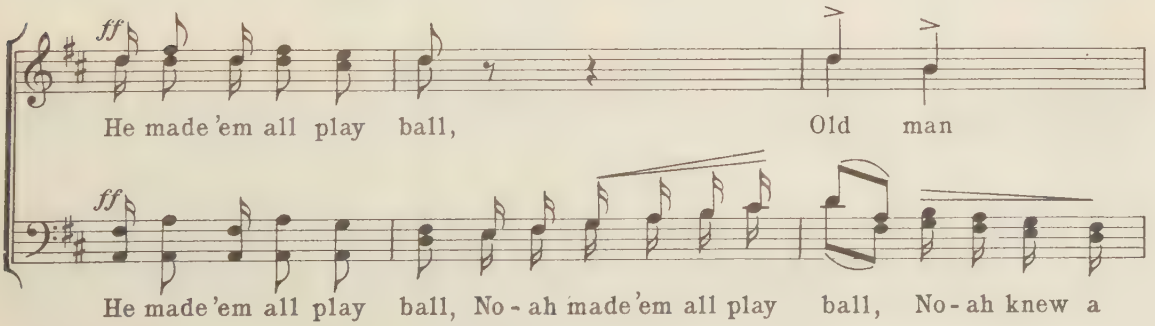
sea - go - ing ark. Old man No - ah had his
first day of May, So he ga-thered all his fam - i - ly and

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 7, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7241)


f
ner - vous spells When he had to lis - ten to the an - i - mals' yells, But when
made this re-mark, The sky is get-ting cloud-y and it's get-ting ra-ther dark, So—
f


poco rit.
a tempo
f
an - y-thing was do-ing he was there with bells, He was a grand old sail - or.
ga-ther all the an - i-mals and beat it to the ark, It's going to rain to - mor - row.
poco rit.
a tempo
f


Refrain
mf
Old man No - ah knew a thing or two,
f
Old man No - ah, No - ah knew a thing or two, thing or two,


ff
He made 'em all play ball, Old man
ff
He made 'em all play ball, No - ah made 'em all play ball, No - ah knew a

mf

No - ah knew a thing or two; Be - cause he knew thing or two, he

mf

thing or two, thing or two; Be - cause he knew a thing or two, he

mp

thought he knew it all. Some say he was an "al - so ran",

mp

Some say No - ah was th'o -

f

He was th'o - ri - gi - nal sail - or man; Old man

f

ri - gi - nal, o - ri - gi - nal sail - or man;

poco rall.

No - ah knew a thing or two, He was a grand old man.

poco rall.

grand old man.

mp

The rain came down in

When No - ah got the an - i - mals

mp

3. The rain came down in show-ers prime,
4. When No - ah got the an - i - mals out to sea,

show - ers prime,
out to sea,

The ark lit out on
They or - gan - ized a reg - u - lar

The ark lit out on sched - ule time, And
They or - gan-ized a reg-u - lar ju - bi - lee, In the

sched - ule time,
ju - bi - lee,

ev - 'ry day at half past three,
mid - dle of the night the el - e - phant said, There's a

No - ah played po - ker with the chim - pan - zee; Cried the
cou - ple of snakes crawled in - to my bed! Shut

f

poco rit.

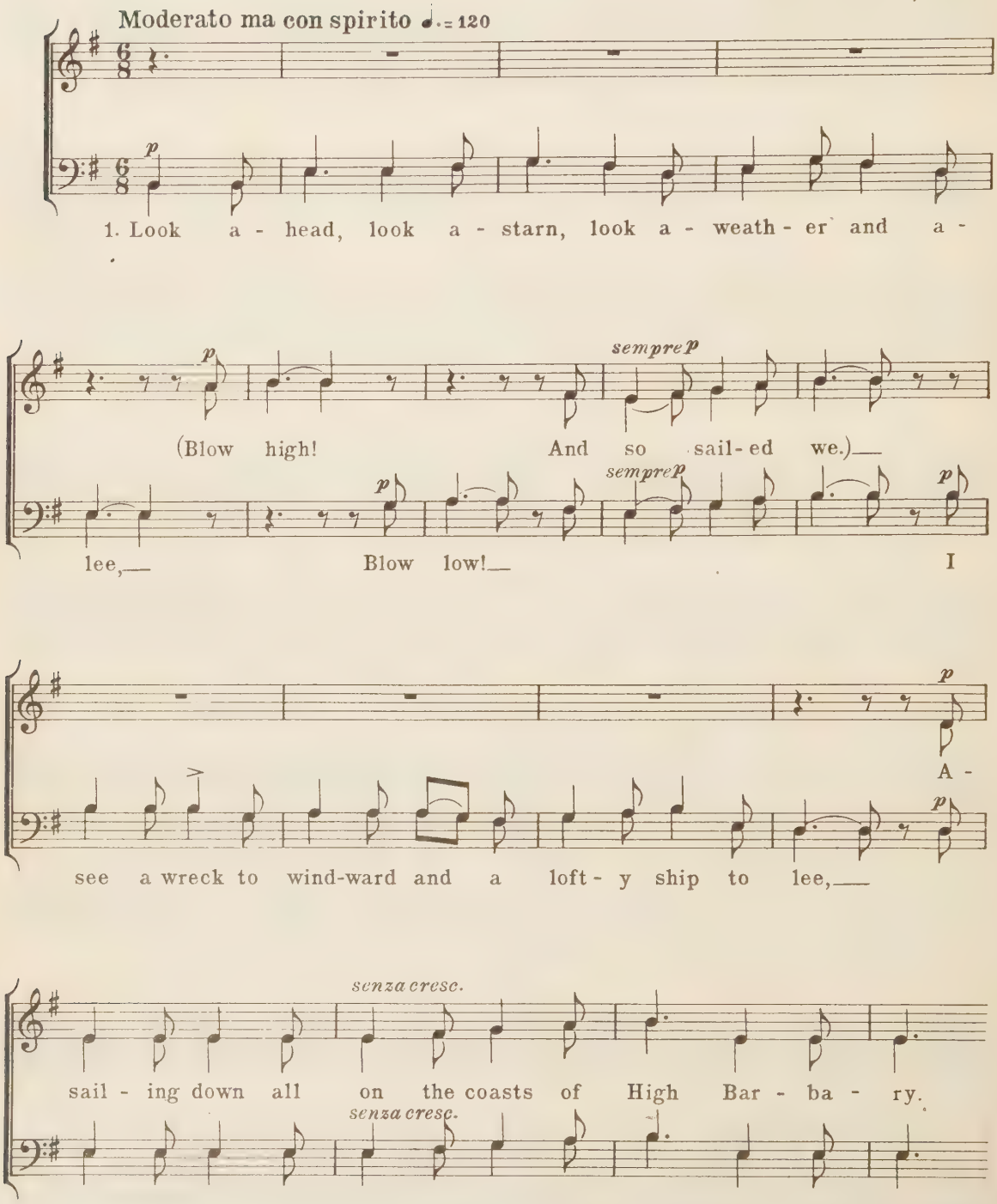
ring-tailed mon-key, I sad - ly grieve, No - ah has a full house up his sleeve.
up! said No - ah, You're drunk in-stead, Now I'm going to lose my li - cense.

poco rit.

Dedicated to the Yale Glee Club

High Barbary

Traditional Chantey
freely arranged by
Arthur E. Hall, '24 M



This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 15, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7577)

pp

Blow high! Blow low! Blow high! Blow low!

2. "Oh, are you a

mf ben marcato

pp

Blow high! Blow low! Blow high! Blow low!

p.

la la la la la

Blow

mf *dim.*

pi - rate or man - o'-war?" cried we, (Blow high! Blow low! And

mf

p.

la la la la la

mf *dim.*

Blow

so sail - ed we.) "Oh, I am not a pi - rate but a

p.

la la la la

mf

p.

la la la la

p.

la la la la la la la la la

man - o'-war," cried he, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba-

mf

p

la la la la la la la la la la

A - sail - ing.

la A - sail - ing. sail -

ry!" A - sail - ing, sail - ing, sail -

la A - sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing.

sail - ing,

ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing. 3. For broad - side, for

ing,

sail - ing, sail - ing.

broad - side, we fought all on the Main, (Blow high! Blow low! And

so sail - ed we.) Un - til at last the frig - ate shot the pi - rate's mast a -

way, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry.

A - sail - ing down on

pp p

whoo (Blow high! Blow

4. But oh, it was a cruel sight and griev - ed us full sore,

mp pp p

whoo

pp mf

low! And so sail - ed we.) To see them all a - drown - ing as they

pp mf

To see them

tried to swim a - shore, A -

f f

A - sail - - -

A - sail - - rall. ing,

f cresc.

sail - - - - - - ing

rall.

- ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing,

cresc.

ff pesante

sail - ing, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry.

ff pesante

sail - ing,

Mobile Bay

Robusto

Arranged by
Marshall Bartholomew

Chanteymen

f ten.

Melody

1. Have you ev-er been in Mo-bile Bay?
2. Have you ev-er been in New Or-leans? John-ny come tell us and pump a-way! A-
3. Have you ev-er been in Car-o-line? A-

Chorus

John-ny come tell us and pump a-way!

Melody

Melody

screw-in' cot-ton night and day?
load-in on cot-ton and corn and beans? John-ny come tell us and pump a-way!
That's where wat-er-mel-on grows so fine!

John-ny come tell us and pump a-way!

John-ny come tell us and

Melody

Aye! Aye! Pump a-way! Aye! Aye! Pump a-way! John-ny come tell us and

Melody

rit. *D.C.*

pump a-way, pump a-way, pump a-way and pump a - way!

rit. *D.C.*

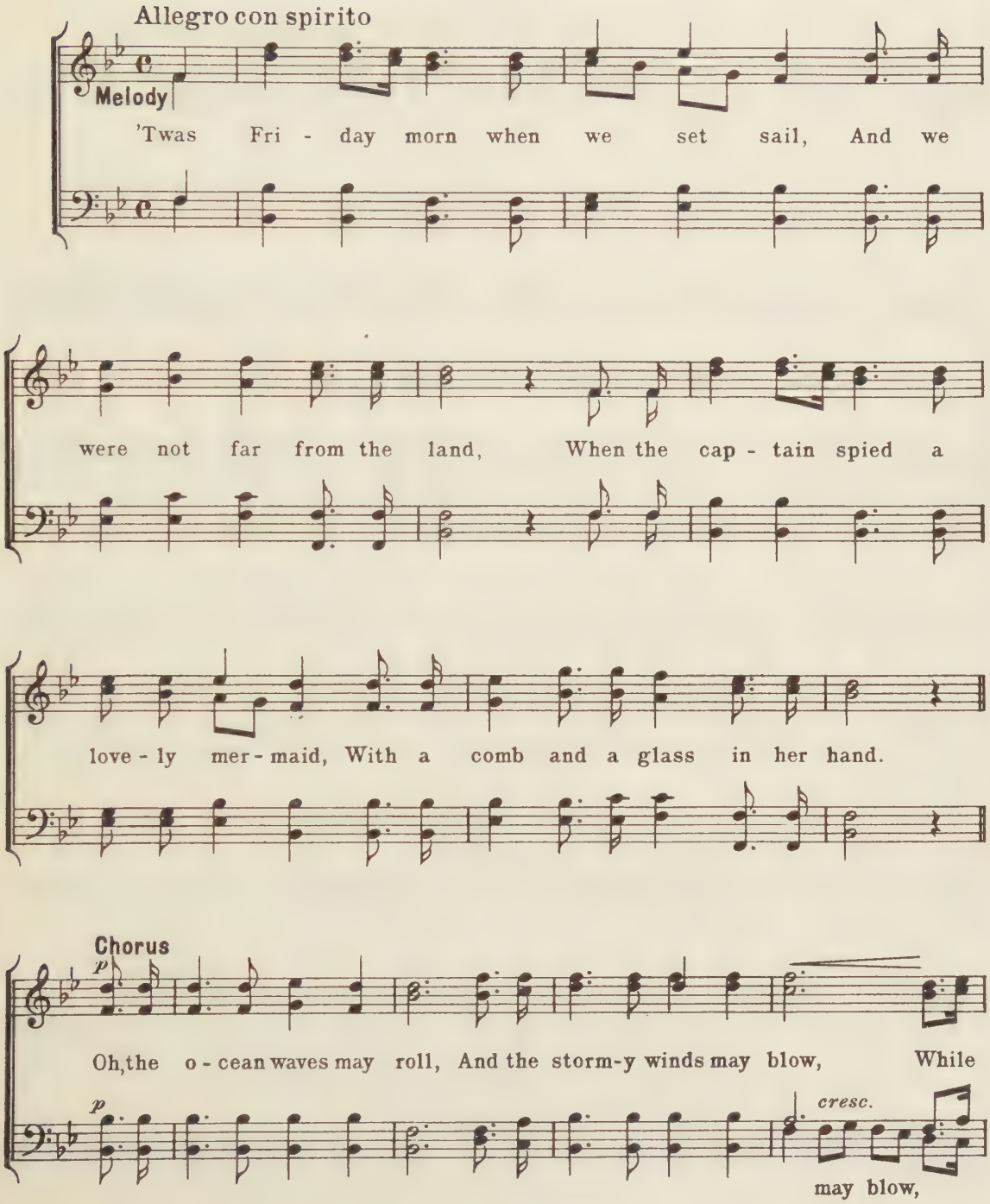
pump a-way, and way, pump a-way, and way, pump a-way and pump a - way!

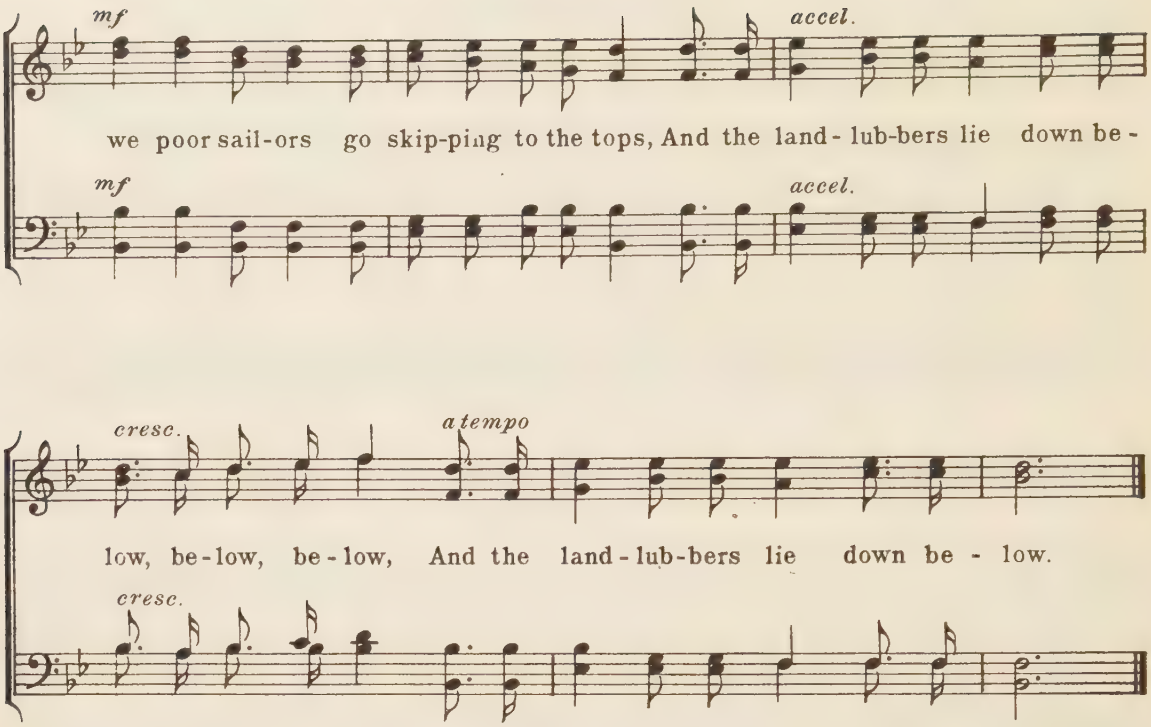
pump a-way!

This number is available separately, Yale Glee Club Series No. 17, (Schirmer's Octavo No. 7757)

36143

The Mermaid


Allegro con spirito
Melody
'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we
were not far from the land, When the cap - tain spied a
love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
Chorus
p
Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm-y winds may blow, While
p
cresc.
may blow,



2

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he;
"I have married a wife in Salem town,
And to-night she a widow will be."

Chorus

3

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a red-hot cook was he;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

Chorus

4

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.

Chorus

Bold Fisherman

Moderato

Bass Solo

1. There was a bold fish-er-man set sail from off
2. He wrig-gled and he scrig-gled in the wa-ters so

sempre staccato

Chorus la la la la la la

la la la

Bar-ne-gat To catch a mild por-gee or sly mack-er-el; But
bri-ny-oh! He yel-lowed and he bel-lowed for help, but in vain; And

la la la la la la la la

la la la la

when he was off Pim-li-co, the storm-y winds did be-
then he did so gent-ly glide to the bot-tom of the

la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la

rit. *mf*

gin to blow, The lit-tle boat wib-ble-wob-bled so that o-ver went he,
surg-ing tide, Previous-ly to this he cried "Fare-well Ma-ry Jane." Sing-ing

rit. *mf*

la la la la la la la la la la Sing-ing

mf

la la la la la la

Molto allegro

mp

Twink-y - doo-dle-um, Twink-y - doo-dle-um, was the

mp

Twink-y - doo-dle-um, Twink-y - doo-dle-um, was the

mp

high-ly in-ter-est-ing song he sung, Twink-y-

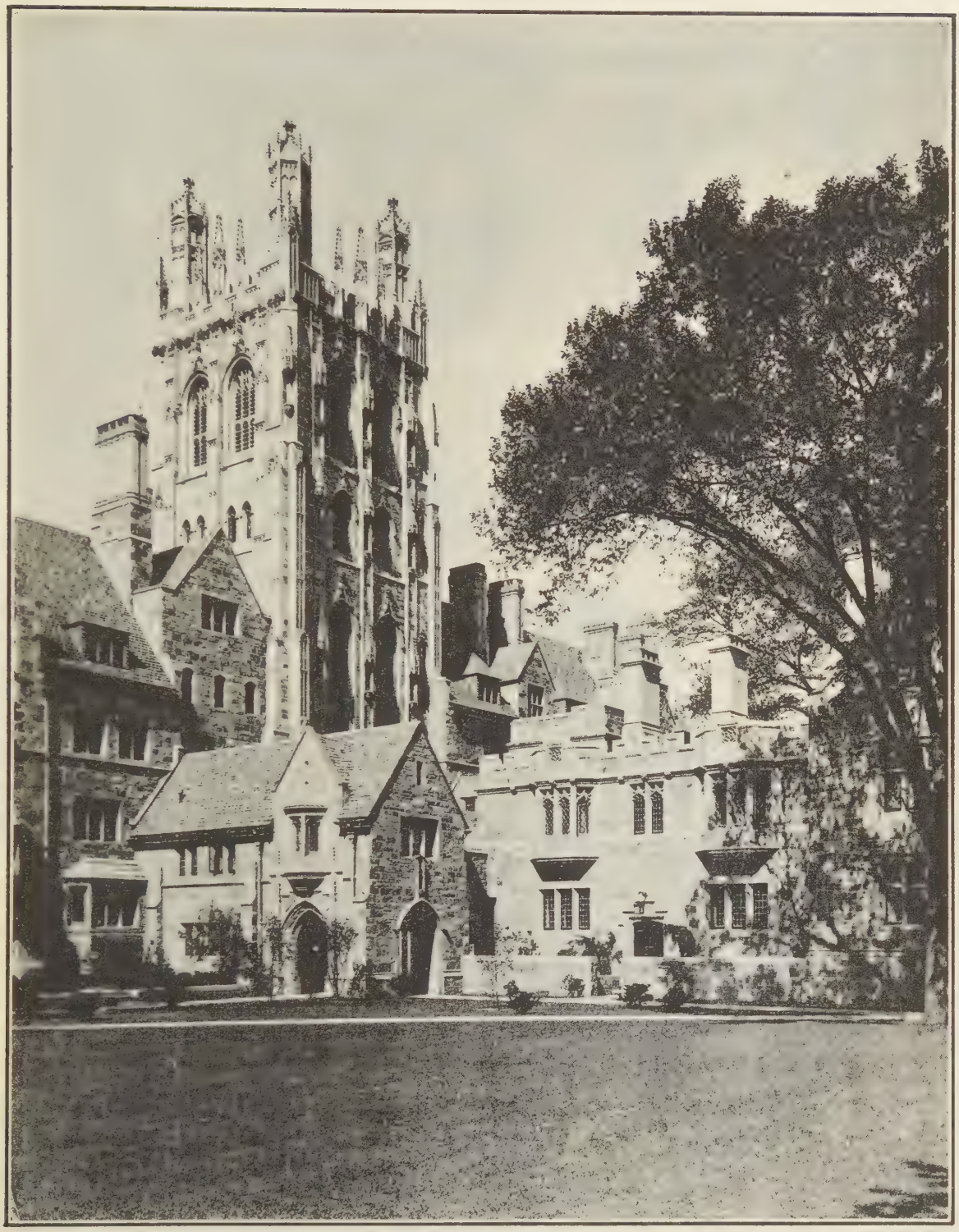
high-ly in-ter-est-ing song he sung, Twink-y-

poco rit.

doo-dle-um, Twink-y - doo-dle-um, said the bold fish-er-man.

poco rit.

doo-dle-um, Twink-y - doo-dle-um, said the bold fish-er-man.



WREXHAM TOWER, MEMORIAL QUADRANGLE

BRANFORD COURT AND HARKNESS TOWER

SONGS OF OTHER COLLEGES

Fair Harvard

Words by Samuel Gilman, Harvard, (1811)
for the Celebration of the 200th Anniversary (1836)
of the Founding of the College

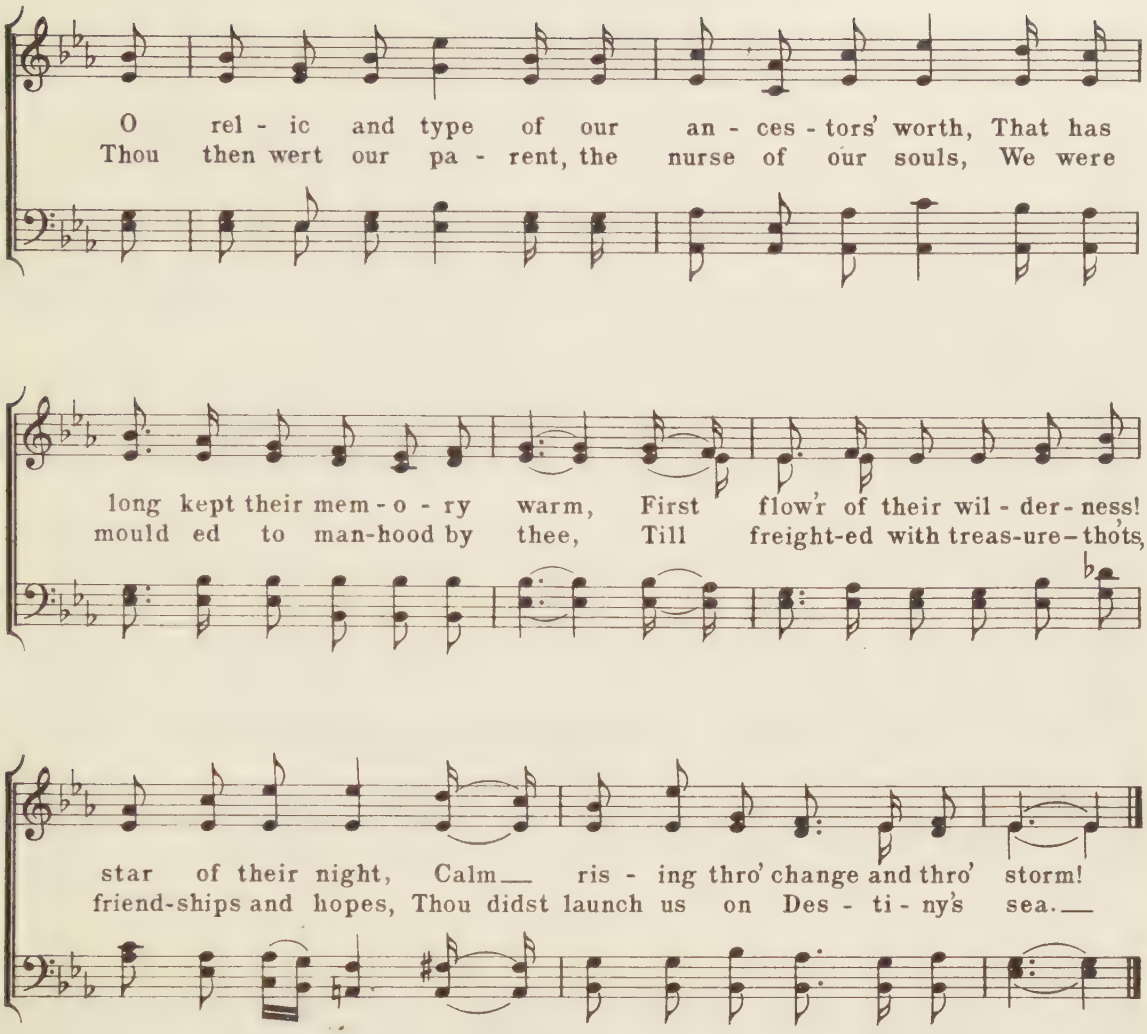
Traditional Irish Air

1. Fair — Har - vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the

bless - ings sur - ren - der thee o'er, — By these fes - ti - val rites, from the
home of our in - fan - tile years, When our fa - thers had warned, and our

age that is past, To the age that is wait - ing be - fore. —
moth - ers had prayed, And our sis - ters had blest, thro' their tears: —

* This song is generally sung in unison. When used for Male Voices in harmony, pitch in F or G. Soprano becomes 1st Tenor; Alto = 1st Bass; Tenor = 2nd Tenor; Bass = 2nd Bass.



3

When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
  To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
  Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
  Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
  That make glad the fair city of God.

4

Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
  To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
  And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
  As the world on truth's current glides by,
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
  Till the stock of the Puritans die.

Torchbearers
Ghost Dance

Pomona College Song *

Text by Ramsay L. Harris

Adapted from a Coahuilla Indian war chant by Arthur D. Bissell arranged for male voices by Ralph H. Lyman

Allegro moderato ♩ = 96

p

Melody

1. Drum-beats rolled o'er the si-lence pro - found Far a - bove Po - mo -
Chant - ing braves mak-ing ech-oes re - sound

p

Po -

più f

Melody

na, a - bove Po-mo - na. Garbed all in feath-ers, each ghost-ly frame

più f

mo - na, a - bove Po - mo-na.

mp

Melody

Loomed 'gainst the em-bers while soft there came, Borne through the gloom like a

mp

p

feath - er of flame, He ne ter-ra-to - ma, ne ter-ra-to - ma,

p

He ne ter - ra - to - ma, ne ter - ra - to - ma,

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p Melody

2. South - land slopes in their sun-lit re - pose Lie a - round Po-mo -
Soft winds, breath - ing of pop-py and rose, Sigh

p

a - round Po -

na, a - round Po - mo - na. *f* Melody Stern was the pro-mise our

mo - na, a - round Po - mo - na. *f*

dim. *mp* Melody

fath-ers knew, Pine-clad rang-es of mist - ed blue, Scent of the

dim. *mp*

sage-brush and yuc-ca that grew High a - round Po-mo - na, a -

Po - mo - na, a -

round Po-mo - na. He ne ter-ra-to - ma, ne ter-ra-to - ma.

round Po - mo-na. He ne ter - ra - to-ma, ne ter - ra - to-ma.

f

Melody

3. Ours be the faith of the build-ers whose dream Raised our fair Po-mo -
Bear we the torch of their hon-our whose gleam Blazed o'er fair Po-mo -

Po -
Po -

na, our fair Po-mo - na.
na, o'er fair Po-mo - na.

Melody

Where bleak and bar-ren the sage-brush

mo-na, our fair Po - mo-na.
mo-na, o'er fair Po - mo-na.

rolled Rise green or-chards of fruit-ed gold, Glo - ry to

Melody

those who, with vi-sion of old, Gazed o'er fair Po-mo - na, o'er

Po - mo-na, o'er

Repeat 3 times (poco a poco dim. e rit.)

fair Po-mo - na. He ne ter-ra-to - ma, ne ter-ra-to - ma.

Repeat 3 times (poco a poco dim. e rit.)

fair Po - mo-na. He ne ter - ra - to-ma, ne ter - ra - to-ma.

Lord Jeffery Amherst*

J. S. Hamilton, Amherst '06

Tempo di Marcia

Voice

Piano

f

con Ped.

Con Spirito

f

1. Oh___ Lord Jeff-er-y Am-herst was a
2. Oh___ Lord Jeff-er-y Am-herst was the

mf

sol-dier of the King, And he came from a - cross the sea, _____
man who gave his name To our col - lege up - on___ the hill, _____

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To the French-men and the In - di-ans he did - n't do a thing, In the wilds of this
And the sto - ry of his loy - al - ty and bra - ve - ry and fame, A - bides here a -

wild coun - try, In the wilds of this wild coun - try. And
mong us still, A - bides here a - mong us still. You may

for His Roy - al Ma - jes - ty he fought with all his might, For he was a sol - dier
talk a - bout your John-nies and your E - lis and the rest, For they are names that

loy - al and true, And he con-quered all the en - e - mies that
time can nev - er dim, But give us our on - ly Jeff - 'ry, he's the

came with-in his sight, And he looked a-round for more when he was through.
no-blest and the best, To the end we will stand fast by him.

Chorus

Melody

Oh, Am - herst, brave Am - herst, 'twas a

cresc.

name known to fame in days of yore, May it ev - er be

glo - rious 'till the sun shall climb the heav'ns no more.

Old Nassau

Glee Club Arrangement

Words by H. P. Peck, '62

Karl A. Langlotz
Arranged by Ernest Carter

Animoso

1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with-draw; Let
2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour, Her man-tle round us draw; And
3. No flow - 'ry chap-let would we twine, To with-er and de - cay; The
4. And when these walls in dust are laid, With rev-er-ence and awe An -
5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring, And while a breath we draw, We'll

accel.

all with one ac - cord re-joice, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
thrills each heart with all her pow'r, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
gems that spar - kle in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way:
oth - er throng shall breathe our song, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
all u - nite to shout and sing: Long life to Old Nas - sau!

Chorus Melody

** In praise of Old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah!

Più mosso

molto ritard. al fine.

Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for Old Nas - sau!

* The melody is in the 2nd Tenor, except where, as indicated, it passes temporarily to 1st Tenor.
** Last verse, "Long life to"

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Secrets

F. J. Knowles, Wesleyan, '94

C. R. Smith, Wesleyan, '99

Slowly and smoothly ♩ = 92

Melody

Oh rose, climb up to her win-dow, And in thro' her case-ment reach, And

say what I may not ut-ter, In your beau-ti-ful si-lent speech! She will

f *p* shake the dew from your pet-als, She will press you close to her lips, She will

f *p* *p*

pp hold you nev-er so light-ly In her warm white fin-ger-tips. And

pp

mf *p* *pp* *pp* then, who can tell? she may whis-per, While the ci-ty sleeps be-low, "I was

mf *p* *pp* *pp*

rit. dream-ing of him, when you woke me, But rose, he must nev-er know."

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Eleazar Wheelock

Richard Hovey, '85

Music by Marie Wurm
Arranged by Homer Whitford

Spirito

Oh, El - e - a - zar Whee-lock was a ver - y pi - ous
El - ea - zar and the big— chief ha rangued and ges-tic-u-

man: He went in - to the wil - der - ness to teach the In - di -
la-ted; They foun - ded Dart-mouth Col - lege and the big chief ma-tric-u-

an, With a "Gra-dus ad Par - nas - sum," a— Bi - ble, and a drum,
la-ted. El - e - a - zar was the fac - ul - ty, and the whole cur - ri - cu - lum

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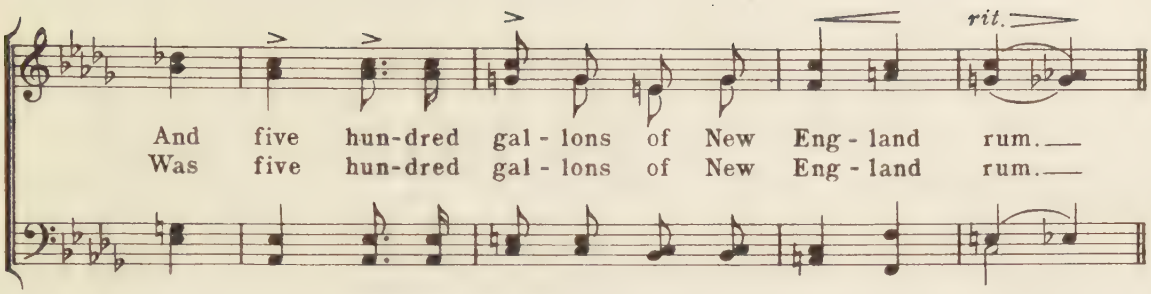
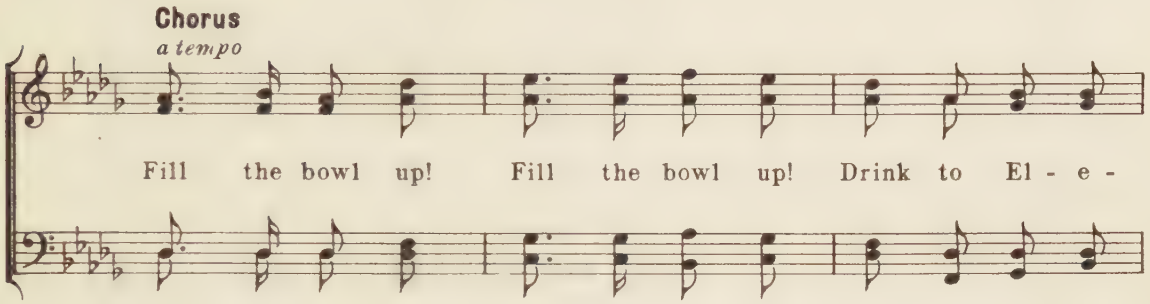
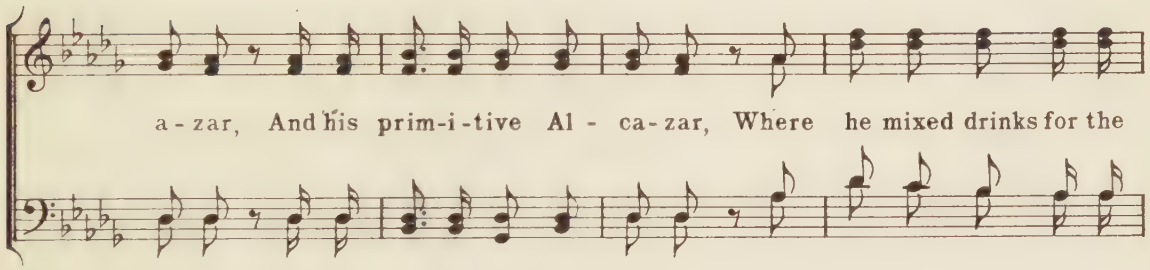
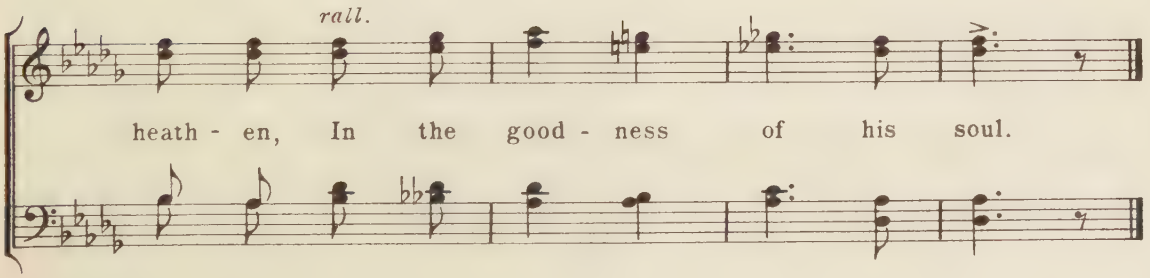

rit.
And five hun-dred gal - lons of New Eng - land rum.
Was five hun-dred gal - lons of New Eng - land rum.


Chorus
a tempo
Fill the bowl up! Fill the bowl up! Drink to El - e -


a - zar, And his prim-i-tive Al - ca-zar, Where he mixed drinks for the


rall.
heath - en, In the good - ness of his soul.

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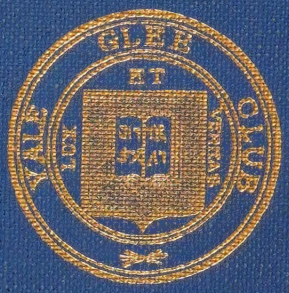
FRANKLIN & MARSHALL COLLEGE
Lancaster, Penna.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